THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1[illegible] by B. Franklin

AUGUST 26, 1916 5c. THE COPY

In This Number: Harry Leon Wilson—Will Irwin—Corinne Lowe—Herbert Quick
Edward Mott Woolley—John Fleming Wilson—Anne Warner—Stewart Edward White

Be sure to send for handsome Rug Chart.

CONGOLEUM RUGS

Waterproof
Durable
Sanitary

Beauty and Durability at Low Cost

RUGS are the most convenient form of floor covering. Before the introduction of Congoleum Rugs the high price of many rugs had been a drawback. Congoleum Rugs have set a new standard of great value for *very little money*. Equal to woven rugs in attractiveness and much more easily cleaned.

There are two grades of Congoleum Rugs—first and most important are the Art-Rugs.

Congoleum Art-Rugs

Congoleum Art-Rugs are taking the country by storm. We have had to build two new plants to keep up with our orders. Buyers were quick to recognize the rare beauty of Congoleum Art-Rugs in design and colors. The accompanying illustration gives but a faint idea of their real beauty, as this cannot be shown on the printed page. You must see the rugs at your dealer's. They are not only artistic but very inexpensive.

Durable and Sanitary

The durability of Congoleum Art-Rugs is also surprising. They wear well and are waterproof and sanitary. To clean them merely use a damp mop—no dusty sweeping or beating required.

Lie Flat Without Fastening

Congoleum Art-Rugs lie flat without fastening. Cannot curl or turn up at the corners or edges. They are the work of famous rug designers. Made in many different patterns, in only two sizes and priced as follows:

9 feet x 10½ feet, $10.00 9 feet x 12 feet, $11.00

Congoleum Utility-Rugs

Our line of Congoleum Utility-Rugs comprises the smaller as well as the larger sizes. Suitable for every room in the house. In low-priced floor coverings they have no equal. They are durable, beautiful, waterproof and sanitary. Require no fastening to the floor.

For Sale by Good Dealers Everywhere

The Congoleum Company

Department of

Philadelphia Chicago Montreal Toronto Vancouver St. John, N. B.

The Barrett Company

Boston San Francisco Winnipeg Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Sizes and Prices

3	feet x 3	feet	$ .65 each	6	feet x 6	feet	$2.60 each
3	feet x 4½	feet	.98 each	6	feet x 9	feet	3.90 each
3	feet x 6	feet	1.30 each		Two Piece Rugs		
4½	feet x 4½	feet	1.50 each	9	feet x 12	feet	$8.00 each
4½	feet x 6	feet	1.95 each	10½	feet x 12	feet	9.00 each

All prices quoted herein are higher in the far West and Canada.

Congoleum Rug Borders

Here is a floor covering triumph—Congoleum Rug Borders. They look exactly like hardwood. They have all the virtues of Congoleum Rugs—durability, waterproofness, cleanliness, and low price. Not like the cheap painted imitations of wood that you may have seen. Our Rug Borders are reproduced right from the wood itself and duplicate every grain of the original. With Congoleum Rug Borders around a rug you can get all the effects of an oak floor. Better than painted or stained floors. Make old floors look like new. In 36 and 24 inch widths at 50c. and 40c. a yard respectively. Dealers will sell you any length required. Illustrated Rug Border booklet free on request.

Congoleum By-The-Yard

We also have numerous patterns of Congoleum By-the-Yard. This is a wonderful floor covering. Lies flat without fastening, is waterproof, sanitary and durable. In rolls 72 inches wide. At your dealer's.

Look for the Name Congoleum on the Back

Congoleum in all its forms has been so successful that it is being widely imitated. For your own protection, therefore, you should insist on seeing the name Congoleum on the rug, rug border or floor covering that you buy.

Congoleum Rugs are manufactured in accordance with United States and Foreign Patents, with numerous other Patents pending both in the United States and Foreign Countries.

Handsome Color Chart Free

In order to give you a better idea of Congoleum Rug beauty, we have prepared a handsome rug chart showing the different patterns in colors. You ought to have one of these charts. Your name and address will bring it, free.

Congoleum Art-Rug No. 300. Sells for $11.00 in the 9 x 12 ft. size.

FATHER WAS RIGHT . . . . . By GOLDBERG

JULIUS, I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE DELIGHTFUL THAN TO SIT ON THE VERANDA AND SMOKE A PIPE-FUL OF TUXEDO TOBACCO
THAT'S TOO SLOW FOR ME, DAD I'LL TRY OUT MY NEW MOTOR-CYCLE
THAT'S THE SEVENTEENTH CAT I'VE HIT ALREADY- I'LL RUN DOWN EVERY ANIMAL WITHIN 500 MILES
I COULD SEE IT WAS A MOOSE BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MADE OF IRON
IT IS RATHER EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON TO SEE A SHOOTING STAR, BUT I'LL TAKE A WISH ANYWAY
FATHER WAS RIGHT !

YOU'LL always be right if you tie to "Tux," because that's the right tobacco, all right! Get a tin right away. Then it will be smoke-up and cheer-up without a let-up seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year.

A pipeful of "Tux" gives you that money-in-the-bank feeling, like finding a ten-dollar bill in the vest pocket of last season's suit.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

The original "Tuxedo Process" brings out the unsurpassed mildness, delicate fragrance and mellow flavor of the leaf in a way that has never been successfully imitated. At the same time it refines the tobacco until every trace of harshness and "bite" disappears.

You will find in Tuxedo a smoke that is wholesome and in every way beneficial to both mind and body. Tuxedo is a mild, temperate tobacco that soothes and comforts with every whiff. You can smoke all you like of Tuxedo—all day and every day!

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine wrapped, moisture-proof pouch 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket . . 10c

In TIN HUMIDORS
40c and 80c

In GLASS HUMIDORS
50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

R. L. GOLDBERG

Famous Cartoonist — Creator "Foolish Questions" — "I'm the Guy," etc.

"I find in Tuxedo a good tobacco. Its fragrance and flavor are fine. I use it regularly and endorse it highly to all my friends."

R. L. Goldberg

BOTH the children and their elders realize how much they think of Ivory Soap when they find it in other bathrooms away from home.

Like meeting an old friend in a distant city, the sight of the familiar Ivory where all else is strange is a great satisfaction.

Then the snow-white cake looks whiter than ever. The natural pleasing odor seems sweeter than before. The copious bubbling lather feels softer, smoother and milder. The bath and toilet seem more grateful than at home.

Ivory Soap is as necessary to the comfort of millions of people as food, furniture and clothes. Nothing can take its place because there is no substitute for the Ivory purity, the Ivory mildness, the Ivory lather, the Ivory quality.

IVORY SOAP..... .....IT FLOATS

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 189 *PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 26, 1916* *Number 9*

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MONDAY'S mail for the Arrowhead was brought in by the Chinaman while Ma Pettengill and I loitered to the close of the evening meal—a canvas sack of letters and newspapers, with three bulky packages of merchandise that had come by parcel post. The latter evoked a passing storm from my hostess. Hadn't she warned folks time and again to send all her stuff by express instead of by parcel post, which would sure get her gunned some day by the stage driver, who got nothing extra for hauling such matter? She had so.

We trifled now with a fruity dessert, and the lady regaled me with a brief exposure of our great parcel-post system as a piece of the nerviest penny-pinching she had ever known our government guilty of. Because why? Because these here poor R. F. D. stage drivers had to do the extra hauling for nothing.

"Here's old Harvey Steptoe with the mail contract for sixty dollars a month, three trips a week between Red Gap and Surprise Valley, forty-five miles each way, barely making enough extra on express matter and local freight to come out even after buying horse feed. Then comes parcel post, and parties that had had to pay him four bits or a dollar for a large package, or two bits for a small one, can have 'em brought in by mail for nothing. Of course most of us eased up on him after we understood the hellish injustice of it. We took pains not to have things sent parcel post, and when they come unbeknown to us, like these here to-night, we'd always pay him anyway, just like they was express. It was only fair, and, besides, we would live longer, Harvey Steptoe being morose and sudden.

"Like when old Safety First Timmins got the idea he could have all his supplies sent from Red Gap for almost nothing by putting stamps on 'em. He was tickled to death with the notion until, after the second load of about a hundred pounds, some cowardly assassin shot at him from the brush one morning about the time the stage usually went down past his ranch. The charge missed him by about four inches and went into the barn door. He dug it out and found a bullet and two buckshot. Old Safety First ain't any Sherlock Holmes, but even Doctor Watson could of solved this murderous crime. When Harvey come by the next night he went out and says to him: 'Ain't you got one of them old Mississippi Yaegers about seventy-five years old that carries a bullet and two buckshot?' Harvey thought back earnestly for a minute, then says: 'Not now I ain't. I used to have one of them old hairlooms round the house, but I found they ain't reliable when you want to do fine work from a safe distance; so I threw her away yesterday morning and got me this nice new thirty-thirty down to Goshook & Dale's hardware store.'

"He pulled the new gun out and patted it tenderly in the sight of old Timmins. 'Ain't it a cunning little implement?' he says. 'I tried it out coming up this afternoon. I could split a hair with it as far, say, as from that clump of buck-brush over to your barn. And by the way, Mr. Timmins,' he says, 'I got some more stuff for you here from the Square Deal Grocery—stuff all gummed up with postage stamps.' He leans his new toy against the seat and dumps out a sack of flour and a sack of dried fruit and one or two other things.

'This parcel post is a grand thing, ain't it?' says he.

"'Well—yes and no, now that you speak of it,' says old Safety First. 'The fact is, I'm kind of prejudiced against it. I ain't going to have things come to me any more all stuck over with them trifling little postage stamps. It don't look dignified.' 'No?' says Harvey. 'No,' says Safety First in a firm tone. 'I won't ever have another single thing come by mail if I can help it.' 'I bet you're superstitious,' says Harvey, climbing back to his seat and petting the new gun again. 'I bet you're so superstitious you'd take this here shiny new implement off my hands at cost if I hinted I'd part with it.' 'I almost believe I would,' says Safety First. 'Well, it don't seem like I'd have much use for it after all,' says Harvey. 'Of course I can always get a new one if my fancy happens to run that way again.'

"So old Safety First buys a new loaded rifle that he ain't got a use on earth for. It would of looked to outsiders like he was throwing his money away on fripperies, but he knew it was a prime necessity of life, all right. The parcel post ain't done him a bit of good since, though I send him marked pieces in the papers every now and then, telling how the postmaster-general thinks it's a great boon to the ultimate consumer. And I mustn't forget to send Harvey six bits for them three packages that come to-night. That's what we do. Otherwise, him being morose and turbulent, he'd get a new gun and make ultimate consumers out of all of us. Darned ultimate! I reckon we got a glorious government, like candidates always tell us, but a postmaster-general that expected stage drivers to do three times the hauling they had been doing, with no extra pay, wouldn't last long out at the tail of an R. F. D. route. There'd be pieces in the paper telling about how he rose to prominence from the time he got a lot of delegates sewed up for the people's choice, and how his place will be hard to fill. It certainly would be hard to fill out here. Old Timmins, for one, would turn a deaf ear to his country's call."

Lew Wee having now cleared the table of all but coffee, we lingered for a leisurely overhauling of the mail sack. Ma Pettengill slit envelopes and read letters to an accompanying rumble of protest. She several times wished to know what certain parties took her for—and they'd be fooled if they did; and now and again she dwelt upon the insoluble mystery of her not being in the poorhouse at that moment; yes, and she'd of been there long ago if she had let these parties run her business like they thought they could. But what could a lone, defenseless woman expect? She'd show them, though! Been showing 'em for thirty years now, and still had her health, hadn't she?

Letters and bills were at last neatly stacked and the poor weak woman fell upon the newspapers. The Red Gap Recorder was shorn of its wrapper. Being first a woman, she turned to the fourth page to flash a practiced eye over that department which is headed "Life's Stages—At the Altar—In the Cradle—To the Tomb." Having gleaned

Jeff Tuttle Said It Was All Nonsense About its Being Hard to Break Into New York Society

Ben Was Still Loyal and Sensitive About Him, Like He Was an Only Child and From Birth Had Not Been Like Other Children

recent vital statistics, she turned next to the column carrying the market quotations on beef cattle; for after being a woman she is a rancher. Prices for that day must have pleased her immensely, for she grudgingly mumbled that they were less ruinous than she had expected. In the elation of which this admission was a sign she next refreshed me with various personal items from a column headed "Social Gleanings—by Madame On Dit."

I learned that at the last regular meeting of the Ladies' Friday Afternoon Shakspere Club Mrs. Dr. Percy Hailey Martingale had read a paper entitled My Trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, after which a dainty collation was served by mine hostess, Mrs. Judge Ballard; that Miss Beryl Mae Macomber, the well-known young society heiress, was visiting friends in Spokane, where rumor hath it that she would take a course of lessons in elocution; and that Mrs. Cora Hartwick Wales, prominent society matron and leader of the ultra smart set of Price's Addition, had on Thursday afternoon at her charming new bungalow, corner of Bella Vista Street and Prospect Avenue, entertained a number of her inmates at tea. Ma Pettengill and I here quickly agreed that the proofreading on the Recorder was not all it should be. Then she unctuously read me a longer item from another column which was signed "The Lounger in the Lobby."

Mr. Benjamin P. Sutton, the wealthy capitalist of Nome, Alaska, and a prince of good fellows, is again in our midst for his annual visit to His Honor Alonzo Price, Red Gap's present mayor, of whom he is an old-time friend and associate. Mr. Sutton, who is the picture of health, brings glowing reports from the North and is firm in his belief that Alaska will at no distant day become the garden spot of the world. In the course of a brief interview he confided to ye scribe that on his present trip to the outside he would not again revisit his birthplace, the city of New York, as he did last year. "Once was enough, for many reasons," said Mr. Sutton grimly. "They call it Little Old New York, but it isn't little and it isn't old. It's big and it's new—we have older buildings right in Nome than any you can find on Broadway. Since my brief sojourn there last year I have decided that our people, before going to New York, should see America first."

"Now what do you think of that?" demanded the lady. I said I would be able to think little of it unless I were told the precise reasons for this rather brutal abuse of a great city. What, indeed, were the "many reasons" that Mr. Sutton had grimly not confided to ye scribe?

Ma Pettengill chuckled and reread parts of the indictment. Thereafter she again chuckled fluently and uttered broken phrases to herself. "Horse-car" was one; "the only born New Yorker alive" was another. It became necessary for me to remind the woman that a guest was present. I did this by shifting my chair to face the stone fireplace in which a pine chunk glowed, and by coughing in a delicate and expectant manner.

"Poor Ben!" she murmured. "Going all the way down there just to get one romantic look at his old home after being gone twenty-five years. I don't blame him for talking rough about the town, nor for his criminal act—stealing a street-car track."

It sounded piquant—a noble theft indeed! I now murmured a bit myself, striving to convey an active incredulity that yet might be vanquished by facts. The lady quite ignored this, diverging to her own opinion of New York. She tore the wrapper from a Sunday issue of a famous metropolitan daily and flaunted its comic supplement at me. "That's how I always think of New York," said she—"a kind of a comic supplement to the rest of this great country. Here! See these two comical little tots standing on their uncle's stomach and chopping his heart out with their axes. After you got the town sized up it's just that funny and horrible. It's like the music I heard that time at a higher concert I was drug to in Boston—ingenious but unpleasant."

But this was not what I would sit up for after a hard day's fishing—this coarse disparagement of something the poor creature was unfitted to comprehend.

"Ben Sutton," I remarked firmly.

"The inhabitants of New York are divided fifty-fifty between them that are trying to get what you got and them that think you're trying to get what they got."

"Ben Sutton," I repeated, trying to make it sullen.

"Ask a man on the street in New York where such and such a building is, and he'll edge out of reaching distance, with his hand on his watch, before he tells you he don't know. In Denver or San Francisco, now, the man will most likely walk a block or two with you just to make sure you get the directions right."

"Ben Sutton!"

"They'll fall for raw stuff, though. I know a slick mining promoter from Arizona that stops at the biggest hotel on Fifth Avenue and has himself paged by the boys about twenty times a day so folks will know how important he is. He'll get up from his table in the restaurant and follow the boy out in a way to make 'em think that nine million dollars is at stake. He tells me it helps him a lot in landing the wise ones."

"Stole a street-car track," I muttered desperately.

"The typical New Yorker, like they call him, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and sleeps in New Rochelle, going in on the eight-twelve and coming out on the ——"

"I had a pretty fight landing that biggest one this afternoon from that pool under the falls up above the big bend. Twice I thought I'd lost him, but he was only hiding; and then I found I'd forgotten my landing net. Say, did I ever tell you about the time I was fishing for steelhead down in Oregon, and the bear ——" The lady hereupon raised a hushing hand.

Well, as I was saying, Ben Sutton blew into town early last September, and after shaking hands with his old confederate, Lon Price, he says how is the good wife and is she at home, and Lon says no, that Pettikins has been up at Silver Springs resting for a couple weeks. So Ben says it's too bad he'll miss the little lady as in that case he has something good to suggest which is what's the matter with him and Lon taking a swift hike down to New York which Ben ain't seen since 1892, though he was born there, and he'd now like to have a look at the old home in Lon's company. Lon says it's too bad Pettikins ain't there to go along, but if they start at once she wouldn't have time to join them, and Ben says he can start near enough at once for that, so hurry and pack the suitcase. Lon does it, leaving a delayed telegram to Henrietta to be sent after they start, begging her to join them if not too late, which it would be.

While they are in Louis Meyer's place feeling good over this coop, in comes the ever care-free Jeff Tuttle, and Jeff says he wouldn't mind going out on rodeo himself with 'em, at least as far as Jersey City where he has a dear old aunt living—or she did live there when he was a little boy, and was always very nice to him and he ain't done right in not going to see her for thirty years—and if he's that close to the big town he could run over from Jersey City for a look-see.

Lon and Ben hail his generous decision with cheers and on the way to another place they meet me, just down from the ranch. And why don't I come along with the bunch? Ben has it all fixed in ten seconds, he being one of these talkers that will odd things along till they sound even, and the other two chiming in with him and wanting to buy my ticket right then. But I hesitated some. Lon and Ben Sutton was all right to go with, but Jeff Tuttle was a different kittle of fish. Jeff is a decent man in many respects and seems real refined when you first meet him if it's in someone's parlor, but he ain't one you'd care to follow step by step through the mazes and pitfalls and palm rooms of a great city if you're sensitive to public notice. Still they was all so hearty in their urging, Ben saying I was the only lady in the world he could travel that far with and not want to strangle, and Lon says he'd rather have me than most of the men he knew, and Jeff says if I'll consent to go he'll take his full-dress suit so as to escort me to operas and lectures in a classy manner, so at last I give up. I said I'd horn in on their party since none of 'em seemed hostile.

I'd meant to go a little later anyway for some gowns I needed and some shopping I'd promised to do for Lizzie Gunslaugh. You got to hand it to New York for shopping. Why, I'd as soon buy an evening gown in Los Angeles as in Portland or San Francisco. Take this same Lizzie Gunslaugh. She used to make a bare living, with her sign reading "Plain and Fashionable Dressmaking." But I took that girl down to New York twice with me and showed her how and what to buy there, instead of going to Spokane for her styles, and to-day she's got a thriving little business with a bully sign that we copied from them in the East—"Madame Elizabeth, Robes et Manteaux." Yes, sir; New York has at least one real reason for taking up room. That's a thing I always try to get into Ben Sutton's head, that he'd ought to buy his clothes down there instead of getting 'em from a reckless daredevil of a tailor up in Seattle that will do anything in the world Ben tells him to—and he tells him a plenty, believe me. He won't ever wear a dress suit either, because he says that costume makes all men look alike and he ain't going to stifle his individuality. If you seen Ben's figure once you'd know that nothing could make him look like anyone else, him being built on the lines of a grain elevator and having individuality no clothes on earth could stifle. He's the very last man on earth that should have colored braid on his check suits. However!

My trunk is packed in a hurry and I'm down to the sixten on time. Lon is very scared and jubilant over deserting Henrietta in this furtive way, and Ben is all ebullient in a new suit that looks like a lodge regalia, and Jeff Tuttle in plain clothes is as happy as a child. When I get there he's already begun to give his imitation of a Sioux squaw with a harelip reciting Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night in her native language, which he pulls on all occasions

"Ben's Found One," He Squeals Excitedly—"a Real Genuine One That Was Born Right Here in New York"

By Jeeon P. M. I'd Been Made Into a Work of Art by the Hotel Help

when he's feeling too good. It's some imitation. The Sioux language even when spoken by a trained elocutionist can't be anything dulcet. Jeff's stunt makes it sound like grinding coffee and shoveling coal into a cellar at the same time. Anyway, our journey begun happily and proved to be a good one, the days passing pleasantly while we talked over old times and played ten-cent limit in my stateroom, though Jeff Tuttle is so untraveled that he'll actually complain about the food and service in a dining car. The poor puzzled old cowman still thinks you ought to get a good meal in one, like the pretty bill of fare says you can.

Then one morning we was in New York and Ben Sutton got his first shock. He believed he was still on the other side of the river because he hadn't rid in a ferryboat yet. He had to be told sharply by parties in uniform. But we got him safe to a nice tall hotel on Broadway at last. Talk about your hicks from the brush—Ben was it, coming back to this here birthplace of his. He fell into a daze on the short ride to the hotel—after insisting hotly that we should go to one that was pulled down ten years ago—and he never did get out of it all that day.

Lon and Jeff was dazed too. The city filled 'em with awe and they made no pretense to the contrary. About all they did that day was to buy picture cards and a few drinks. They was afraid to wander very far from the hotel for fear they'd get run over or arrested or fall into the new subway or something calamitous like that. Of course New York was looking as usual, the streets being full of tired voters tearing up the car tracks and digging first-line trenches, and so forth.

It was a quiet day for all of us, though I got my shopping started, and at night we met at the hotel and had a lonesome dinner. We was all too dazed and tired to feel like larking about any, and poor Ben was so downright depressed it was pathetic. Ever read the story about a man going to sleep and waking up in a glass case in a museum a thousand years later? That was Ben coming back to his old town after only twenty-five years. He hadn't been able to find a single old friend nor any familiar faces. He ordered a porterhouse steak, family style, for himself, but he was so mournful he couldn't eat more than about two dollars' worth off it. He kept forgetting himself in dismal reminiscences. The only right thing he'd found was the men tearing up the streets. They was just like they used to be, he said. He maundered on to us about how horse-cars was running on Broadway when he left and how they hardly bothered to light the lamps north of Forty-second Street, and he wished he could have some fishballs like the old Sinclair House used to have for its free lunch, and how in them golden days people that had been born right here in New York was seen so frequently that they created no sensation.

He was feeling awful desolate about this. He pointed out different parties at tables around us, saying they was merchant princes from Sandusky or prominent Elks from Omaha or roystering blades from Pittsburgh or boulevardeers from Bucyrus—not a New Yorker in sight. He said he'd been reading where a wealthy nut had sent out an expedition to the North Pole to capture a certain kind of Arctic flea that haunts only a certain rare fox—but he'd bet a born New Yorker was harder to find. He said what this millionaire defective ought to of done with his inherited wealth was to find a male and female born here and have 'em stuffed and mounted under glass in a fireproof museum, which would be a far more exciting spectacle than any flea on earth, however scarce and Arctic. He said he's asked at least forty men that day where they was born—waiters, taxi-drivers, hotel clerks, bartenders and just anybody that would stop and take one with him, and not a soul had been born nearer to the old town than Scranton, Pennsylvania. "It's heartrending," he says, "to reflect that I'm alone here in this big city of outlanders. I haven't even had the nerve to go down to West Ninth Street for a look at the old home that shelters my boyhood memories. If I could find only one born New Yorker it would brace me up a whole lot."

It was one dull evening, under this cloud that enveloped Ben. We didn't even go to a show, but turned in early. Lon Price sent a picture card of the Flatiron Building to Henrietta, telling her he was having a dreary time and he was now glad he'd been disappointed about her not coming, so love and kisses from her lonesome boy. It was what he would of sent her anyway, but it happened to be the truth so far.

Well, I got the long night's rest that was coming to me and started out early in the A. M. to pit my cunning against the wiles of the New York department stores, having had my evil desires inflamed the day before by an afternoon gown in chiffon velvet and Georgette crêpe with silver embroidery and fur trimming that I'd seen in a window marked down to $198.98. I fell for that all right, and for an all-silk jersey sport suit at $29.98, and a demitailored walking suit for a mere bagatelle, and a white corduroy sport model blouse, and a couple of imported evening gowns they robbed me on—but I didn't mind. You expect to be robbed for anything really good in New York, only the imitation stuff that's worn by the idle poor being cheaper than elsewhere. And I was so busy in this whirl of extortion that I forgot all about the boys and their troubles till I got back to the hotel at five o'clock.

I find 'em in the palm grill, or whatever it's called, drinking stingers. But now they was not only more cheerful than they had been the night before, but they was getting a little bit contemptuous and Western about the great city. Lon had met a brother real-estate shark from Salt Lake and Jeff had fell in with a sheepman from Laramie—and treated him like an equal because of meeting him so far from home in a strange town where no one would find it out on him—and Ben Sutton had met up with his old friend, Jake Berger, also from Nome. That's one nice thing about New York: you keep meeting people from out your way that are lonesome too. Lon's friend and Jeff's sheepman had had to leave, being encumbered by watchful-waiting wives that were having 'em paged every three minutes and wouldn't believe the boy when he said they was out. But Ben's friend, Jake Berger, was still at the table. Jake is a good soul, kind of a short, round, silent man, never opening his head for any length of time. He seems to bring the silence of the frozen North down with him except for brief whispers to the waiter ever and anon.

As I say, the boys was all more cheerful and contemptuous about New York by this time. Ben had spent another day asking casual parties if they was born in New York and having no more luck than a rabbit, but it seemed like he'd got hardened to these disappointments. He said he might leave his own self to a museum in due time, so future generations would know at least what the male New Yorker looked like. As for the female, he said any of these blondes along Broadway could be made to look near enough like his mate by a skilled taxidermist. Jeff Tuttle here says that they wasn't all blondes, because he'd seen a certain brunette that afternoon right in this palm grill that was certainly worth preserving for all eternity in the grandest museum on earth—which showed that Jeff had chirked up a lot since landing in town. Ben said he had used the term "blonde" merely to designate a species, and they let it go at that.

Lon Price then said he'd been talking a little himself to people he met in different places, and they might not be born New Yorkers but they certainly didn't know anything beyond the city limits. At this he looks around at the crowded tables in this palm grill, and says very bitterly that he'll give any of us fifty to one they ain't a person in the place that ever so much as even heard of Price's Addition to Red Gap. And so the talk went for a little, with Jake Berger ever and again crooning to the waiter for another round of stingers. I'd had two, so I stayed out on

the last round. I told Jake I enjoyed his hospitality, but two would be all I could think under till they learned to leave the dash of chloroform out of mine. Jake just looked kindly at me. He's as chatty as Mount McKinley.

But I was glad to see the boys more cheerful. I said I'd get my lumpiest jewels out of the safe, and put a maid and hairdresser to work on me so I'd be a credit to 'em at dinner, and then we'd spend a jolly evening at some show. Jeff said he'd also doll up in his dress suit and get shaved and manicured and everything, so he'd look like one in my own walk of life. Ben was already dressed for evening. He had on a totally new suit of large black and white checks, looking like a hotel floor from a little distance, bound with braid of a quiet brown, and a vest of wide stripes in green and mustard color. It was a suit that the automobile law in some states would have compelled him to put dimmers on; it made him look egregious, if that's the word; but I knew it was no good appealing to his better nature. He said he'd have dinner ordered for us in another palm grill that had more palms in it.

Jake Berger spoke up for the first time to anyone but a waiter. He said why a palm room necessarily? He said the tropic influence of these palms must affect the waiters that had to stand under 'em all day because they wouldn't take his orders fast enough. He said the languorous Southern atmosphere give 'em pellagra or something. Jeff Tuttle says Jake must be mistaken, because the pellagra is a kind of a Spanish dance, he believes. Jake said maybe so; maybe it was tropic neurasthenia the waiters got. Ben said he'd sure look out for a fresh waiter that hadn't been infected yet. When I left, Jake was holding a split-second watch on the waiter he'd just give an order to.

By seven P. M. I'd been made into a work of art by the hotel help and might of been observed progressing through the palatial lobby with my purple-and-gold opera cloak sort of falling away from the shoulders. Jeff Tuttle observed me for one. He was in his dress suit all right, standing over in a corner having a bellhop tie his white tie for him, that he never can learn to do himself. That's the way with Jeff; he simply wasn't born for the higher hotel life. In his dress suit he looks exactly like this here society burglar you're always seeing a picture of in the papers. However, I let him trail me along into this jeweled palm room with tapestries and onyx pillars, and prices for food like the town had been three years beleaguered by an invading army. Jake Berger is alone at our table, sipping a stinger and looking embarrassed because he'll have to say something. He gets it over as soon as he can. He says Ben has ordered dinner and stepped out and that Lon has stepped out to look for him but they'll both be back in a minute, so set down and order one before this new waiter is overcome by the tropic miasma. We do the same, and in comes Lon looking very excited in the dress suit he was married in back about 1884.

"Ben's found one," he squeals excitedly—"a real genuine one that was born right here in New York and is still living in the same house he was born in. What do you know about that! Ben is frantic with delight and is going to bring him to dine with us as soon as he gets him brushed off down in the washroom and maybe a drink or two thrown into him to revive him from the shock of Ben running across him. Ain't it good though! Poor old Ben, looking for a born one and thinking he'd never find him!"

We all said how glad we was for Ben's sake, and Lon called over a titled aristocrat of foreign birth and ordered him to lay another place at the table. Then he tells us how the encounter happened. Ben had stepped out on Broadway to buy an evening paper, and coming back he was sneaking a look at his new suit in a plate-glass window, walking blindly ahead at the same time. That's the difference between the sexes in front of a plate-glass window. A woman is entirely honest and shameless; she'll stop dead and look herself over, and touch up anything that needs it as cool as if she was the last human on earth; while man, the coward, walks by slow and takes a long, sly look at himself, turning his head more and more till he gets swore at by someone he's tromped on. This is how Ben had run across the only genuine New Yorker that seemed to be left. He'd run across his left instep and then bore him to the ground like one of these juggernuts or whatever they are. Still, at that, it seemed kind of a romantic meeting, like mebbe the hand of Fate was in it. We chatted along, waiting for the happy pair, and Jake ordered again to be on the safe side because the waiter would be sure to contract hookworm or sleeping sickness in this tropic jungle before the evening was over. Jeff Tuttle said this was called the Louis Chateau room and he liked it. He also said, looking over the people coming in, that he bet every dress suit in town was hired to-night. Then in a minute or two more, after Jake Berger sent a bill over to the orchestra leader with a card asking him to play all quick tunes so the waiters could fight better against jungle fever, in comes Ben Sutton driving his captive New Yorker before him and looking as flushed and proud as if he'd discovered a strange new vest pattern.

The captive wasn't so much to look at. He was kind of neat-dressed in one of the nobby suits that look like ninety dollars in the picture and cost eighteen; he had one of these smooth, ironed faces that made him look thirty or forty years old, like all New York men do, with the conventional glue on his hair. He was limping noticeably where Ben had run across him, and I could see he was highly suspicious of the whole gang of us, including the man who had treated him like he was a cockroach. But Ben had been persuasive and imperious—took him off his feet, like you might say—so he shook hands all around and ventured to set down with us. He had the same cold, slippery, cautious hand that every New York man gives you the first time, so I says to myself he's a real one all right and we fell to the new round of stingers Jake had motioned for and to the nouveau art-work food that now come along.

Naturally Ben and the New Yorker done most of the talking at first; about how the good old town had changed;

(Continued on Page 38)

THE ARMY OF EQUALS

By WILL IRWIN

ON THE day when I begin to write this there has come the first lull in the Battle of Verdun. It has lasted exactly four months. If the Germans intend to continue, they have achieved, so far, no more than a draw. If they have given up the attempt, victory, such as it is, rests with the French.

This is too early for further talk of the Verdun action, perhaps the greatest battle so far in history. Its very reason for being is obscured in the mists of the time. We do not know whether it is a blow to break the line, sweep on to Paris, and so make a rapid conclusion of the war; whether it is an anticipation of the French offensive; whether it is an attempt to straighten the line and so protect that iron mine from which Germany draws the material for her munitions; or whether it is only a desperate chance of an army which, feeling itself on the down grade, is forced by the immemorial rule of warfare to take the offensive.

Day by day, attack by attack, the fighting has grown more severe. For number of men engaged on a narrow front, for intensity and concentration of artillery fire, for slaughter, and for valor of all kinds, the world has never known anything like this. So fast and so widely do the shells fall that there is no permanent trench left in the five miles between the Douaumont Plateau and the city of Verdun. What were trenches are now shell holes. The communicating works, by which reënforcements reach the front in comparative safety, are gone now. Regiments advance to the line under a battle hail of shells. From miles away the Verdun action is a continuous roar—a curtain of sound, seldom raised.

Against such terrible concentrated fire the French Army has held for fourteen weeks now; and it may still be holding when these words get into print. The Germans have been attacking, the French waiting and defending. The German losses have, therefore, necessarily been the heavier—how much the heavier we may not know for years. Yet every soldier understands that to wait under a rain of death is harder than to charge into death, that the test of morale is not action but passivity. In such conditions the French have stood the proof. Since the first rush, when something appears to have gone wrong, they have yielded ground only by yards and never as the result of shaken morale. They have hung on by teeth and toenails, but still they have hung on—desperately, doggedly.

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The French Army is the Most Democratic the World Ever Saw

Now in this battle, as in the whole course of the war, the Germans have enjoyed most of the material advantages. They had been thinking of war, preparing for war, during a period of nearly forty years. The army was a thing of pride and great public interest to Germany, whereas it was a burden to France. In the year before the great struggle opened, three hundred books on war were published in Germany, and perhaps fifty in France. The German war books enjoyed a large popular sale; the French war books circulated only among military men. Germany had been building up a great industrial system; and always as she built she planned ways of turning her industrial machinery into war machinery when Armageddon should begin.

She was prepared, in a material way, as nation was never prepared in the history of the world. I saw the German Army of invasion, the new machine with the oil and fresh paint still on it, pass through Belgium toward Paris. It seemed perfection. I could write pages on the completeness of every detail, and still more pages on the coördination of every part. We who disbelieved in their cause even then carried away the uncomfortable thought that nothing could ever stop it. There came among us war correspondents who had seen the advanced French forces on the Belgian border. They pictured an army ill-prepared and ill-munitioned. "Beside this the French look like a gypsy train," said one of them.

Until recently the Germans have had the advantage of strategic railroads, of munitions, of arms. Even at Verdun, I believe that they have owned more guns, been able to expend more ammunition, than the French. Forty years, during which the best brain of Germany thought war while the best brain of France thought art, have served to perfect a system of coördinated parts which is the despair of imitators.

Yet the French Army, beaten at the first rush, came back at the Marne with one of the few real victories of this war. The Germans retired to the positions laid out and intrenched in case of defeat—another instance of their long preparation—and the interminable period of trench warfare began. Since when no one has been able to say whether the French Army or the German is the better. Some neutral experts lean to one opinion and some to the other—largely according to their hopes and feelings. But no one gives much margin to either side. Let us say, for the sake of argument, that the two armies are about equal in efficiency and power.

Now if the Germans have had all along the superiority in equipment, in preparation and in coördination of parts, the French must have something in their favor, some element of superiority that brings them to a par. What is it? Individual efficiency? Probably not. For though in the realm of intellectual ideas the French are the clearest thinkers in the world, the Germans have always seemed more at home with practical ideas. The French are the philosophers of humanity, the Germans of machinery.

And war is a matter not of intellectual ideas, but of practical ideas. Again, on the purely physical plane, the French may have more nervous force and possibly more endurance, but the Germans have the stronger bodies.

There remains only one factor, and this must account for the French parity. The French and German systems of handling men—what soldiers call discipline—differ widely. Though each nation is using a method suitable to its national character, the French has worked better. The heroine of the nations has been able to counteract superior industrial organization, a better-worked-out system of movement and the higher mobility given by strategic railroads because democratic discipline, applied to a people who love democracy, has worked better than an autocratic system applied to a people who have been made to love authority. To one nurtured in democracy this is an encouraging, a thrilling fact.

We have heard a great deal recently about the democracy of the French Army, and all the more because we suspect, in this period of talk about preparedness, that our democracy has made a mistake in modeling its army discipline upon the British system instead of upon the French. What we have heard is mostly true. The French Army is the most democratic the world ever saw, except perhaps its forbear of the Revolutionary armies, which swept Europe off its feet, or ours which fought the Civil War. It is democratic to a degree that shocks, on first sight, the officers of other nations. Let us see, now, how the system works, how France maintains it in face of the tendency toward snobbery which always goes with rank.

The neutral world is in a state of intense admiration, just now, for France and all her works. In that frame of mind enthusiastic American writers have been calling them the most democratic nation on earth, have been declaring that, as compared to them, we know nothing at all about the idea upon which the two republics were built. We applied formulas to the French before the war. Their detractors, building impressions upon two or three square miles of night-blooming Paris and upon the over-frank modern French literature, called them "immoral"; and even their friends called them "excitable."

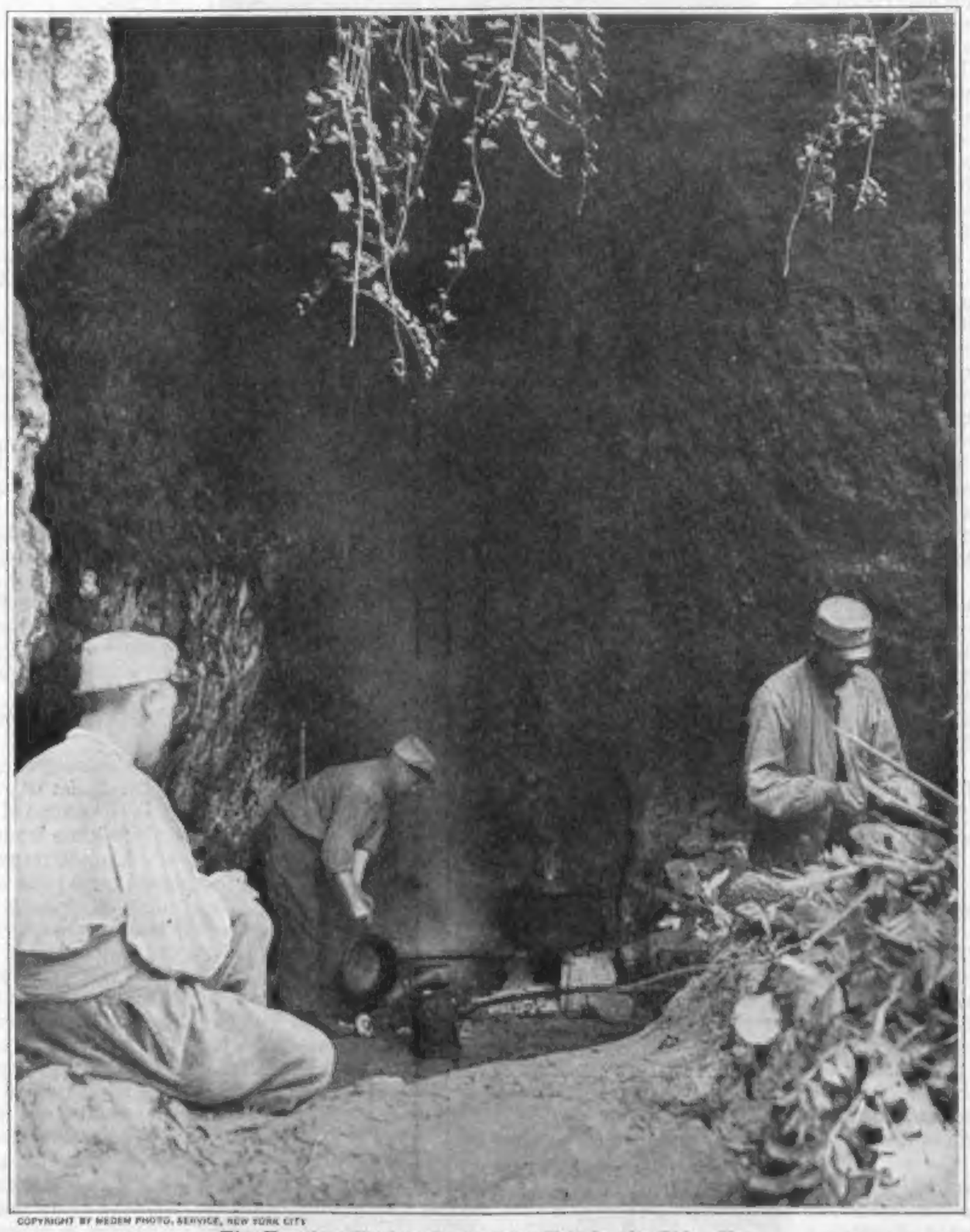
The French for Democracy

NOW no immoral people could ever have developed that vigor of soul which they have shown in this war; and for two years they have been as excitable as a field rock. Yes, we have been trying to describe them by formulas, just as the European tries to describe us by the formula "materialistic." That will never do with any people. And there is danger that we may go too far in the other direction and apply a new formula—"absolutely democratic"—as far from the truth, and therefore as unfair, as were its predecessors.

I suspect that if we could weigh the qualities of nations as we weigh a chemical, we should find that the French and the Americans—or at least the Americans of old native stock—are about equally democratic, though in a different way. There are social strata in France very set and definite. A man—or a woman—climbs from one stratum to another less frequently in French life than in American. There is the old *haute noblesse*, the people living on the memory of a past nobility and the hope of a new monarchy, who keep up religiously that system of titles which the law does not recognize. There is a provincial aristocracy with manners, sanctions and opinions of its own. There is a gay, flashing *haut monde* of Paris. There is the great, productive and somewhat stuffy middle class—the *bourgeoisie*. There are the peasant proprietors and the simple peasants. Apart from all this, springing from all classes and yet a class by themselves, stand the artists. All the greater circles are broken up into innumerable little close subcircles.

Usually, as all the world knows, marriage in France, at least among the middle and upper classes, is arranged by the parents. What we call misalliances are, therefore, less common in France than in aristocratic England. In marriage the Frenchman keeps to his class.

French family life is exclusive. A Frenchwoman of conservative turn will boast that her family is a closed circle; that it has never been stained by the presence of unrelated outsiders, except for a very few lifelong friends. To invite a man to your house suddenly and informally, as we are always doing, would seem a barbarous proceeding to most Frenchmen. One lives, characteristically, in his own circle, giving himself otherwise only to a few friends, preferably old ones. The family circle of relatives in the first, second or third degree furnishes sufficient intimate human companionship for many Frenchmen and perhaps for most Frenchwomen.



COPYRIGHT BY KEYSTONE PHOTO SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

The Heaviest Work is Being Done Now by the Older Men

On the other hand, the men of France keep their snobbery or exclusiveness, or whatever you may call it, for strictly home consumption. When your Frenchman steps out into the great world of production or business or politics, he assumes quite a different attitude; and it is not a pose either. The French Revolution, which left such a lasting impress on this brilliant, charming and strangely stiff-necked people, had for a cardinal principle equality. It is necessary, the Frenchman feels, to assume equality if he have it not. The guidebooks warn British visitors that "titles of deference, such as *monsieur*, must be employed to persons far down the social scale." In England the washerwoman who brings your clean linen would be called simply by her last name—Scruggins or Jones. In France she is always *madame*. Your butcher or baker, no matter how humble, is *monsieur* to you, though you carry the blood of Hugh Capet.

I was going through a devastated village, just back of the firing line, last week. My guides were two French officers, one a graduate of Saint Cyr—the French West Point—and the other a university professor before he donned horizon blue. They found it necessary to ask directions and information of an ignorant, slatternly and very poor woman, who had crawled back to remake a home in the ruins. I was not much interested in the matter of their conversation; what struck me was the manner. Nothing in their words, their gestures or their tones indicated that they were anything but neighbors come to ask a small favor. She might have been a woman of their own sort. They were neither deferential nor patronizing. Neither, for that matter, was she. "If a count talks to a plowman in France," said a member of the old, high nobility, "the one of the pair most likely to be abrupt is the plowman—and that simply because his training in manners is bad."

In the older towns of New England the butcher or the milkman is likely to have on his wall at home a quartering from the Mayflower. The butcher and the milkman consider themselves as good as any man or woman alive, and expect treatment on that basis. If the "summer people" accept them on that basis, well and good. But the outlander who assumes the "my good man" attitude never lasts long in the community. He finds that he cannot somehow seem to get meat or milk, and that all the desirable cottages are "spoken for next year." The same thing, I have heard, happens to superior strangers in the small towns of France. These strangers, however, are never French—the French know better.

So it seems generally to go in France—exclusiveness within the home, pleasant and easy democracy without. In this principle lies the final answer to the democracy of the French Army; basically it is so because the French are that kind of people.

Conscription the Leveler

THE French Army, indeed, has always been a democratic organization—at least since the Revolution overthrew the old régime and left its permanent impress upon France. The Revolutionary armies swept out to roll back the forces of Royalty with "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" on their banners. The officers were "Citizen" Jacques or Louis or Jean, like the privates. Napoleon, who understood how to strangle the Revolution while turning its fire and fervor to his own uses, did not destroy that spirit. He rather fostered it, treating his grenadiers with familiarity, encouraging his officers to do the same, promoting from the rank and file wherever he found merit. He made marshals of France out of shoemakers and tailors. By the time that Waterloo ended twenty years of war under Napoleon this idea of army discipline was ingrained. The successive monarchies, and even the empire of Napoleon III with its artificial glitter and parvenu titles, did not destroy the spirit. The army entered into the period of the Third Republic and of universal conscription a working democracy.

Of course conscription, which takes men of every class and makes them plain privates, is in itself, if left alone, a great leveler. The Germans have not left it alone; they have consciously made and kept their army aristocratic, not because of conscription, but in spite of it.

Now France always has had within her the seeds of a military caste. War is the profession of an aristocracy. As elsewhere, the old nobility feels it obligatory to have at least one officer in the family. Moreover, there are genuine military families where the profession is passed along from father to son. Generals Pau and Castelnau, who have borne so much of the burden in this war, spring from such stocks. Men in power always want more and more power. Doubtless there would be now in France, as in Germany, an effective hereditary military ring but for the occasional interference of the government and the steady interference of a force more powerful than government—custom and national feeling. And those precautions against a military caste begin with the French system of selecting officers.

There are two great military academies in France, Saint Cyr and the Polytechnique. Saint Cyr educates the officers of cavalry, infantry and the staff; Polytechnique the officers of the artillery and engineer corps. The French believe in specialization. When I tell their officers that at West Point we give the same education to artillery officers as to cavalry and infantry officers, they shake their heads. Both these institutions are open to all applicants, just as is Harvard or Yale. However, there is not enough room for all who apply; and entrance is settled by competitive examination. Even at Saint Cyr the competitive entrance

examinations are rather more severe than at West Point. Moreover, the prospective Saint Cyrian must know the manly arts of war, such as riding, shooting and fencing. For an examination admitting five hundred students three thousand candidates frequently present themselves. The appointments go to those who pass highest on all qualifications. Nearly always these boys have been trained all their lives with a view to entering Saint Cyr. Special preparatory schools exist for this purpose.

The École Polytechnique requires a more thorough preparation and a higher individual standard. It is as keen and advanced a school of high engineering as exists in the world; from it France gets her best civilian engineers, since a graduate of the Polytechnique may resign and return to civil life, subject to call in case of war, after five years' service in the army. So keen is the struggle for appointment to the Polytechnique that he who passes the entrance examinations must be a young mathematical marvel. "The successful candidate for the Polytechnique," says a Franco-American engineer whom I know, "has more mathematics than the average honor graduate in mathematics of an American university." Here is a proof that the prize scholar of the schools is not as a rule a failure in life; for Joffre and several other men who have risen by merit to the head of the French Army were honor men at Polytechnique.

To educate a boy at Saint Cyr or the École Polytechnique, therefore, takes money, just as it does to educate him at Harvard or Yale. And this in itself would tend to aristocratic feeling in the army. Our own system, whereby every West Pointer is educated at Government expense, seems more democratic. However, there are several counter currents. Saint Cyr, the École Polytechnique and their preparatory schools have a very liberal system of scholarships whereby poor boys of talent and ambition may get their education free. Joffre was educated mainly by scholarships. His father was a cooper of the Pyrenees, and his mother helped out the family income by dressing vines.

Further, until recently every officer had to serve a year in the ranks. Sometimes he took his examination for Saint Cyr or the Polytechnique just before coming up for his military service, and sometimes after completing that service. About five years ago that system was abolished because the French felt that the officer, in the growing specialization of his profession, could not afford to lose a year from his special studies.

I once questioned a former professor of Saint Cyr, whom I found serving in an entrenched camp behind the lines, upon this point. "Aren't you afraid that this will make against democracy?" I asked.

Leaders Who Rise From the Ranks

"IT WAS much discussed among us at the time," he said, "but we concluded that the officers didn't really need it—that the democratic spirit was ingrained in the French. You know, we teach it constantly at Saint Cyr. And an additional year in technical training is very useful."

They have, as we do, a service school—an academy wherein privates or noncommissioned officers who have shown exceptional ability and who wish to make arms their profession are educated as officers at state expense.

All this applies to the regular army officers. In peace time this corps takes each year's class as it comes to the colors, trains it, leads it during its period of military service and then takes up a new class. In event of war, the active young conscript army, with these professional officers, forms the first line of defense.

Aside from this body, and really more important, are the reservists and territorials, all of whom have been called out in the course of this war. The first lines of France and Germany were badly cut up at the beginning. The heaviest work is being done now by these two classes of older men. After a man has served his two—or three—years with the colors he

COPYRIGHT BY MEDEM PHOTO. SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Every Soldier Understands That the Test of Morale is Not Action But Passivity

becomes a reservist. For the first three years after this he is in the "active reserve." At the age of thirty-five he passes on to the territorials. It was hardly supposed, anywhere, that the territorials would be called upon to fight in the trenches. It was thought that they would merely guard the lines, garrison the towns, dig the reserve trenches, and the like. But the war has gone to such unexpected lengths that the territorials are facing fire with the boys. The first line, including the regulars and the active reserve, comprises men from twenty-one to twenty-three years of age; the active reserve, men from twenty-four to twenty-six; the reserve, men from twenty-six to thirty-five; the territorials, men from thirty-five to forty-seven. These figures show how important numerically these two bodies have become in comparison with the regular first-line army.

Now Saint Cyr and the Polytechnique do not furnish much more than enough officers for this first-line army. Therefore, the officers who will take out the reservists and territorials in case of war are trained from the ranks during their period of military service. The regular officers select privates who have the ambition and the ability to make reserve officers. They are hurried along to the grade of sergeant, and finish the last part of their military service in a special school for reserve officers. Upon leaving the army they are expected to do a certain amount of "home study"; and they must henceforth serve at maneuvers for at least twenty-eight days every two years. When the mobilization comes they take command of the men, their neighbors, with whom in youth they were called to the colors as private soldiers.

As the system works out practically, the position of reserve officer falls usually to the "intellectuals" of the district. These men have a general education, which counts here as everywhere. Further, the position of reserve officer brings burdens which not every peasant or shopkeeper is willing to assume, whereas the young professional man assumes them willingly as part of his standing and advancement. The rising young lawyer of a provincial town, the manager of the local factory, the son of the largest landed proprietor, is likely to be a reserve or territorial officer. Schoolmasters and university professors are largely represented in this body. These men have standing and leadership in their own towns. That leadership—democratic always—helps when the company or regiment meets the strain of battle. This is not a rule, only a tendency. A great many men of humble occupation were reserve officers before the war.

So it was when France entered Armageddon. There followed the unexpectedly heavy losses of this war of slaughter. Further, some of the reserve officers proved incompetent to command under battle conditions. New officers had continually to be supplied. And France supplied them from the ranks, choosing on no standard except military talent, courage and leadership. Probably the educated men have fared best in this process of selection, but it would be hard to say absolutely. The instances of humble men raised to command are so many that I should become wearisome if I quoted all I know. Here, however, are a few:

The little hotel at which I stayed in Paris when the lines were being locked on the Aisne had a pretty young chambermaid, in a state of constant anxiety about her husband. They had married only six months before; he was the "boots" of the hotel. I asked about her the other day. She had quit, they said. Her husband was a lieutenant now and she was living on his pay. An American corporal in the aviation corps has his wife and children in Paris. Last week their nursemaid quit. "Why?" asked her mistress. "My husband has become a lieutenant," she replied. "Besides, my brother-in-law is a major, and I've been thinking for some time that I shouldn't be working for a corporal's wife." A wounded officer remarked to me: "One officer in our company was a priest before the war; one was a Saint Cyr graduate—the son of a shopkeeper; one was a pork butcher; and I—I am a count."

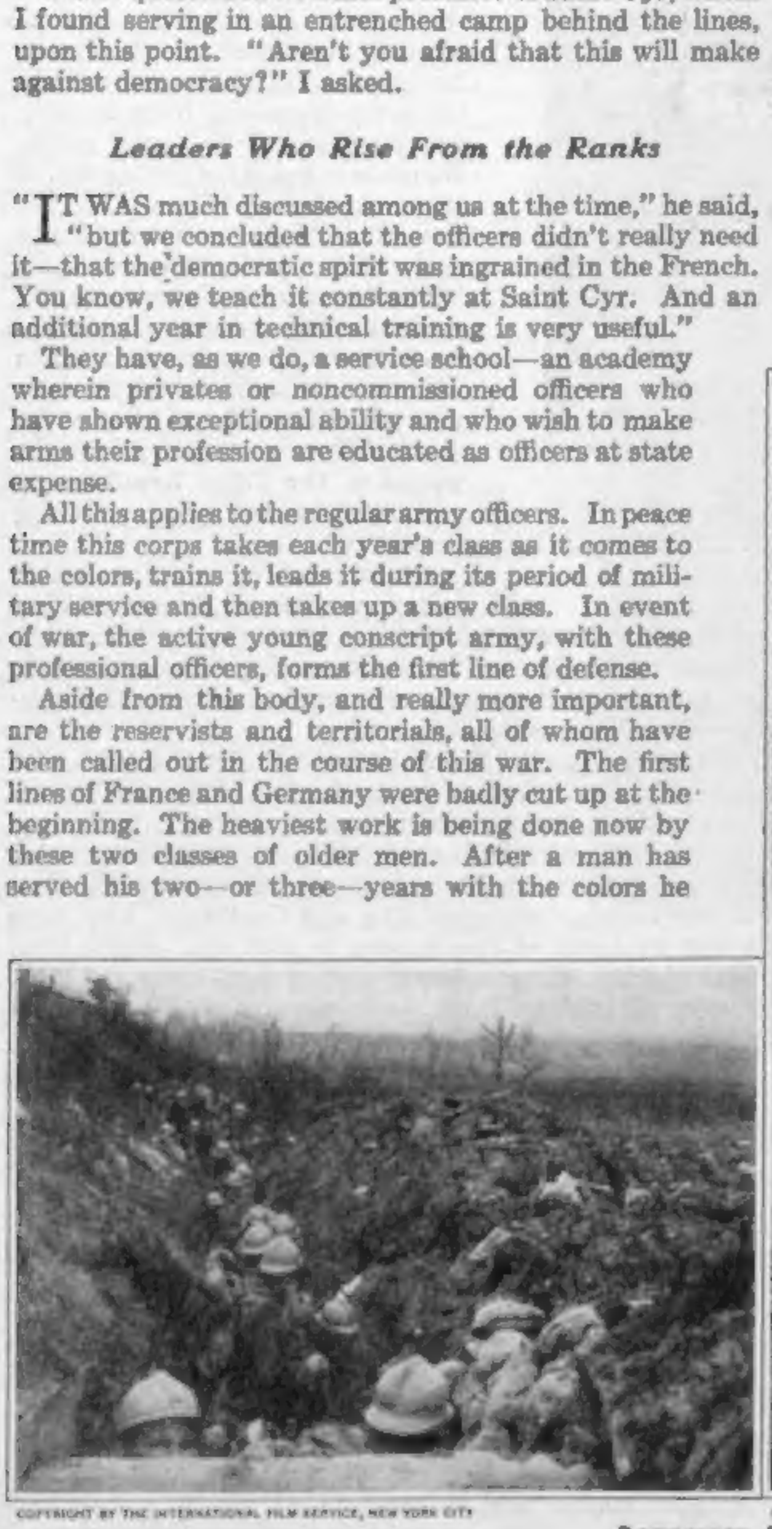
How Officers are Made in France

THE manager and owner of a large department store in a provincial city finds himself grubbing in the trenches under command of his youngest floorwalker. A captain, in private life a landowner and a count, escorted a party of American correspondents to the line. He excused himself one day to have a talk with a major at a certain headquarters. "He is such a good soldier," said the count, "that he always gives me ideas." It came out later that the major, before the war, was the jeweler who used to repair the count's watches. My escorting officer on a recent journey to the French front was a university professor; he entered this war a sergeant. Later I was treated with equal courtesy and efficiency by an officer who was a peasant farmer. I know, or know of, miners, hotel porters, waiters and barbers who are wearing the *galons* of officers, along with the service ribbons of decorations for valor.

There have been cases of exceptional merit or exceptional emergency where a man has been promoted at the front and has taken office at once. This, however, is exceptional. The company or staff officers pick the man who seems worthy of promotion. He has already learned at the front, of course, things which officers in peace time never learn from their theoretical training. But he needs theory too. A few months of intensive education, during which the incompetents are weeded out, and the new officers take up at the front the sword of command.

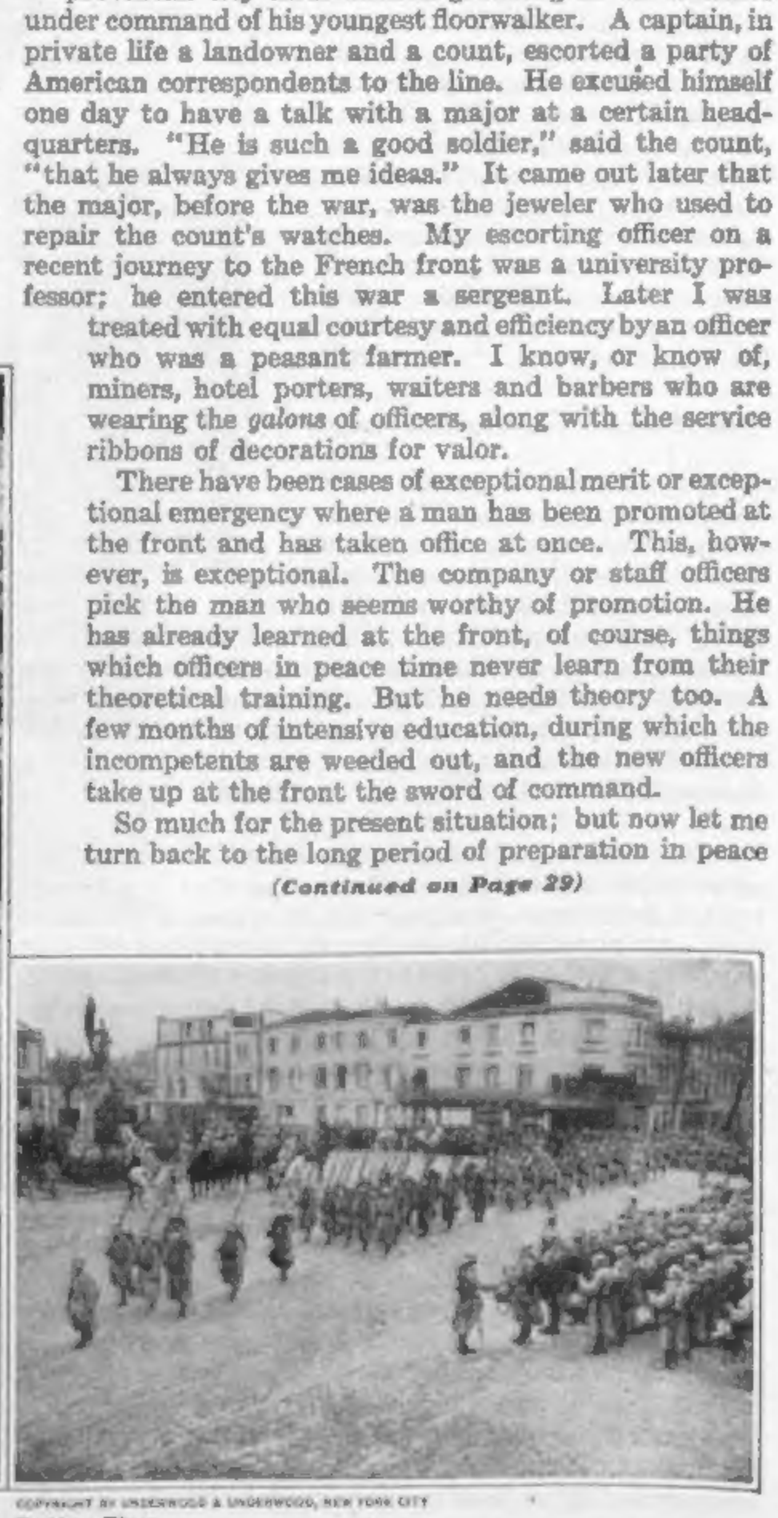
So much for the present situation; but now let me turn back to the long period of preparation in peace

(Continued on Page 29)



COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

COPYRIGHT BY MEDEM PHOTO. SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Democracy, Handled Intelligently by an Intelligent People, Has Proved the Better Way

THIS IS THE LIFE

The Story of a Social Secretary

Edited by Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"How I Hate the Thought of Growing Old, Mrs. Pemberton"

MRS. CUTTLE did not like to get into a place from which she could not easily get out. She was equipped with social feelers corresponding to those sensitive whiskers by which Sir Thomas Mouser determines the wisdom of entering the dark cobwebby corner under the porch. If the projectors warned her that the chances of exit were poor, very few inducements could make her enter.

This was the reason why Mrs. Cuttle would not subscribe to a box at the opera, and this was the reason why, on those rare occasions when somebody succeeded in cooping her and giving her the strong bran of Wagner, she took the forcible feeding with such a bad grace. It explains, too, her attitude to the Percival Squiffen Van Clefs.

The Squiffen Van Clefs gave a housewarming. It was in honor of a new house filled with old furniture. Jacobean prevailed in the furnishings and the dinner was served consistently by men in beefeater costumes. After the dinner everybody adjourned to the music room. Here the lights were turned down and a few darkened bars of music drifted down upon the assembled guests. The whole thing was grimly artistic.

For a long time Mrs. Cuttle fidgeted in silence. Then as one enfeebled strain of music crawled after another, she opened her lips once or twice. At last when the slow Gaelic lament had dropped its complete pall of gloom on the assemblage, she suddenly spoke up.

"Where's the corpse?" she asked in a loud whisper.

The remark was carried to and fro in society. It was the one enlivening episode in a very firm evening. Aside, too, from its temporary advantages, the phrase illustrates the great leader's attitude. It explains why she was such a success in society.

"My entertainments," she once said to me, "are like screen doors. Everybody can see through them and everybody can get out of them. That's why people are crazy to come to my things."

The heartiest specimen of these screen-door hospitalities was her fancy-dress ball. The ball included everybody in society, and its keel always struck a widening line of newspaper foam. Other people gave these feature entertainments. Mrs. Sudbroke Brown and Mrs. Simpson Heinmann and Mrs. B. C. Traymore generally enlivened August with one great spectacle. Somehow, though, Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's affairs always excited a wider publicity, and columns of American newspapers were thrown wide to the "half-million-dollar ball of the great society leader."

An Evening With Marie Antoinette

AS A MATTER of fact, these entertainments did not cost half a million dollars. They did not cost even the fifty thousand which the more conservative journals attributed to them. Even the great Watteau ball, upon which must rest Mrs. Cuttle's abiding fame, did not require an outlay of more than twelve thousand dollars.

Yet the Watteau ball was undoubtedly one of the most sumptuous pageants ever witnessed by American society. To its achievement the florist, the caterer, the social entertainer and Mrs. Cuttle bent their supreme efforts. And all Newport society was drawn into the costly whirlpool.

It must be remembered that tradesmen have ever followed the court. At the beginning of each Newport season Woods, the caterer, and Hustler, the florist, install themselves at the famous resort. All the great specialty shops of New York and Boston blossom out on Bellevue Avenue, and it is to them that the fashionable colony looks for the splendid costumes of the great periodic masquerades. When, for example, the invitations for the Watteau ball were sent out, the firm of Gorgon & Vandal immediately brought down fifty or seventy-five costumes from which to make selection. Thanks to these magicians, the court of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle was suddenly switched to the court of Marie Antoinette.

The great ball commenced at ten o'clock. Long before that hour, however, the grounds bore testimony to the occasion. This was an evening when Art courted Nature. True, the latter wore her loveliest jewels of stars and her airy scarf of the Milky Way. But she shrank back in maidenly modesty and folded her mittened hands at the far side of the sofa before the advance of her bold wooer. It was not moonlight that bathed this expanse of clipped terrace. From pillar to pillar of the house hung bridles of colored electric lights. To these the pink and blue hydrangeas of the driveway turned their blanched faces. Under these the fountains leaped to a new radiance. And though at times you caught the roar of the sea as it beat on the cliffs hemming the rear of the villa, it was through the throb of the waltz which came from one of the orchestras inside the house. Nobody that night was involved in the speculation of little Paul Dombey. The wild waves might say what they liked.

Before the current of motors drifting down the Avenue swept into the glow of the grounds Mrs. Cuttle was standing at the door of her sea-foam ballroom. It was not, however, the Mrs. Cuttle of ordinary occasions. To-night she was attired in a gown of silver brocade from the tight bodice of which bounded the full skirts of the Louis Seize period. Two small pages clad in silver held the long train and from her shoulder hung the famous garlands of Cuttle diamonds. All this was sufficient to dam the doorway, yet beside her stood Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle, looking as uncomfortable as any substantial American citizen ought to look when his knees are suddenly published to the world.

"H'm," said Mr. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey to his wife as they passed the blockade of welcome, "I bet Rhinebeck misses the frou-frou of his trousers. How will he ever get these muddy?"

Before the host had been thrown to his plum-colored suit of brocade he had taken a little vacation. He had slipped off to The Torrents, and just as soon as this knee-breeches term was served he planned to go back among the comforting oaks and beeches. He never cared for Newport.

"I can't sleep in this place," he used to say, gathered together in a pathetic bundle there on the wide veranda of his Newport home; "these waves make me nervous."

The happiest sight which I can recall at Newport was the husband of the great social leader as he sat in the crested motor bearing him away on one of his solitary excursions to that beloved home on the Hudson.

Powder, Patches and Perukes

BY A LITTLE past ten the ballroom was filled with its four hundred guests and the twentieth century was completely drowned under waves of silk and brocade, under foam of peruke and powdered hair. The only tombstone of the deceased was Parrins, upon whose conventional black envelopments the host cast an occasional wistful eye. For the rest, any one of the old Versailles crowd would have felt thoroughly at home at Mrs. Cuttle's that evening.

The setting for this picture was admirable. Mrs. Cuttle's ballroom was entered by a balcony leading out of the drawing-room, and the balcony, furnished in yellow brocade, looked like a buttercup caught up in a flood of grasses. Everything in this lovely hall was of green, and as you came down the five steps of the balcony you caught sight of nothing but rows of French windows beforewhich fluttered long curtains of sea-green threaded with the merest ghost of silver. On nearer view you discovered before each window dainty little seats—banquets, they are called—covered by the same color of green brocade dimmed by a tiny silver thread. In between these, marble vases of palms and ferns were set against the white of stucco walls.

As each bit of powder and patches came in on the arm of peruke and snuffbox, the sea-green background caught them up and held them. At last the whole room was like a giant billow to which have been scattered handfuls of confetti. Even among these iridescent groups one caught immediate sight of Miss Veronica Grey. She was clad this evening in lavender silk and her dark hair was unpowdered. Beside her the muscular cheeks of the Viscount of Sheepskin—they looked, under his white wig, very much like the dark red of a winter sunset under snow-capped mountains—abandoned themselves to the unusual strain of spoken comment.

"Quite ripping, you know!" vouchsafed the young nobleman generously, looking over the scene before him.

Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey, daughter of a hundred ship chandlers and petty tradesmen, glowed over this tailored encomium. Her daughter, however, had the same old air of looking out through an open window. It was only when she became sensible of the remarks of a few people in the group to which she belonged that she finally waked up.

"She isn't really so large, but she scatters so," was saying Miss Amoretta Jenkins.

"That dress certainly makes her look like a Plymouth Rock," contributed Mr. Skiley Lark. True to the memory of his pyjamas embroidered lyrically in forget-me-nots, Mr. Lark was now wearing a suit of baby-blue satin. "Too bunchy!" he added severely.

"She's wearing all her jewels to-night," said Mrs. Tinkleton-Mannerly Grey, leveling her lorgnette. "I just wonder if they're real."

Mr. Eustace Staringarter tapped his jeweled snuffbox with incandescent fingertips over which fell a pleasing lampshade effect of white lace.

"Real!" he echoed scornfully. "Those things that look as though a hen had laid them! Not much!"

"I do wish she'd plait them," hissed Mrs. Firthkins Forth, a dowager of seventy; "they're so unbecoming boxed."

It was the appearance of their hostess which the fashionable guests were now grating down to fine bits. Just as Mrs. Cuttle was leveled to fritter size, however, a champion intervened. It was Veronica Grey, her cheeks flaming to an even brighter red and her gray eyes stirred now out of all dreaminess.

"I think she looks extremely handsome and commanding," said she in her cool ferny voice; "and if her friends were all as real as her diamonds——"

Her angry gaze swept the circle of assailers and rested at last upon Mr. Eustace Staringarter.

"Meaning?" drawled this lozenge-shaped gentleman in his heliotrope brocade.

"Meaning everybody who accepts her hospitality, who begs for her invitations, and then talks about her," replied Veronica Grey. "She's blunt and she says what she thinks—it's a virtue that isn't shared by her friends. But I prefer Mrs. Cuttle to her friends."

At this moment one of the long sea-green curtains of the window before which she stood billowed out beside her. She put it back in place, and when she lifted her eyes again they fell on a figure standing at the other end of the room. Once more I saw the strange little catch in her eyes. It was Mr. Stephen Faircope, just that moment arrived.

I had, in fact, finally made good my promise to this stricken young man. At three o'clock that afternoon had come the regrets of a certain young diplomat noted for his abrupt seizures of "important appointments."

"Heavens," cried Mrs. Cuttle in anger, "that man is always dropping out. He's like a cockney 'h'. What in the world shall we do? I've got to have another man or it will spoil the minuet figures."

I pretended to be casting about me. At last, "Well," said I, "there's that young Stephen Faircope. He's in town, I think."

A Society Magician

"HAVE him by all means," commanded Mrs. Cuttle amiably; "he'll look like a bonbon dressed up, and there can't be any harm in having him now. That foolish Veronica Grey seems to be settled at last with the Viscount of Sheepskin."

So here was Mr. Faircope and there was Veronica, and I, the god from the machine, waited to see what the Watteau ball would bring forth.

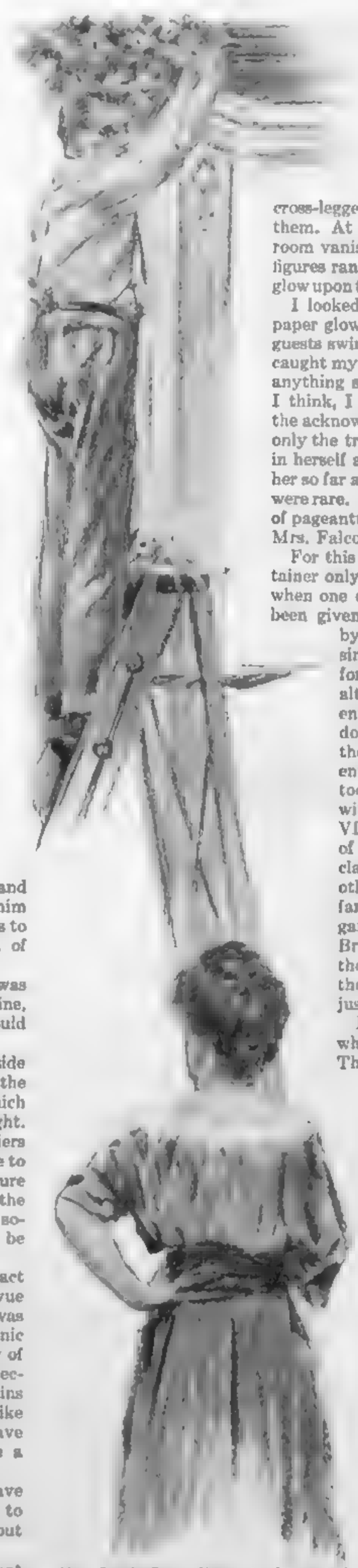
A little after this incident the entire side of the ballroom was taken out, and the opening left a vista of lawn over which drifted the rays of an artificial moonlight. Simultaneously, the brilliant chandeliers and sconces of the ballroom gave place to this same silvery light. The great feature which had brought Mrs. Falconvaux, the social entertainer, for a three days' sojourn at Mrs. Cuttle's was about to be put on.

Ordinarily there were no trees to distract from the clipped perfection of our Bellevue Avenue lawn. Mrs. Cuttle, however, was not one to be dismayed by such scenic shortcomings. Like the confident lady of Chicago, who replied to a visitor's objections regarding the absence of mountains from her native city: "But we don't like mountains; if we did we should have them," Mrs. Cuttle decided to have a few trees.

"You think it would be prettier to have foliage in the background?" said she to Mrs. Falconvaux. "Very well, we'll go out and get some."

These accessories were not the kind that tremble at the touch of the ingénue as she walks down Main Street in the first act. They were genuine lords of the forest, cut down by our gardeners and set up at intervals over the grounds. From this leafy background there suddenly sped three barefoot nymphs clad in white chiffon, wreathed in flowers and bearing on their wrists a pair of snowy doves. Like pale moths they fluttered into the rose-covered walk bordering the ballroom. The moonlight beat upon their flying white draperies, and above the fluting of the orchestra you heard—or did you dream it—the faint lisp of the sea.

Then suddenly the spinning figures paused. They threw back their heads exultantly, and from their outstretched arms wheeled the doves up among the crimson roses overhead. Everybody gasped with the beauty of the movement and the stillness was braved by only one voice.



Mrs. Cuttle Came Upon the Thwarted Operations of the Florist

"I say, you know, this is quite ripping!" said the Viscount of Sheepskin.

At this moment there walked into the ballroom flooded with its mock moonlight a dozen little pages, clad in white satin and carrying in their hands odd, globular lanterns of white paper. Forming a semicircle in front of the audience, the little pages sat cross-legged with their lanterns held before them. At that moment the other lights of the room vanished, and when the three mothlike figures ran in from the arbor of roses, the only glow upon them came from those firefly lanterns.

I looked at the flying figures in the ring of paper glowworms, at the brocaded and silken guests swimming in fitful drifts of light, and I caught my breath. Never in my life have I seen anything so beautiful. And for the first time, I think, I realized just why Mrs. Cuttle was the acknowledged leader of her set. It was not only the tremendous energy, the moving belief in herself and the rugged honesty which lifted her so far above a society where all these things were rare. The secret of her power was the sense of pageantry which led her to select this idea of Mrs. Falconvaux's.

For this spectacle she paid the social entertainer only eight hundred dollars, a small sum when one considers the amounts said to have been given by Mrs. Armington Squibbs and by Mrs. Sudbroke Brown for the opera singers who always precipitated a riot for the place near the door. Indeed, although many people spent more in entertaining, the results were mere dollar-fumed festivals. Compared to the Watteau ball, most other Newport entertainments of similar character took the hue of that gaudy celebration with which the plump-cheeked Henry VIII crowned Anne Boleyn to the tune of fountains running wine, "white, claret and red." This and some of her other entertainments swept Mrs. Cuttle far out of the arc of tasteless extravagance into the companionship of Beau Brummell, D'Orsay and Petronius, those elegant embroiderers of life who, though poor, have shown the very rich just how the thing ought to be done.

But now the spectacle ended, and in what a triumphant jet of splendor! The barefoot dancers suddenly sent the doves free from the threads which previously had brought them back, and as the white birds fluttered upward a whole swarm of butterflies covering the ceiling trembled into light. The next day in describing the fête the various papers said that these butterflies were real, and that for days we had set bands of small boys to the task of gathering them. The butterflies were not real, however. They were wired and set into motion by an elaborate electrical device. Indeed, as I have already said, this was an evening when Art courted Nature. Trees, moonlight and butterflies all showed just how Mrs. Cuttle made Nature accept the conditions which she imposed.

After the doves had winged their way into the night the electric lights of the ballroom were again switched on. Everybody gulped. Was it all a dream—the shafts of moonlight, the flying feet of the nymphs, the dazzling white birds? Well, Newport had the constitution to resist dreams. In a moment people were asking for food.

"I think I'll have an ice and some punch," drawled Mrs. Horatius Plutenberg, from the center of a group where clustering wigs and perukes had the effect of a great ball of popcorn.

"Me too," said Mr. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey.

I have not mentioned as yet the fact that a big Newport ball did not include dinner. This responsibility was undertaken by five or six hostesses who at ten o'clock brought their individual parties to rest in the ample lap of the great function. On the night of the Watteau ball, for example, Mrs. B. C. Traymore had entertained sixty or more guests at a splendid "Silver Dinner," where, of course, everybody appeared in costume.

Yet although there was no organized attack upon food at the great costume ball, the gallant minutemen did not fail in their duty. In the dining room and on the glass enclosed verandas Woods, the caterer, had set up a number of small tables where all through the evening a buffet supper was served; and from ten to three you saw conscientious groups going at the champagne, punch, sandwiches and ices.

It was during one of these informal sallies upon the buffet that I strolled off into a garden adjoining the ballroom. This little garden was a fairy retreat. Just about the size of the ballroom itself, it was lined with hedges twisting craftily here and there to satisfy the most profound needs of those bent on solitude. In the center a little fountain played under the electric lights and every here and there a marble bench cut into the darkness of the hedges. On one of these benches were seated a man and a girl. Coming from a rear door and screened by the foliage, I was not seen by them, and for a moment I paused irresolute. In that moment I recognized the broad shoulder of Mr. Stephen Faircope and over it the face of Miss Veronica Grey.

"But you don't—you don't!" the young man cried fiercely.

"But I am—I am!" wailed the girl. She was not looking out of the window now.

The Viscount of Sheepskin Loses

AT THE word the young man bent forward and seized her hands, and I could see the strength of the muscles under the gleaming satin coat.

"Veronica," cried he. It was the cry one sends after the drowning.

"Nasty step there—be careful!"

The voice of the Viscount of Sheepskin snapped like a whip as he guided Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey from one of the French windows of the ballroom into the little garden. None too soon Miss Veronica Grey jumped from the marble bench.

"Oh, here you are, Veronica," said the mother, giving her a look of stern rebuke. "We've been hunting for you every place. The Viscount wants you to go and have some punch."

The three of them started off together, but at the window of the ballroom Miss Veronica Grey turned back to the tall figure in white satin.

"We have one more waltz to-night, Mr. Faircope," called she from under the look of her mother's disapproval.

All this time I had not dared to move. Now, however, I touched the young man on the sleeve.

"Oh, Mrs. Pemberton!" said he hoarsely.

For a moment we did not speak. Then, seating himself beside me on the bench where he had so lately sat with Miss Veronica Grey, he buried his face in his hands.

"It's no good," said he at last; "she's going to marry him. She told me so to-night."

The fountain before us leaped under the colored electric lights and the sea pounded on its cliffs. Then suddenly the orchestra inside launched into The Beautiful Blue Danube.

The young man raised his face. "Shut up!" roared he. "The Danube isn't blue—none of the things are true that waltz says."

When at last he raised his eyes to mine they were very gentle. "You remember what I told you about seeing her picture in Paris and wanting to save her from something—I didn't know what! Well, I know now—it's from herself. Those lovely captive eyes that dream so far, that want so much—oh, I can't break the thing that's holding them. I've tried, but I can't." He paused and looked at the gay little fountain and then turned to me. "Why is it, I wonder? What can being born in this set do to you? Why, it's just as though I said to some lovely mermaid: 'Come out with me and walk with me and talk with me.' The brain of her would understand how nice the shore was, the eyes would say how much she wanted to come. But she couldn't do it. Her body couldn't follow. Well, I and my ten thousand a year are the pebbly shore, and Miss Veronica Grey can't come out to us. Water is her element, and she would stump her finny little tail if she left it."

"Well," said I, "all is not lost."

"No," said he, rising just as the music came to an end, "everything is not lost. I still have my last waltz with her."

But indeed it was not a last waltz. For that night as he and Miss Veronica Grey entered once more the little garden they were stopped by a voice on the other side of the hedge. The Viscount of Sheepskin was speaking in those accents that sounded as though they had been sent home every morning fresh from the laundry.

"No, only two hundred thousand pounds, and not quite that! But it's the best I can do, and anyway, dash take it, I happen to be rather fond of the girl."

Perhaps Miss Veronica Grey had understood beforehand something of what she was doing. But seeing the cold storm clouds and feeling the hail into which they crystallize are two different things. And for a moment she stood there pelted by each word. She bent her head, her lip quivered and the Watteau fan broke under the clutch of her fingers.

"Veronica," cried the young man in an agony of compassion. "Oh, Veronica, don't mind, dear, I'm here."

It was a long time before the girl said anything. At last, though, she wheeled about and threw back her head; and I, who sat unheeded on the marble bench near by, thrilled at the tenderness in her eyes.

"I am not—I am not," she said softly.

The broken fan fell then between their clasped hands. And when the Viscount of Sheepskin walked out with the young English diplomat to whom he had been talking he found the cause that sent him and his English boxes flying from Newport on the morrow. To Mr. Stephen Faircope the Watteau ball was a very pleasant occasion.

I have already said that this great function cost Mrs. Cuttle about twelve thousand dollars. An understanding of the enormous expense involved is helped by mention of some of the individual items. Woods, the caterer, asked between fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars for his services. Mrs. Falconvaux, as I have already said, charged us eight hundred dollars for the beautiful spectacle of the evening. As against the one orchestra which we employed at our New York dinners, we had here two such organizations—one in the ballroom itself and the other in the little gold-colored balcony—and for the two we paid nearly six hundred dollars. As to the florist, his toll from the ball was about seven hundred and fifty.

Mrs. Cuttle's Sneezing Party

IT MUST not be imagined that Mrs. Cuttle and her set paid their bills buoyantly. Only those whose wealth is recent ever flush with pleasure at handing out one thousand dollars for a five-hundred-dollar Bokhara rug. The people hardened to money generally want an explanation why a five-hundred-dollar Bokhara is costing them two hundred and fifty dollars. So, although Mrs. Cuttle was conspicuously prompt in paying her tradesmen, she was equally prompt in protesting their bills.

To Mr. Stephen Faircope the Watteau Ball Was a Very Pleasant Occasion

On the occasion of the Watteau ball she tackled the florist.

"What do you mean by charging me all that money?" asked she. "Why, I could buy a small chicken farm for what those hydrangeas cost me."

The florist met this reproach with dignity. "Yes, Mrs. Cuttle," said he, "but what I asked Mrs. Sudbroke Brown for exactly the same sort of thing would have bought a small ostrich farm. I charged her just twice as much."

The florist, indeed, was not one to be trifled with. He was a pivotal point in the affairs of Newport, and many are the legends which cluster about this figure. One of these is concerned with a certain dinner given by Mrs. Cuttle.

For this dinner she had arranged to have hollyhock decorations. When, however, the ceiling was all wired and half of it covered with the required blooms, the florist discovered that he could get no more hollyhocks. The market had been cornered by Mrs. Sudbroke Brown, who, unknown to Mrs. Cuttle, had hit upon the same flower for the decorations of her daughter's coming-out ball.

When at half-past three Mrs. Cuttle came upon the thwarted operations of the florist, she tightened up like the Arctic Sea. She looked at the unfortunate tradesman, she looked at the ceiling, half hollyhock, half naked wires.

"And what are you going to do with the other—leg?" demanded she at last.

The florist, standing high on a ladder, was at that moment engaged in twisting his last stalk over several yards of wires.

"Oh, they'll be coming along," replied he soothingly. "I've sent out over the country to find some."

So, too, he had. To east and west and north and south our representatives had ridden forth to get a little stalk in the hollyhock corporation. Hawkins had been detailed to duty. Two of the florist's men had ridden forth on bicycles and a number of small boys had been employed to raid every quaint little yard of the old-fashioned houses of lower Newport. All in vain. At half past four none of our scouts had returned with booty.

"Well, Mr. Hustler," fumed Mrs. Cuttle, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, they'll be coming along," the florist reassured her.

Mrs. Cuttle stamped her foot. "You're a fool, Mr. Hustler. You've been telling me that all afternoon, and now look at this room!"

At this moment one of the florist's men entered from the outside. Little rivulets of perspiration ran down his cheek and his clothes were muddy. Yet he was bringing his sheaves with him. In one hand he held proudly aloft an underfed specimen of hollyhock.

"I got this under the fence," panted he, "in a little house five miles out from town. I guess the others hadn't seen it."

"They certainly have hocked all the holly round here," commented Hawkins, with a broad grin and a less perfect aspiration than is indicated here.

Mrs. Cuttle felt just about as agreeable as would Beau Brummell in a faultily creased shirt. To fail in any of her social enterprises was with her a very poignant grief. She could not get over it. And that evening when her guests assembled under the shelter of red roses she was still looking ruefully at the place where the hollyhocks should have been.

Seldom, indeed, was it that the tires of the famous hostess ever skidded. When they did, she was the most miserable of beings. And never shall I forget her at the time of another big dinner—this one given in town.

On this occasion the feature of the entertainment had required a covering of grass for the ballroom floor. Afterward when the footmen started to remove the verdure all the guests were seized with a strange affection.

"Achoo!" said Mrs. Horatius Plutenberg behind her lace handkerchief.

"Achoo!" said Mr. Carl Frederick Commodore.

"Heavens, Miss Sadie," piped Tommy Ogle, "this isn't grass you've given us, it's hay fever."

It was, in fact, less a rug than an epidemic. And as clouds of dust billowed over the guests from every depth of those ancient folds Mrs. Cuttle ran away to cover her chagrin.

"Where is Mrs. Cuttle?" asked Mr. Carl Frederick Commodore.

I knew, but I would not tell him. She had taken sanctuary from her sixty sneezing guests, and not until almost an hour later did I succeed in dragging her out. The incident is characteristic. Anybody else in her set would have laughed at the dust-ridden property. That was exactly why they were not all Mrs. Cuttles. In order to succeed you must take your work seriously; and with the great society leader her entertainments were as much of a religion as were cravats with Beau Brummell.

Outdoing Mrs. Traymore

IT WAS not often that anything like this happened at these numerous parties of Mrs. Cuttle's. Her indefatigable energy and her close attention to detail insured against failure. Certainly the other pole of the situation was reached at the Mikado dinner with which she preluded Mrs. B. C. Traymore's Japanese ball.

Mrs. Cuttle had been looking forward to the Traymore ball, but with some reservations. Although she loved the waters of gayety she herself liked to charge the waters. In this she always reminded me of a leading juvenile spirit. We all know that kind of boy. When the others suggest, "Let's play Indian," he always says, "No, let's play train, and I will be the conductor." If, however, the original recreational program is followed, he manages somehow to think up something entirely new and fascinating in the way of redman behavior. In similar wise Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle contrived to outdo the great Japanese ball of Mrs. Traymore.

The opening offered her was a big dinner party preceding the ball. As soon as we sent out the invitations for this affair Mrs. Cuttle began casting about her.

"What can we get up that's original?" she commenced to ask the very first thing.

At this opportune moment there arrived on the scene an Oriental dealer from New York. In order to advertise himself, this merchant made us a tremendous offer. He would bring down some of his finest wares, said he, decorate our dining room and make our dinner more Japanese than a willow-ware plate. And the cost? Simply nothing. All he wanted was just a rub from the magic lamp of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's name.

At first Mrs. Cuttle demurred. Finally, however, when he told her that his offer had been refused by Mrs. Traymore, she began to brighten.

"I'll take you," she agreed eagerly. And to me she whispered: "This will make Janet Traymore's ball look like the landscape under a Christmas tree—just wait!"

Her prediction was fulfilled. When the guests, deftly transformed by obis and embroidered tunics, by fans and henna stain, arrived in our front hall, they were confronted by a figure on a throne. It was the Oriental dealer impersonating the Mikado, and beside him stood the seven-foot giant we had borrowed from one of the vaudeville performances then running in town.

As each guest was announced he made a low Oriental obeisance before the mock Mikado and the prolonged man beside him intoned something that sounded like "Chung, chung, chung." All this was a worthy introduction to the dinner itself. Served on teakwood tables framed in the rich embroideries of Tokio and lighted by fantastic lanterns placed at the top of triangular beams of teakwood, the Mikado dinner successfully filtered the interest from Mrs. Traymore's ball. Instead of the dinner's being a

(Continued on Page 34)

THE UNRELIABLE PUBLIC

By Edward Mott Woolley

RUNNING a department store is a good deal like driving a skittish colt, with the store representing the buggy and the public the colt. You never know what the confounded critter is going to do next. The proprietors hitch the store to the people and hand the reins to the general manager, and the fun begins.

I have just been talking to some hollow-eyed department-store buyers, and they have taken me behind the scenes where the special sales are organized. There is nothing that shows up the public like a special sale. Maybe you think the department store is unreliable, but probably you never knew what it thought about you.

A large department store in an Eastern city decided to hold a fashion show in its auditorium which seats seven hundred people. A former show at the same place had fizzled, because five thousand invitations had brought only two hundred and fifty women at any one exhibition. So this time the buyer of clothes ready-to-wear ordered fifteen thousand invitations sent out.

"We'll get the ladies this time or bust up the store!" he observed. The ready-to-wear buyer was a nifty man of thirty-six, but he looked fifty-six. Buyers age rapidly sometimes, for reasons I am going to elucidate.

The tickets were sent out. Then a rehearsal was held, with sixteen selected living models parading round on the stage in imported suits and gowns; and next day the show opened. It began auspiciously with a thousand women in attendance at the forenoon exhibition—seven hundred inside the auditorium, and three hundred outside in a livid overflow meeting. The general manager and the buyer went among the unhappy barred-out guests and apologized until their regrets ran down their brows in thick drops, but regrets on such an occasion are ghastly.

Then came a horrible afternoon. The ladies arrived early in pairs, by fours and sometimes sixes. They came gayly in colored raiment, jamming the elevators and closing in on that unlucky little auditorium. By three o'clock there were four thousand of them, waving their tickets. The ready-to-wear buyer's eyes bulged from behind a peephole in a safe retreat.

"Holy fishes!" he panted. "Has every one of the fifteen thousand accepted our invitation?"

The merchandise manager, looking over the buyer's shoulder, groaned and gripped his subordinate's cutaway coat tails.

"Gad, but they're a mad lot!" he hissed. "Gadzooks!"

Riots Over the Bargain Counter

THE ladies went away by twos, fours and sixes—by hundreds. They left the air surcharged with imported scents and homemade but ladylike anathemas. They would never come back! Not even for a corset string—so there! Probably many of them have kept their word. The blight of that fashion show still hangs over the store, and the enemies it created will be reckoned with unto the next generation.

By what calculation could the buyer have determined that such a response would come from fifteen thousand invitations, when less than half the auditorium was filled on the former occasion from five thousand tickets? The season was the same, and apparently the list comprised the same general class of women. Then why? Some business men would be inclined to set this down as an unsolvable mystery. They say that the buying public is grievously fickle, unstable, heartbreaking, and no doubt this is true; yet, if only we could get at it, probably there was a cause. The best buyers are those who go deeply into causes.

You get the reverse of this episode in the experience of a young buyer in a city of seventy-five thousand people. He made happy plans for a great cut-price sale, but when the day came scarcely anybody showed up, though the weather was perfect.

"At noon," he told me, "I mounted to the roof with my binoculars and scanned the horizon for a possible thunder-cloud. Did I want it to rain? Sure! The sale had gone flat and I was looking for a goat. If only it had rained I should have had an excuse; at least a talking point to put up to the old man. But no such luck that day! The failure was all my fault, and the fact was pointed out to me in unmistakable terms. I ought to have known that the people didn't want cut prices just then. What they wanted was style talk."

You of the public have little charity for the department store. You call it a school for wicked mistakes and an outlet for fugitive dyes; but in many respects you misjudge it. Once you get behind the scenes this modern dinosaur resolves itself into human beings who move in the lights and shades common to all of us. The woes and puzzles of buyers might well cause you to shed tears, but there is first-class melodrama, too, going on, unseen by the average buyer. You, the people, are the chief puzzle, and it takes a buyer a long time to learn all your kinks, so you ought to be patient.

I want you now to meet Mr. Potts Fortescue, who is merchandise manager of a department store in a city of fifty thousand people. I have taken a slight liberty with his name, but he is a large man without hair, and his flabby face has a map of Europe chiseled on it. He got that face monkeying with the public. He is wiser now and draws sixty dollars a week, besides owning seven thousand dollars' worth of the store's common stock. The average value of merchandise on hand is one hundred and eighty thousand dollars at cost, or two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars at the retail price; and the sales last year were seven hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars. The net profit was forty-six thousand dollars. Also there are various reserve funds, which do not belong to the stockholders in general but are used for all kinds of special adventures.

Fortescue has had lots of adventures. He went to that store from a rather high-class establishment, so his gauge on his new public was wide of the mark.

The boss told him that this was a popular store. "Go to it!" said he.

Fortescue stabbed in the dark. He judged that at least ten thousand horse power would be required to get out a crowd for his initial new-manager sale. He went into the market and bought a great lot of special stuff to sell at low prices, some at below cost as leaders. There were muslins at six and three-quarters cents a yard; indigo prints at three and three-quarters cents; crash toweling at six and a half cents; table damask in short lengths at fifty-nine cents; socks at five cents a pair. Fortescue spread himself on an advertisement and went home that night hoping to see a nice little crowd at the store in the morning. He did. When he hove in sight at 7:55 A. M. he saw a riot in front of the store, wholly feminine, and while he was struggling to get to the entrance a policeman seized him.

"You'll have to wait," said the cop. "You don't stand no show with them women. The new manager's got 'em hypnotized. He's a lulu!"

"I'm the new manager," shouted Fortescue, "and if I don't get inside before they open the doors there'll be a stampede! Ladies, please let me through!"

But you never saw a lady who would let anybody through anything when she was bent on getting hubby two dozen choice socks at five cents a pair, and in a minute the doors were thrown open before any effort had been made to regulate the crowd. The advance column swept into the store and was jammed along by the crush at the rear. The counters, flimsy affairs, were broken from their moorings and crowded against the shelves. Three salesgirls were pinned behind them and four others fainted. A fat woman got stalled in a kneeling posture, with her head on the floor, and several sock hunters were trampled. Then the patrol wagon came, with the whole police reserve, and the doors were closed. After that they let the people through in groups and passed them out through the alley.

Too Much Bait for the Ladies

THE sale was both success and failure. The week's receipts were six thousand dollars ahead of those of the corresponding week the year previous, but two women got judgments for personal injuries, and the store got a black eye that did it irreparable harm. The trouble was too much bait.

Please don't, however, imagine that a buyer's job is all uncertainty! He doesn't play a Monte-Carlo game all the time. If there is any calling on earth where shrewdness and planning count, it is the buyer's.

There is a rug buyer in a certain department store who has a way of his own in laying the foundations for future sales. Suppose you go up to his department, bent on getting an Oriental rug for your music alcove. You may not meet the buyer himself, but his clever young men have had the scheme drilled into them. The salesman may say to you, as a feeler:

"It's a funny thing, but some rugs seem to make a room in an apartment look stuffy."

You resent this a little, because you don't live in an apartment.

"I've got my own home in the suburbs!" you assure him. But you don't suspect that this information is just what he wants.

"Well," he says, "if your rooms are extremely small you have to be careful about your rug patterns, just as you do about wall paper."

"Oh, I've got fair-sized rooms!" you inform him. "My dining room is fifteen by eighteen, and my living room eighteen by twenty-two. I mean to have an Oriental some day for the living room."

Aha, now he's got you under his thumb! Before you leave the store he extracts from you with considerable skill more information about your house and your affairs; and when you have gone he takes from a drawer an old blue-covered record book, in which he sets down the facts he has wormed out of you, together with his own deductions as to your buying power, knowledge of rugs, and so on.

This sort of thing has its sequel. One day while browsing round for goods the buyer finds a rug importer who has hoisted the distress signal. Some financial whirlwind has caught him out of his cyclone cellar, and he is in need of cash. He takes a very low price for a batch of ninety-two Orientals, such as would ordinarily retail from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. The buyer puts them on special sale at figures ranging between twelve and seventy dollars.

In the meantime he gets out his blue-backed book and tabulates the information it contains about various

(Continued on Page 57)

Then Came a Horrible Afternoon. The Ladies Arrived Early in Pairs, by Fours and Sometimes Sixes

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

They Heard the Creak of Fall Blocks, the Dull Impact of the Boats Swinging Against the Rail

HASTINGS POWER, born to the enjoyment of three million dollars, boasted at forty that he was a self-made man.

"When I came of age I found I had a snug fortune right here in New York City," he would say. "In fifteen years I didn't touch the city property and I could count thirty millions of mine in other parts of the world. Let the agitators talk about unearned increment. I don't blame them, seeing what so many men of my social class do. But I never argue."

Mr. Power—as was his habit—spoke by the fact. He was president and chief owner of a combination of railroads and steamship lines and mining companies and terminal corporations that even the tireless governmental investigators could never accurately separate. Block tin on a Chinese river with six names was as much Power's as the light oil in a Persian valley or the output of a coffee plantation in Guatemala. And he was well known in his world as I-Never-Argue Power.

Men with such masses of wealth at their hand seldom have to use the instruments of debate—their logic rests on the firm basis that the check-signing pen is mightier than the unchecked tongue. But even a Hastings Power, when adorned with daughters such as Gladys, is sometimes forced to the mild weapons of conversation and deprecation. With the dashing, beautiful and impetuous girl the magnate frequently condescended to argument. He refused the concession to Steele Manners, well-born and well-bred, well-to-do but not rich, and flatly refused to listen to his suit.

Manners, who had confronted in his office the man he hoped to have for a father-in-law, looked Mr. Power directly in the eyes and said:

"If you refuse to hear my arguments why I'm sure I could make Gladys happy, tell me your reasons for refusing me. Let's have one side of this controversy perfectly clear."

"No controversy at all," Mr. Power told him coldly. "If I were like most self-made fellows an alliance with the Mannerses might awe me. But I was born in the same social class as you and you don't dazzle me at all. I'm surprised at Gladys!"

"I'm no pauper, so far as that goes," the young man said firmly. "And I work."

"Clerk," the great man said curtly. "I have over a thousand of 'em working for me. Not one of them will ever sit at my desk."

"Well, suppose that my business occupation isn't exactly what it should be, I can easily change it—if I like. What else have you against me?"

"You're not up to standard," Power said seriously. "I had your advantages and your handicaps. Look at me now. The veriest, most illiterate workman respects the name of Hastings Power as that of a man who worked—who is working! I earn what I get. You're content to live on your family capital, your social prestige, and what the world may perchance do for you." Mr. Power frowned. "I fancy that I feel a little strongly on the subject, being a self-made man myself, but I am not exaggerating the facts when I say that America has no use for such as you. I expect my daughter to do better. I never argue."

"I understand that," was the earnest reply. "Your position is clear. But what would you have me do?"

"Use your education to some purpose—employ your brains in the tremendous competition we call business —— Er—wait a moment, please."

Power pressed one of many buttons and a secretary appeared, notebook in hand.

"Reynolds," said his employer, "a note to Holden for Mr. Steele Manners. Job, Reynolds."

"Yes, sir," said the secretary, leaving as swiftly as he had come.

"Hold on!" Manners interrupted. "I didn't come here to ask you for a position, Mr. Power."

Power waved the secretary on through the doorway.

"I know you didn't," he responded. "However, it's the only thing I can do for you. Don't thank me. Not a word. I never argue."

Turning on his heel the young man walked out, allowed an elevator to drop him gently a dozen floors, slipped into the current of the outward-bound crowd, discovered himself on the curb, hailed a taxi, and was driven to his own office, a dingy building on East Thirty-fourth Street, decorated with a solid brass plate which said: "Manners Estates." Within the place he stared at the general factotum and demanded sulkily:

"If I sell out to-day, how much'll I have to peddle, Clayton?"

The attorney glanced at him and fingered a small book.

"In thirty days you could realize between five hundred and six hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Manners."

"Not enough, Clayton!" he snapped. "Hello!"

A messenger boy, bearing on his clean cap the gilt of Power's name placed a letter before him, received his scrawled signature and departed.

"Not enough to travel with that crowd, my boy," the attorney remarked.

Manners glanced at the inclosure, looked at the closest confidant he owned to and shook his head.

"Right you are! Well, I must look for another job."

The elderly man was not deceived by the lightness of the other's tone. He rose slowly. "Do you mean it? Shall I get someone to take your desk here?"

"Wait!" was the reply. "No; get someone else. What's the use of my dubbing round here about my own property? That won't get me anywhere."

Half an hour later he found Gladys Power waiting for him in Central Park. They shook hands gravely.

"Thanks," Steele said. "It makes me feel better, anyway. You are a jolly nice girl to dip out and meet me."

She nodded briefly.

"And what did papa say?"

"Refused to argue," he said, trying to keep bitterness out of his voice.

"He would, Steele. But what did he say?"

"That I —— Oh, what's the use? He says he's a self-made man and I'm a mere parasitical rotter. Told me I wasn't up to standard. Said he was surprised at you!" he concluded.

Her handsome eyes narrowed a trifle.

"You didn't tell him that I promised? You didn't tell him what—isn't true?"

"I? Not by a good deal," he responded. "I know just how much I'd have to do if he did give his consent. What he was aiming to tell me was that he was amazed to think you even endured the sight of me."

"That's not fair," she said promptly. "Actually, Steele, I like you almost enough to say I'll marry you. But I'm afraid there's a good deal to be said on papa's side. Not that I care a rap for more money. You have plenty. But it's—it's the looks of the thing. You never have done anything hard!"

"Humph!" he returned uncivilly. "That depends. Well, your father was good enough to offer me a job, anyway. Seemed to think I was a beggar."

Gladys Power, who seldom moved ungracefully, fairly leaped at the letter he held out to her. She read it and then looked straight into the eyes of the man who loved her.

"What are you going to do, Steele?"

He stared at her in evident perplexity and then down at the typewriting signed with the famous name.

"He tells this man Holden—seems to be a kind of general superintendent—to 'give this man room.' I understand it to be a quiet invitation to Mr. Holden to put a shovel into my hand and promise me a dollar-seventy-five a day."

The girl laughed miserably.

"Don't you see?" she pleaded. "Papa doesn't argue with you. He just listens and then gives you this note. If you don't go to Mr. Holden and ask for a job, then papa can truthfully say it was useless to give you a chance. If you do go ——"

Manners thrust the letter into his pocket.

"I've six hundred thousand dollars, Gladys."

She held out her hand. If her lip trembled the young man did not see it.

"Good-by," she said

"I say Gladys!" he called

She neither turned nor slackened her pace.

II

ONE week later Steele Manners again entered the office where the affairs of his small estate were conducted. Another man sat at his desk. Mr. Clayton looked up and rose.

"I need your signature, Mr. Manners," he said.

"All right." He used the pen effectively for three minutes. "Now, Mr. Clayton, I'm off for a while."

"Off! Where to?"

Manners shook his head.

"I'm not sure. Let you know."

"How much shall you require?" asked the attorney.

The young man emptied his pockets and smiled faintly.

"I'll let you know if I need any more," he said. "I think the few dollars I have will see me through."

In the heart of the great terminal he presently found the man called Captain Holden—a taciturn, smoothly moving individual who appeared rather amused than otherwise with the multiplicity of calls on his time and attention. He read the letter signed by the great Hastings Power and then drew Steele Manners aside.

"What do you want to do?" he inquired.

Manners tapped the open letter with a dubious finger.

"Is that what that means?"

"About that—my discretion, I presume—and yours," he added politely.

"It would take too much of your valuable time to explain," Manners returned. "I'll merely say that I'd like a position which will answer the specifications of hard work and keep me out of Mr. Power's mind."

"What can you do?" Captain Holden continued, drawing him aside as a long train of freight shrilled by.

"I weigh one hundred and seventy-six pounds," Manners suggested.

"Don't waste it."

"I'm a bit of a sailor," was the response, with a quick glance upward at a tall steamer making into her berth.

"Ticket?" demanded the superintendent.

"Yacht," said Manners.

"Mind a bit of rough work about the world, Mr. Manners?"

The young man winced.

"Will it take me away from the city?"

"China or the Persian Gulf," Holden remarked.

"Choice?"

"Yours."

"Persian Gulf," said Manners. "When?"

Captain Holden stepped back and lifted a telephone from its hook. Through this he conversed briefly. Then he turned to Manners again.

"You'll go fourth mate of the Deccan. Be on board by six this evening. Find the chief officer, Mr. Maxwell. He'll give you your orders."

"Thanks," said Manners. "I'll be on hand promptly."

Within the hour he entered one of his clubs and sat down to write a letter. He had got as far as:

"*Dearest Gladys:* I see your point at last. I'm awfully stupid sometimes. It didn't just get through my head what a chance you were giving me to make good; and ——"

He lifted his head. Familiar voices were raised outside the curtain that concealed the desk.

"I-Never-Argue Power got rid of another suitor for his pretty daughter the other day. Steele Manners it was. Power put it up to him to go to work. Manners quit the field and ——"

"My sister was telling me. Said Power read Gladys quite a lecture on what he called the 'fire test' of true manliness. Sister liked Manners awfully. But I guess Gladys counted on Steele's covering her father's ante; and when she lost out she just grinned. Good sport! Manners might've done worse than work a while for her."

"Too late!" muttered Manners, tearing the paper to bits. "And when she wanted to know whether I was worth her while, I had to play the silly ass and mention a paltry six hundred thousand! Me for the Persian Gulf without any good-bys."

III

CAPTAIN HOLDEN watched the big Liverpool freighter Sultan made fast alongside the long train of empty cars that were awaiting her cargo, shook hands with the commander, and then climbed aboard and knocked at the door over which "Chief Officer" was painted. It

"The Steamer Is Ill-Laden, Unseaworthy and Leaking"

swung open to show Steele Manners in undershirt and trousers washing the grime off.

"Captain," said the superintendent.

"Since when, sir?" demanded the other.

Holden entered and cleared a place on the little red lounge for himself, took off his hat and smiled.

"Since an hour ago. You're due to take the train for San Francisco this evening. On your arrival you will take command of the Argol, loading for Vladivostok."

"Thanks," Manners said. "Munitions, I suppose?"

"Suppose so," Holden responded. "An old packet though. Thought a long time before I decided on you."

Manners wiped his browned face carefully and flung the towel on the rack.

"It's just four years since I came down here with a letter from Hastings Power," he remarked.

"I remember perfectly," Holden confessed. "Put you down as one of the chaps the old man wanted to be rid of. Persian Gulf you chose—wasn't it? He never asked. I remembered. Did you know him well?"

"I was almost engaged to marry his daughter," Manners said.

"Ah!" the superintendent breathed. "Nobody married her, I understand."

"Nobody with Hastings Power's prime requisites," was the reply. "Bully, fine, jolly girl!"

"She is," the other admitted cordially. "D'ye mind telling me who you were? Justifiable curiosity, my son."

Manners explained briefly, concluding:

"I found I liked the job better than I thought I should like anything called work. So I stuck. And I understand that my six hundred thousand dollars has swelled to a million meantime."

"All right! All right!" Captain Holden waved one hand in mild deprecation. "You're the very competent chief officer of the Sultan to me now. Next week you will be the commander of the Argol—and I don't envy you your job."

They looked at each other a moment. Manners broke the silence.

"I've heard that Mr. Power was buying some frightful junk, and called 'em steamers."

"You know he won't argue a matter," Holden said dryly. "I did my best to make him see that the Argol wasn't the ship for his money. The next best thing for me to do was to put you captain."

"Why?" asked Manners, his face suddenly white.

Holden rose, with his accustomed smooth and graceful action.

"Miss Power accompanies her father to Siberia on the Argol," he announced.

Manners winced.

"Then she—Gladys knows—about me?"

Holden looked pure astonishment; then laughed.

"You mean to tell me you haven't —— What have you been doing with your time all these years, young man?"

"Working," was the reply.

"And you never corresponded with Miss Power?"

"Certainly not, sir. Not my pidgin."

The superintendent seated himself again.

"Look here, captain," he said with an odd lack of color in his tone; "I've been fair with you. I didn't know who you were and I didn't ask.

"Miss Power never told me. She did inquire. I kept her posted. It was no business of mine. But it is my business to know whether I've made a mistake in giving you the Argol."

"You mean ——" Manners' voice was low. Holden looked at him directly. "I mean are you a man to ask a fine girl to marry you, to take a chance given you to make good—and then—make good?"

"I understand," Manners said with quiet assurance. "But you mistake the lady's feelings, captain. She isn't going to fall in love with any man who isn't her father's better.

"That's plain. I admire her for it. I'll be frank and tell you that I've tried to fetch clear and make the straight course good. But what show has a mere seaman against Hastings Power? He knew it when he offered me what he called the 'chance.'"

"He didn't call it that," said the superintendent. "I take it that it was the young woman who said it was a chance. And I've already told you that, so far as I know, Mr. Power doesn't know you are alive. He doesn't keep tabs on the crews of his vessels. That's my business. The Argol's my business."

"Did Gladys Power ask you to give me the Argol?" he demanded.

"She did not," Holden replied curtly. "I'm asking you."

"I'll tell you one little thing, sir," Manners said with sudden vivacity: "I'll see to it that the old packet arrives in good order."

Holden rose once more.

"Her cargo is worth something well over eight or ten millions," he said. "A dangerous cargo too. Most important that it gets into Russian hands safely. Mr. Power has contracted to the limit of his resources, I believe. No insurance, of course. Ship's risk."

Manners swung round.

"And, when it means a big thing to a commerce destroyer or a submarine to get the Argol, Hastings Power puts his daughter aboard?"

"He has refused to argue the matter," the superintendent said stiffly. "It's none of our business."

Steele laughed.

"Of course! But when I'm master of that ship—say, do you fancy it likely that a seagoing tug might speak us a hundred or so miles offshore?"

Holden nodded and they shook hands.

The Argol Settled Into the Gray Sand of the Little Harbor at Midnight

"It's in my discretion to transship passengers if safety requires it, sir?" Manners remarked.

"Without argument," the superintendent assented, and was gone.

IV

HASTINGS POWER, a little obese, a little flushed by unwonted walking, mounted the gangplank to the deck of the Argol and glanced about him with satisfaction. His daughter lifted her skirts and passed on in the wake of the respectful steward.

"Humph!" remarked the great man to his secretary. "Not often a man stands right over ten million dollars' worth of government property. That's the value of this cargo."

The secretary said a decent "Yes," and let his eyes stray after the girl. He frowned involuntarily. Miss Power had stopped and was talking to a tall young man in uniform, probably the captain. He wondered why they seemed so awkward. He tried to read the movements of Gladys' lips and failed.

Power himself recalled him shortly.

"Find the captain and tell him I wish to see him," he said.

So the secretary interrupted a conversation of which he caught only a fragment:

"It's a crime!" the captain said.

"Is that the way for one of his employees to speak?"

That was all the young man heard. He broke in civilly with Mr. Power's message.

"Certainly," the captain responded. "I'll go immediately." He turned to Miss Power. "You forget that I am a shipmaster now—and more competent to speak on my own business than even your father."

With this he stepped on briskly, alert, his head up. The girl's eyes followed him and her expression was one of rather odd bewilderment. Then she drew her brows together in a frown and went along the deck toward her father.

Power took a square look at the man in captain's uniform, stared widely, clucked his tongue against his teeth, and then said brusquely:

"How did you get here?"

"I'm master of this steamer, Mr. Power," Manners said quietly. "I understood you wished to speak to me."

"How did you get here?" demanded the great man, reddening.

"You gave me a letter to Captain Holden four years ago when I had the pleasure of calling on you," was the response.

"But you—you didn't——"

"I started to work immediately," Manners interrupted. "I've been on ships of your line all this time. Finally I was promoted captain. Now I have the Argol."

Power's flush deepened. He breathed heavily, like a man shocked by a plunge into cold water. His eyes sought his daughter. He recovered himself.

"An oversight on my part, Manners. You can go ashore. Another man will take your place," he announced.

Manners neither looked at Gladys nor moved a step.

"I'm sorry," he said evenly. "Sailing time! Excuse me."

Then he left the magnate and strode off toward the bridge ladder. A moment later there were clanging of gongs below, the rumble of reluctant machinery, the steady rattle of a winch on the forecastle head, and the Argol edged her way out of her berth and thrust her low bows into the muddy stream of the ebb tide.

"Trusting ten millions to a man without an ounce of brains!" snapped Mr. Power, beckoning his secretary.

To him he gave curt orders, which resulted within five minutes in a hasty appearance of the wireless operator, to explain that his machines were out of order.

"Why?" roared Mr. Power.

"To make room for cargo, sir," answered the operator.

"Papa," Gladys said quietly, "all this is your arrangement. Why do you disturb it at this late date?"

He turned on her with the first sign of indecision she had ever witnessed in his manner. He seemed mentally adrift—to be quite incapable of his usual brusque finality. Incredulously she leaned toward him, something at once solicitous and alarmed in her expression. Power glanced about him feverishly, saw the sky line of San Francisco receding, the hump of Alcatraz Island and its grim fortress slipping behind the bellowing Argol.

"You know," he muttered, "this cargo is worth millions. I told Holden to send our best man. And he sent this jackanapes, this would-be millionaire fellow—the chap you threw over years ago! Why, I had fairly forgotten he existed! . . . And he's here—in charge!"

"You are afraid of something, papa?" she said.

There Was a Gathering Tumult That Was Cracked Through by a Shrill Crying Which Would Not Stop

"Afraid? Of course I am!" He moistened his dry lips. "I made my fortune by hard work. And I'm going to Russia now to double it. Nobody but Hastings Power can do business over there. And Holden puts that fellow in command of my steamer! He—he'll—he's no man for the job!"

"What do you know about him that makes you think so?" she demanded.

"Know? About him? Nothing! That's precisely why I'm sure he's not the man for us." The great Power recovered a little of his usual calm. "But I won't argue the matter. I'll see to it."

The Argol was well outside the Farallones before Hastings Power realized his inability to overcome the obstacles he himself had put in the way of communicating with the shore and effecting a change of masters. The chief engineer took pleasure in telling him that it was by direction of the company's office that the wireless dynamo had been torn from its usual place.

"It'll be a couple o' days before we get it rigged up again," the engineer said slowly. "No place for it below, so we've got to fix a place topside somewhere. Two days at the least, sir."

When Power addressed himself to Manners he was civilly informed that every effort would be made to hail an inbound vessel and send word for a tug. The captain said nothing about his brief arrangement with Holden to send a small craft out to take Gladys and her father off. The reason was perfectly good: the Argol was steadily steaming through a vast blanket of fog, which the wireless man, listening in, though unable to send a message, told him was reported to extend for a thousand miles off the coast.

"And, anyway," Manners told himself, "no tug could pick us up, for I'm sailing a course just to be clear of shipping of all kinds."

That evening Gladys sought him on the bridge and began abruptly:

"I knew you were doing well. Was it fair to intrigue to get the Argol—when you knew I was to travel on it?"

"I see nothing unfair in it," he answered. "As a matter of fact, Holden didn't consult me. Merely gave me my orders. To tell the truth, I suspected you were willing to give me another chance."

"I never said so!" she remarked coldly. "And now I must warn you. You are taking father's money and you are deliberately disobeying him."

With pains Manners explained the exact situation, and ended with:

"There is a small chance. Holden and I agreed that this was no ship for you to travel on. If he can manage it he is to have a tug intercept us to-morrow to take you back to San Francisco. But this fog makes even that chance very slim."

She demanded fuller details. He gave them. She remarked:

"Then you are going to exercise your authority against my father's? And send me away?"

"Exactly," he said—"if this fog lifts. I know what I'm talking about. It was a crime to load this old packet the way she has been laden. It is monstrous to send her across the Pacific, and nobody but a fool would ever have dreamed of risking his daughter's life on the Argol."

"With you," she corrected.

Manners drew her aside, out of earshot of the watch officer.

"That isn't like the Gladys I used to know," he warned her. "You used to be just."

"Oh, the girl you used to know doesn't exist any more!" she returned. "And I doubt whether you have the right even to mention her."

"I took that chance," Manners told her bluntly. "For four years I've been working, earning my living—and getting ready to come and show you and your father that I'm no social parasite. The Argol isn't my fault. It's your father's. I-Never-Argue Power slipped up this time. He thought he knew more than the men who've run ships all their lives, and had to run 'em right to earn their bread and butter. To be perfectly frank, I'm here on the Argol to see what can be done to save your father's neck."

"I dislike boasting intensely," she said.

"It may sound like boasting," he admitted. "But what I want you to understand is that men who know their business know I know mine. You needn't be afraid I'm going to thrust my society on you or ask old questions of you. Just now you're the daughter of Hastings Power, my employer. I'm master of the Argol—so long as she floats."

With perfect frankness Gladys stepped closer and studied his face. She seemed a little puzzled. She sighed.

"You're changed," she murmured.

"It's four years," he answered.

"So long?" She laughed quickly. "You never sent me a single word all that time!"

Manners bent his head slightly.

"What was the use? There was only one thing I could tell you—and I'd told you that once."

The words themselves might have been taken as a renewing of the old relation on his part; but her ear caught no intonation of anything but quiet resolve. She sighed again, stared into the blind fog and departed.

From that moment until four days later Steele Manners did not leave his post on the bridge or catch a glimpse of his passengers. It was evident that Power had realized his

(Continued on Page 53)

SUCH A LITTLE HOUSE

By Anne Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

VIII

WHEN, after breakfast, the girls had got into their habits and ridden away, Irene, who had been seeing them off, returned to the sitting room and found Senlac seated at the desk engaged in writing letters.

"Don't bother me. I'm busy," he said without looking up.

So she did not bother him, but went into the kitchen; and finding that Bill had already brought the chickens, she set about stuffing them. Seraphina held them for her and never ceased to smile. As they were tying up the legs of the fowls Irene said:

"We shan't be here for luncheon, you know. We're going for a long walk and shall lunch at the Axis Inn."

"You will have a walk, ma'am!" Seraphina returned with a meaning inflection.

Then Mrs. Stuyvesant turned her attention to the making of a pudding. When it was ready for the oven she went up to her room and threw herself down on her couch. It was a vast relief to be rid of the girls, even though Seraphina and Bill and the gardener were still left. It had been a very trying morning; but now, for a little while at any rate, nothing could possibly go awry. She fell asleep almost on the instant.

"You've got to wake up, ma'am. He wants you!" It was Seraphina's voice above her. "He come straight out into the kitchen hunting you, and give me such a turn I dropped the pudding."

Irene had regained her senses with a start.

"I'll be down in just a minute," she said. "Is the pudding spoiled?"

"No, ma'am; but it's a mercy it wasn't," declared Seraphina.

When Irene got downstairs Senlac was wandering about restlessly.

"When does the post come?" he asked irritably. "I want the Times."

Now that there was no one to hear him, his remarks were as far above reproach as could possibly be wished.

"It comes at half after twelve. We'll meet the postman on our walk to Grenfell."

Attired in his mountain-climbing costume, which he had worn in the Tyrol, Senlac made a picturesque figure as they set out on their tramp. They had followed the highroad for some distance without exchange of sentences. Then with a little sigh his hostess observed:

"This is a great relief, isn't it? That house is so tiny."

But her guest was almost rude.

"I don't see what you make such a row about," he said crisply. "There's been nothing, so far, to hear. I've been as good as gold. I don't always want to be, but I have been. It's most unjust to give an innocent man a bad character without provocation."

Irene was placidity itself. She refused to be ruffled.

"I don't know what ails them," she said. "I quite agree with all you say; but, nevertheless ——" She shrugged her shoulders significantly. "They never have acted like this before. They persist in thinking we are in love; and the more I deny it, the more they doubt my word."

"They can't know much about love if they think we are it," was his rejoinder. "I won't deny that you interest me more than I expected you would; but I'm not the least little bit in love with you. I can't be. Love's all over for me. I've lost faith in women forever."

"I've lost faith in women pretty nearly, myself," said Irene cheerfully; "and I shall lose it wholly soon if those girls don't stop going about the house so softly. It isn't polite. They seem to take a fiendish joy in being unexpected. Think of Nora, this morning—just as you took my hand! Of course you shouldn't have taken it; but as you did take it, it was aggravating for her to be there just in time to see. I could have sobbed—I was so vexed."

"Yes; that was a bad play," he admitted. "I can't see why I did it. I'm so susceptible. Well, at any rate, we're rid of them now. We have three or four blessed hours in which to say what we please. Where are those woods anyhow? Let us be getting into them. I keep thinking of all sorts of speeches peculiarly fitted for the woods."

His guide pointed to a particular portion of a long, low stone wall in the valley below them.

"We go over that stile down there," she told him. Then: "It is good to feel free," she continued. "There's no denying that. You haven't the least idea what I'm going through with those girls. They regularly rack me. They misconstrue everything. And we're living in such a box."

"I'll be Down in Just a Minute. Is the Pudding Spoiled?"

"If we were really in love," observed Senlac thoughtfully, "that house would be abominable. I wonder just how much they do hear?"

"I don't know; but you are so foolish in saying the things you do. You don't consider how they sound at all. It doesn't matter a rap to me whether you call me darling or not, because you're the kind of man who calls all women darling."

He turned on her sharply. "Oh! Do I?" he cried.

"Yes; you ——"

"I don't do anything of the kind," he denied in a wrathful voice.

"Well ——" she began, and stopped abruptly at sight of his face. His expression had altered to one of real temper. "You don't mean to say you're vexed?" she queried in surprise. He turned away, and his shoulders spoke volumes. "Are you actually vexed?" she pressed.

There was no answer.

"You don't mean to say you are really angry?"

Still he was silent. Irene stopped short in her tracks and Senlac walked on alone. After a moment, however, she followed.

"I never saw anything so absurd," she said presently, overtaking him. "What a nasty temper you have, to be sure! And all over such a very little silly thing."

But his silence was maintained. It was maintained for several long, endless minutes. Then in scrupulously even tones he asked:

"Where are we?"

She had been busily thinking, and his voice roused her abruptly. She looked about her.

"I don't know," she confessed. "I never thought to notice the way we were going. We've strayed from the right path." She did not recall crossing the stile—yet they were in the woods.

"You mean we're off the track?" He took out a map she had given him before starting.

"Yes."

"To the left or the right? Where are we on the map?"

"I don't know. I don't know where we are."

He came to a dead halt and glared at her.

"Well, this is pleasant! Are we really lost?"

She looked up into his face and her red lips curled.

"I'm glad of it," she said. "I'm learning such a lot. I'd begun to be interested in you. This is a fine thing to happen just now."

"That kind of talk won't do any good," he returned harshly. "Don't you remember the way to Caricastle? Where's the path we came over?"

"I don't know," she admitted. "This comes of treating a woman rudely. You find yourself hopelessly lost at once."

He was not in the least shamed, however.

"I didn't treat you rudely," he declared, "and I'm not hopelessly lost. Where's the sun? It should be on our left. It isn't. It's behind us. Now I know which way to go."

He set off at once. She walked quite as well as he and they did a rapid mile in silence, emerging at length on an unknown highroad. Then he turned to her once more.

"Now where are we?" he inquired.

She shook her head.

"I don't know."

"Haven't you any idea?"

"None. I always tell by the map." But he declined to look at the map again.

"Good heaven!" she cried, thoroughly annoyed. "You have the worst temper I ever encountered. To think that I might have known you for years in London and never have suspected it! I'll never think of marrying you now, I promise you! I'll stick to my half of the bargain like the veriest leech."

Senlac frowned gloomily.

"I do wish you wouldn't keep on talking of marrying me," he begged in a voice that grated. "It irritates me horribly. I don't want to be married. I want to get in the right path."

"Perhaps it comes to the same thing," she suggested.

"I beg and pray you won't joke until we are out of this."

Then she said she was sorry, in a penitential voice, and promised to be quiet; but Senlac's temper showed no sign of mending. After another hour of dusty tramping, during which he three times asked his direction from passers-by, he finally brought his companion to the Axis Inn.

Their arrival, however, was very far from restoring him to good humor. In the little inn parlor, after ordering luncheon, he turned his back on Irene and in silence opened his cherished Times, a copy of which, though they missed the postman, he had managed to secure. And his companion quite calmly, without a word of reproach, took from her pocket the embroidery she always carried and began diligently to ply her needle.

When, after a long while, a maid brought in their luncheon, the man dropped his paper and the woman laid aside her needlework. They were both hungry and both rather eagerly drew up their chairs to the table. He cut some thin slices of ham for her and himself, passed hers to her, spread some bread with butter and took two eager bites. And under the spell of this treatment the evil encompassment broke and vanished. Their eyes met across the board and they both smiled.

The metamorphosis was indeed very wonderful.

IX

SENLAC in his own way gave his hostess due credit on the return journey for the way she had treated his fit of ill temper.

"Do you know," he said, "I'm really getting awfully fond of you! You're so jolly good-natured. And then, too, you don't fuss."

The woman beside him let go a trilling little musical laugh.

"I've made up my mind not to believe one word you say," she told him. "Still, I must admit that the latter part of your statement cannot possibly be denied."

It was a beautiful autumnal afternoon. The sky spread in fleckless blue above them; the sun shone golden, and the air was a gloriously tonic admixture of invigorating cool and balmy warmth. It was not at all the setting for a strictly impersonal affair, and their communion was certainly not impersonal in the least. Then, too, the fragrance of the woods had all the inspiriting effect of incense, and the lisping cadences of the gentle breeze among the leaves were a fitting accompaniment for romantic comedy. Senlac's laugh answered hers.

"You aren't a bit conceited, are you?" he said.

"Well," she answered, "if it comes to that, you are not the most self-depreciative man in the world. Still, if persons have a great deal in them they can hardly fail to know it, I suppose."

He looked at her for a long moment in a frankly appraising sort of way. Finally he said:

"You make me wonder whether I shall ever think seriously of marrying you."

Then she came back a little stingingly:

"I do wish you wouldn't talk of marrying me. It irritates me even worse than it does you when I bring up the subject."

"Let us sit down and see why," he proposed; and as he spoke he threw himself on a mossy bit of ground at the foot of a pair of umbrageous twin oaks.

Irene took off her cloak, spread it out neatly, adjusted herself thereon and produced her inevitable needlework. When she had taken the first stitch, her eyes still lowered to the embroidery, she said with a little sigh of contented well-being:

"It's so nice now to know that, whatever you say here, I haven't got to explain it all to the girls directly you've done; so, you see, you can say just whatever you like."

Senlac took out his pipe.

"Those girls are a bore," he said feelingly. "They'll end by making me embarrassed and self-conscious."

"Oh, I feel that way already," rejoined Irene. "I feel too idiotic for words. I've never been in such a silly situation in all my life before. I can't get angry, because there's nothing to get angry about; and I can't explain, because there's nothing to explain. Altogether, this being tacitly regarded as in love with a man whom you wouldn't have for a gift does get very exasperating."

"Wouldn't you really have me as a gift?"

"I would not."

"Am I as bad as all that, then?"

Irene lowered her work to her lap and looked straight into his eyes.

"I'll tell you," she said with a seriousness that might or might not have been assumed: "I don't mind confessing that I was growing quite interested in you; but your beastly temper this morning has ended everything."

"My beastly temper!" he exclaimed in apparent surprise. "You mean your own irritating petulance. But that's just like a woman. That's just what I despise in you all. You never play fair."

"I should be an idiot to play fair with you. You would have a good laugh at my expense then!" She had resumed her needle.

Her expression was so placid and pleasant he took the trouble to alter his position so that he might see more of it.

"That's so," he admitted. "We agreed not to be sincere from the first, didn't we? And yet I've come dangerously near to forgetting to lie three or four times. Life is so seductive there at your house. Why, even the annoyances are distinctly homelike. And every time I see you I want to kiss you, quite as a matter of course."

"It's very nice of you"—she was rethreading her needle—"but never do it. A kiss would echo like thunder. It's such a little house, you know."

He nodded understandingly.

"Yes; I quite see your point. I suppose one kiss would bring on a domestic cataclysm. What would you say to them if they heard?"

"If they heard! If? Of course they'd hear. Everybody would hear. I expect that even the cat would come running. And as to what I'd say—I don't know what I'd say. I can't imagine. It would be the most tragic moment of my life." He moved closer to her. "Don't try kissing me here," she warned sharply—"not unless you intend proposing and are prepared to take all the consequences."

"If I proposed to you what would be the consequence?"

"How do you mean? If I accepted you or if I refused you?"

"Both or either."

"Well, to begin with, you'd have a very hard time persuading me that you were in earnest; and on your eloquence would depend my answer. If I said no, you'd be horribly ill, because you'd feel horribly bad. So much would come over you and you'd be so sorry about ——" And there she paused.

"Yes? About what? Go on!" he pressed eagerly.

"About your temper."

"Why?"

"You see, that would be my reason for refusing you."

He took two long whiffs from his pipe—thoughtful whiffs.

"Well—and if you accepted me?" He moved still nearer.

"Oh, I wouldn't accept you—here."

"Why not?" She began to laugh. "Why wouldn't you accept me here?" he insisted.

She laughed some more and he repeated the question.

"Because," she finally answered, "a woodcutter may come by at any second. Otherwise I shouldn't have consented to sit here. . . . There comes one now!"

While the woodcutter passed, Senlac smoked in silence. Then he emptied the ashes from the bowl and returned the pipe to his pocket.

"If you had just accepted me I don't think I should mind a woodcutter very much," he said.

"Ah, but I should!" she declared with finality.

"Where would you go to accept me then, if not here?"

"I'd go home."

"What! To Seraphina and the gardener? Believe me, the woods are much better!"

Irene folded her work and arose.

"Nevertheless, I should go home. I think it's much more respectable to become engaged in one's house."

"If you'll sit down again," said Senlac, holding out his hand, "I'll do you a real proposal—in fun, you know."

Irene shook her head, however, and moved away.

"I don't feel attracted," she replied. "I'm going home to tea. I'm such a homebody this summer."

He sprang up then and followed her.

"What a funny girl you are!" was his comment. "I can't help wondering whether I shall end by really falling in love. What would my family say? That's the point."

"Yes. And what would my family say too? That is more to the point. And what would I say, myself? That's most of all to the point."

Senlac stared at her for a moment thoughtfully. Then he said:

"I'm rather well off, you know; and there are those who say I'm very good-looking. I have other advantages too."

"Your temper, for instance," reminded Irene. "Pray don't forget that."

"I wasn't really out of temper," he explained. "I was simply hungry."

"Oh, then you'll be like that four times daily from now until you die! I'm glad to know it."

"And there's the possible title," he suggested. "You might like that. Americans, as a rule ——"

"I shouldn't like it at all. I can't bear French names Anglicized. They sound absurd to me."

"I'm very proud of my name," he said.

The girls had returned and the tea table was spread on the lawn when they reached home. Drentha fluttered in on Irene as that lady was changing her frock.

"Had you a nice day?" she asked. Then, in a whisper: "Oh, tell me—did he propose? Seraphina says Bill was cutting sticks and saw you coming along the road; so he kept perfectly still and heard him say that he was thinking up all sorts of speeches to say in the woods. Did he say them all? Did he say any of them?"

Irene stood thunderstruck. So, after all, they had been spied on and overheard. The thing was maddening; but she said quietly:

"No; he didn't ask me to marry him. He doesn't care a thing about me." And, at that, Drentha flung a sympathetic arm about her.

"You poor dear! I am sorry for you," she pitied. "And you care so much for him too. It is hard. It really is."

This was the final straw.

"Don't pity me! Don't!" Irene cried furiously. "I don't like him in the least. Oh, if you could have seen what a rage he flew into to-day over losing the road! It was awful."

"We'll be so glad when he's gone," Drentha went on in her soothing tone. "He takes up all your time and he makes us all nervous. The house is too small for a man visitor anyway."

Just then Nora broke in on them with a warning.

"Do, for heaven's sake, speak lower!" she urged. "Mr. Senlac is on the veranda. I went out there to get the scissors for the sweet peas. One can hear every word that is said in this room."

"What did we say?" Irene appealed, stricken afresh.

"Well, I heard you say you didn't like him at all and Drentha said she'd be glad when he was gone. Then I rushed round by the kitchen to come up and tell you to be more careful."

"'Go-o-od heavin!'" ejaculated Drentha.

Irene, much distressed and several shades paler, lost no time in getting down to the veranda. Senlac, seated in the steamer chair which he seemed to have annexed for the season, greeted her with a laugh so boisterous that it struck her at once as forced.

"By Jove, it is a little house!" he announced. "I realize now for the first time what a very little house it is. And so you really can't bear me?"

Once again she felt herself on the verge of bursting into tears. The acute agony of not knowing who was hearing that speech, and the utter impossibility of hitting on precisely the proper reply to make under the circumstances, shook her quite to the center of her being.

"I can get out the very first thing in the morning, you know," he went on, looking at her with what she took for feigned amusement. "I fancy that will be best if you really mean it."

Fiercely to herself she was declaring: "I will not cry! I will not cry!" Even at that moment the tears were flooding over her lids. And as the tears rose the man rose with them.

"Why," he cried, catching sight of her dewy lashes and straining lips—"why, I honestly believe you don't like the thought of my going!" And his tone now was suddenly serious.

Within the house was a deathly hush, and the wide lines of the vale of seven spreading meadows showed nowhere a single spying figure. There was every influence to lure and to allure, from the roses hanging above them, and the long, wearying walk just ended, to the refreshing promise of tea just ahead. In the sudden sweep of emotion that rushed over them both the reverberant qualities of the little house were swallowed up.

Unforbidden, unchecked, he had taken her hand; he had kissed her hand. Next he had kissed her cheek. Finally, with his arms close about her, he had kissed her lips and her tear-wet eyes.

*

AS GOOD fortune would have it, the kisses proved echoless. Within a second after they had been given, George Senlac was reseating himself, a trifle uncertainly, in the steamer chair; and Irene Stuyvesant, steadying herself by grasping a very thorny rose vine with her left hand, was gazing off at the distance and wondering acutely whether it was indeed uninhabited.

Most dreadful is it when one may not experience the sweetest of emotions without feeling fright and caution mingled in the same moment. I doubt whether there be a more painful mixture of experience than that composed of being kissed, fearing that somebody saw, and being almost positive that somebody must have seen.

Irene gasped and clutched the rose's thorns still more firmly. The meadows—those treacherous meadows—looked so silent and solitary. But were they? For the life of her, all she could think of were some words she had once read about "the wide desert spaces of the earth." They seemed to refer to a most desirable state of affairs.

"Of course I apologize," Senlac was saying. "I'm awfully sorry. I'm sure I don't know what possessed me."

"I Won't Deny That You Interest Me, But I'm Not the Least Little Bit in Love With You"

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" she replied, unconscious of how pale she was and how she stood swaying by the swinging vine. "All that matters is who saw! We—we'll have tea in just a minute. The girls are getting it." While she spoke her eyes were continually and miserably searching.

"Very stupid of me," he went on, mumbling into his mustache. "You see ——"

"Oh, don't talk about it. Somebody will hear and then I'll have more explaining to do. How can I ever explain the way you behave? It is so terrible. You make life so impossible."

"It isn't my fault," he defended. "It's the wretched littleness of the house. Nothing would matter otherwise. It's the unconventionality of the situation that is getting on our nerves. We ——"

She made a desperate gesture and he stopped short. She was still very pale, though mercifully unconscious of the fact; and he was equally unconscious of being deeply crimson. But Nora, coming out with the tea tray, naturally noted both facts instantly. Having run down the terrace steps and placed the tray on the table, she flew back into the house and sought Drentha, who was counting out spoons in the dining room.

"In a Country With Hedges No One Can Tell Where Anyone Is"

"Oh, you ought to see them!" she whispered excitedly. "They do look queer. Something surely has happened now."

Drentha fairly leaped to her side.

"Nora!" she burst forth, her blue eyes wide. "Nora! What? What did you hear?"

"Not a word; but he is just as red and she is just as white ——"

"Didn't you hear even a sound?"

"No; I didn't hear a thing. He is in the steamer chair and she's looking at the view. She appears ready to faint and he looks as though he was going to have apoplexy. That's every bit I know."

"Isn't it dreadful!" moaned Drentha sympathetically. "It isn't as though there was any place where they could go, is it? Oh, I'm getting so sorry for them! I believe they're growing quite desperate. After tea you and I'll go for a walk."

"We'd much better let them walk." Nora's tone was earnest in the extreme. "Seraphina is always here, you know, and Bill is down in the meadow trimming hedges to-day." Then suddenly, as a fresh thought struck her: "'Go-o-od heavin!' Of course he could see them there on the veranda!"

The two girls regarded each other in sympathetic horror.

"I wonder whether Irene knows that?" Drentha ventured at length.

"I doubt it."

"You might just mention it casually at tea."

"Yes; I will. Is everything ready now?"

"Yes. You took out the cake and bread and butter, didn't you?"

"Yes. They're all on the table. Come now; and don't look at them too closely."

Irene stumbled down the terrace steps in a blind sort of way and dropped into a seat by the tea table.

"You pour," she said to Drentha.

Senlac followed, his hands in his pockets. He was very much the absolutely calm, unruffled man of the world.

Drentha poured; Nora passed the plates; the man stood ready to pass the cups. It looked very much, for a few placid minutes, as though the tension was going to be relieved.

"You don't take sugar, do you, dear?" Drentha asked, lifting her eyes to Irene's face and trying to keep them quite unconscious.

Her attempt, however, was so far from successful that it bred in the other an immediate wonder as to whether her hair or her collar was obviously disarranged. The doubt was awful. She put up her hand to feel. Senlac, still standing by the table, followed her thoughts and flushed with fresh acuteness in sudden dread lest she powdered, and lest some of the powder had come conspicuously off on him.

It was quite three-twentieths of a second before he regained his senses sufficiently to remember that he was wearing tweeds. In the sudden relief of that recollection he sat down abruptly, without observing that the cat had already chosen his chair.

Everybody laughed, as persons always do when something completely innocuous presents itself in the midst of a strained situation.

"I believe the cat has been sat on fifty times since we came here," said Nora gayly. "I think she's got rather to like it."

"You take sugar—don't you, Mr. Senlac?" asked Drentha.

"Yes, please." He took his tea with gratitude. "What a beautiful view that is!" he added with all the warmth of a mighty relief. "I love fields and cows."

"It won't be pretty—that is, not so pretty—soon," contributed Nora, offering the bread and butter. "You see, all the nice, picturesque hedges will be smooth and even. Bill has been out there trimming them all day to-day—or, rather, all the afternoon. Seraphina says he'll be at it a week."

Senlac's teacup dropped from his suddenly nerveless fingers. The unhappy cat was again a victim, but Senlac's lap got most of the cup's scalding contents. He knew not what to do. Irene set her own cup down hastily and began to choke violently.

"Oh, dear!" cried Drentha, flying to her side. "What can we do? What can we get you?"

Hiding her face in her handkerchief, Irene fled to the house.

"Who is Bill?" Senlac asked.

Nora ran to get him another cup and saucer, while he mopped at his trousers with his napkin. He felt furious and outraged—much as must a wild animal that bites at a strong, entangling net. Oh, this was a mess—a grand and gorgeous mess!

"He's the workman that Seraphina is going to marry," answered Drentha; and then added philosophically—"only, of course, you can never tell about men."

"Can't you, indeed?" Senlac felt that he was surely going to hate this very nice girl before long. And then he queried: "Where is Bill at work this afternoon—did I understand?" He was scanning the prospect with redoubled interest.

But Drentha did not think anyone could tell. In spite of all her good resolutions she was really enjoying herself very much indeed.

"In a country with hedges," she explained, "no one can tell where anyone is. Nora and I always speak of that when we are out walking. People have such a way of sitting behind hedges. I think it's awful!"

Nora returned with the fresh cup and saucer.

"Bill's in the kitchen now," she informed them. "How silly persons of that sort are! He and Seraphina are just sitting there giggling. . . . They don't say a word."

"Perhaps they said what they had to say before you went in," Drentha suggested; and Senlac narrowly escaped letting his second cup slide.

Presently Irene returned and drank a little tea—but not much.

"Why don't you go for a stroll while we pick up the tea things?" Drentha proposed kindly.

"Yes; do!" urged the man.

Irene, still pallid, agreed, but most indifferently; and Senlac led the way. When they were out of earshot of the house he asked:

"Shall we go into the woods?"

"No," she declined—"not into the woods. I have no faith ——"

"In me?"

"No—in the woods. Oh, I'm heartsick! Fancy, if that man did see you!"

"It was awful!" he admitted. "I'm so sorry. I quite lost my head. I'm so sorry." He was very contrite.

"It—it looks so dreadful!" she stammered. "If the girls find it out what can I say?"

He was thoughtful for a second.

"Say that you refused me."

"That I refused you?"

"It's the only way out at present—the only way that's decent. I've been very foolish and got you into a mess, and I offer you what amends I can."

Now she was thoughtful.

"Is there no other way?" she asked subtly; but it did not penetrate.

"Not with young girls like that," he answered. "They can't understand. It's the only way."

"It seems unfair. And then—it's a lie."

"I don't mind," he said. He was most self-sacrificing.

"Don't you, really?"

"No—not in the least. And it will settle everything. To-morrow I'll be gone."

Irene considered.

"But there wouldn't have been time for you to have—to have"—she skipped a few words and finished with "in just those few minutes."

"Say that it happened earlier—or now, during this walk."

"What! During this walk?"

"Yes."

Irene considered again—longer this time.

"It seems too bitterly unfair to us both. Of course it will get out."

"Oh, I don't mind. People who know me will believe anything of me. And as to its being unfair to you, they'll admire your good sense. It's so unusual for a woman to refuse me. They generally accept, and then there's no end of a row until the family get it straightened out. If it really gets about much the family will owe the greatest possible debt of gratitude to you. As I said before, it's very unusual for me to be refused. And then, too, there's that other man—the one you love—desperately."

But Irene ignored this.

"I can't just see how we got into such a plight," she said. "I never imagined that so many things could happen, to be explained. And I'm positively ill now over the chance that that man saw us—saw you ——" She broke off suddenly.

"Yes," said Senlac moodily. "Of course we both hope that he didn't see us—see me, I mean, when ——" And then he broke off suddenly, in turn. "I'm very sorry," he added after a five-second interim.

"We couldn't know he was there," Irene declared in a fit of fresh vexation. "But of course I never expected you ——"

"No; I didn't expect to, myself," he agreed somberly. "It was one of those leaps in the dark that one takes on the spur of the moment."

"If it only had been in the dark it wouldn't have mattered so much," Irene said bitterly.

"We aren't sure it was seen," he began comforting.

"I'm sure," she declared. "Everything that goes on is seen and heard in that wretched place—seen and heard, and has to be explained. You've no idea what I go through. You haven't the least conception of how they cross-examine me. Oh, but I shall be glad when you are gone! It seems to me that you have been here for ages."

"It's less than thirty hours."

"I expected to have such a nice time with you. And now to have to tell the girls I've refused you! That I've broken your heart! How in the world shall you face them at dinner?"

He threw back his shoulders.

"Courageously!" he said. "They'll be forced to admire how bravely I bear it."

Meantime the girls had got the whole truth from Seraphina. Bill had seen it and he had told it; and Seraphina approved roundly.

"I liked him from the first," she declared. "Not much like that Frenchman—he isn't. And he takes his bath cold too. No big kettle to lift for 'im!"

The wanderers came in about half after six and mounted to their rooms at once. Drentha, tiptoeing into Irene's a little later, found her lying on the bed.

"I wanted to tell you," she said softly, leaning over her, "that it is no use trying to keep your engagement a secret any longer. Bill saw Mr. Senlac kiss you, and you know he'll tell everybody."

Irene rolled over on her side and threw one arm across her face.

"There is no engagement," she said in a muffled tone. "I have refused him."

"Refused him!" Drentha's astonishment carried the words out of Irene's window and into the guest's at once. "Why, Irene!"

"I can't talk about it, dear; so please do leave me alone for a little while. And do please be considerate at dinner."

"But I thought that you were both so dreadfully in love."

"Oh, no—not in the least."

"I was sure of it."

"No, dear."

Drentha leaned over and kissed her gently. Then suddenly she straightened up with a little cry.

"What is the matter?" asked Irene languidly.

"Nothing—only how long a pipe sticks about one! It's as though he'd kissed you within ten minutes."

"Do please go away!" urged the unhappy creature on the bed.

XI

THE dinner table that night was lively with the liveliness that deceives no one. Senlac, in particular, was so conscious of the part he was supposed to be playing that his behavior was perfectly fitted to the rôle. Irene sat white and largely silent opposite him, but never looking at him. Every nerve in her was twisted taut by the reality of the deceptive mire in which she found herself. Nora was calmly hungry. She was nearly always calm and nearly

(Continued on Page 46)

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVI

THAT night Kingozi was restless and could not sleep. His vision had been blurring badly during the day, and now his eyeballs ached as though they had been seared. After his solitary evening meal he wandered about restlessly, gripping his pipe strongly between his teeth. Shortly after dark he entered his tent with the idea of turning in early; but the pain drove him out again. He remained only long enough to substitute his mosquito boots for his day boots. The Nubian, lying in the long grass beside the newly sharpened spear, settled himself to wait.

Kingozi's figure lost itself among the men of the camp. The strong, clean wind that blew every day from distant ranges was falling with the night. A breath of coolness came with it.

Chaké shivered and wished he had brought his blanket. The time was very long; but back of Chaké were generations of men who had lain patiently in wait. He gripped the haft of the heavy spear.

Black night descended in earnest. The little fires were dying down. Still Kingozi, tortured by his headache, wandered about. Upward of two hours passed. Then at last the crouching Nubian saw dimly the silhouette of the white man returning, caught in the glimmer of coals the color of the khaki coat he wore. The moment was at hand. Chaké arose to his knees, his spear in his right hand. As soon as his victim should lie down on the cot it was his intention to thrust him through the canvas. It must be remembered that the cot was placed close to the wall, and that the body of the sleeper was defined against it.

But unexpectedly the wearer of the khaki coat passed the tent door and proceeded to the rear, where he reached upward to the rear guy rope where hung a towel or some such matter. This brought him to within four feet of the kneeling Nubian, the broad of his back exposed, both arms upraised. Without hesitation Chaké drove the spear into his back. The long, sharp blade slipped through the flesh as easily as a hot knife into butter. The murdered man choked once, and pitched forward headlong on his face. Chaké, leaving the weapon, glided swiftly away.

Once well beyond the chance of a fire glimmer he arose to his feet and quickly regained his own camp. This was exactly on the opposite side of the circle. The four men with whom he shared his tiny cotton tent, *askaris* all as beseemed his dignity, were sound asleep. He squatted on his heels, pushed together the embers of his fire, staring into the coals. His ugly face was as though carved from ebony. Only his wild, savage eyes glowed and flashed with a brooding, lambent flame; and his wide nostrils slowly expanded and contracted as though with some inner, heaving emotion.

Cazi Moto Went at This Task Absolutely Unequipped Both of Brain and of Hand

Thus he sat for perhaps ten minutes. Then on the opposite side of the circle a commotion began. Someone cried out, figures ran to and fro, commands were given, brands were snatched from dying fires, torches were lit. Elsewhere, all about camp, sleepers were sitting up, were asking one another what was the matter. The *askaris* in Chaké's tent turned over and asked what it was all about. Chaké shook his mop of hair, staring into the fire.

From the Leopard Woman's tent came a sharp summons. The Nubian arose and stalked boldly across the open space. At the closed tent he scratched his finger nail respectfully against the canvas.

"*Hodie! Hodie!*" summoned his mistress impatiently. He slipped between the flaps and stood inside.

The Leopard Woman was seated upright in her cot. On the tin box near the head of the bed burned a candle in a mica lantern. By its dim light her face looked paler than ever, and deep black circles seemed to have defined themselves under her eyes. The Nubian and the white woman stared at each other for a moment.

"It is done?" she asked finally in a hoarse whisper.

"It is done, *memsahib*," he replied calmly.

For another pause she stared at him, her eyes widening.

"You have done well. *Bassi!*" she enunciated at last.

The tent flaps still quivered behind the Nubian's exit when she threw herself face downward on the cot. Her body shook with convulsive, dry sobs. After a moment she twisted on her side. Both hands clutched her throat, as though she strangled for air. Her eyes were round and rolling. It was as if some mighty, pent force were struggling for release. Suddenly the release came. She began to weep, the tears streaming down her face. Shortly she commenced to mutter little, short, disjointed phrases in her own language. She wrung her hands.

"I had to do it!" she gasped in German. "I had to do it! It was the only way! Tell me it was the only way!" She seemed to appeal to someone invisible. And then she resumed her lament in the Hungarian.

But all at once something dried this emotion as the sear of a flame would dry water over which it passed. The tears ceased, her eyes flashed, she jerked her body upright, listening. The commotion of pursuit and investigation was sweeping past her tent. Distinctly she heard the voice of Kingozi giving commands.

An instant later Chaké darted into the tent and fell to the ground. His face was the sickly gray of a negro in terror, his eyes rolled in his head, his teeth chattered, his every muscle trembled.

"*Memsahib! Memsahib!*" he gasped.

Her eyes were blazing with an anger the more fierce in that some of it was reaction.

"Fool!" she spat at him.

"I killed him, *memsahib!* I drove the *shenzi* spear through his back! I left him lying there! He is a god! He has come back from the dead!"

"Fool!" she repeated, and swung her feet to the floor. "Stay here. Do not go out," she commanded. When she had assumed her mosquito boots she slipped out between the tent flaps.

Torches were everywhere flickering about. She stopped one of the men as he passed.

"A *shenzi* has killed Mavrouki with a spear," the man answered her question.

She stood for some time watching the torches. Then she saw Kingozi himself take his place by the pile of loads.

"Fall in!" he commanded sharply.

She returned to her tent.

"Here," she addressed the crouching Nubian, "it is as I said. You have been a fool. You have killed a porter by mistake. Now the *bwana* has ordered to fall in. He wishes to see if any are missing. Go take your place, and answer to your name."

"Oh, *memsahib!* Oh, *memsahib!*" the man was groaning.

"Go, I say!" she cried. "And hold up your head. If this is suspected of you you will surely die."

Kingozi called the roll by the light of a replenished fire. As each man was named he was required to step forward to undergo Kingozi's scrutiny.

Most were uneasy; many were excited. Kingozi passed them rapidly in review. But when Chaké came forward Kingozi paused in the machinelike regularity of his inspection.

"Hullo, my bold buccaneer," said he in English. "What ails you?" The Leopard Woman had drawn near. Kingozi glanced at her. "I know these Fuzzy-Wuzzies pretty well," he remarked. "This man has the blood look in his eye."

For an Hour the Leopard Woman Had Been Watching

"He's been sick all day," she ventured.

"Sick, eh? Have you had him about you all evening?"

The Leopard Woman hesitated the least appreciable portion of a second. "No," she answered. "He was sick. I let him sleep in his own camp."

She withdrew a pace, almost as though washing her hands of the affair. Kingozi whirled and leveled his forefinger at the Nubian.

"Why did you use a *shenzi* spear?" he demanded.

Over Chaké's face had come the blank, lifeless expression of the obstinate savage. Kingozi recognized it, and knew that further interrogation was a matter of much time and patience. His eyes and head ached cruelly.

"Very well," he answered the Nubian's unspoken opposition; "you'll keep. Simba, get me the hand irons and the leg irons. Guard this man. To-morrow we will look into it." He turned away without waiting to see his commands carried out. "I've got a beastly headache," he remarked to Bibi-ya-chui. "This affair—this whole affair—will keep. Cazi Moto, I want two men with guns—my men—to stand by my tent, one in front, one in the rear."

The Leopard Woman watched his drooping, wearied form making its way to his tent. He walked shuffling, almost stumbling. The habitual masking stare of her eyes changed. Something softer, almost yearning, crept into them. When the tent flaps had fallen behind him she threw both arms aloft in a splendid, tragic gesture, careless of the staring men. Her face was convulsed by strong emotion. She turned and fled to her own tent, where she threw herself face down on her cot.

"It must be done! It must be done!" she groaned to her pillow.

XVII

KINGOZI retired again to his cot; but for a long time he could not get to sleep. Little things annoyed him. A fever owl in a thorn tree somewhere near by called over and over again monotonously, hurriedly, without pause, without a break in rhythm. Kingozi knew that the bird would thus continue all night long, and he tried to adjust his mind to the fact, but failed. It seemed beyond human comprehension that any living creature could keep up steadily so breathless a performance. Some of the men were chatting in low voices. Ordinarily he would not have heard them at all; now they annoyed him. He stood it as long as he could, then shouted "*Kalele!*" at them in so fierce a tone that the human silence was dead and immediate. But this made prominent other lesser noises. Kingozi's headache was worse. He tossed and turned; but at last fell into a half-waking stupor.

He was brought to full consciousness by the entrance of Cazi Moto. He opened his eyes. It was still night; a very black night evidently, for not a ray of light entered the tent.

"What time is it, Cazi Moto?" he asked.

"Five o'clock, *bwana*."

It was time to rise if a march was to be undertaken. Kingozi waited a moment impatiently.

"Why do you not light the candle?" he demanded.

"The candle is lighted, *bwana*," replied Cazi Moto with a slight tone of surprise.

Kingozi reached his outspread hand across to his tin box. His fingers encountered a flame and were slightly scorched. He lay back and closed his eyes.

"The men have struck their tents?" he asked Cazi Moto after a moment.

"Yes, *bwana*, all is prepared."

Then there must be a dozen little fires, and the tent must be filled with flickering reflections. Kingozi lay for some time, thinking. He could hear Cazi Moto moving about, arranging clothes and equipment. When by the sounds Kingozi knew that the task was finished and Cazi Moto about to depart, he spoke.

"We shall not make safari to-day," he said.

Cazi Moto stopped.

"*Bwana?*"

"We shall not make safari to-day."

Cazi Moto's mind adjusted itself to this new decision. Then, without comment, he glided out to reverse all his arrangements.

Left alone, Kingozi lay on his back and bent his will power to getting control of the situation.

He was blind!

At first the mere thought sent so numbing a chill through all his faculties that he needed the utmost of his fortitude to prevent an insensate and aimless panic. Gradually he gained control of this.

Then he groped for the candle. By experiment he found that at a distance of a foot or so the illumination registered. Then there was no paralysis of the nerve itself. Desperately he marshaled his unruly thoughts, striving to look back into the remote past of his student days. Fragments of knowledge came to him; but nothing on which to build a theory of what was wrong.

"It's mechanical; it's mechanical," he muttered over and over to himself; but could not seem to progress beyond this point. All he could conclude was that it was not ophthalmia or trachoma. He had seen a good deal of these two plagues of Egypt; and their symptoms were absent here. He concentrated until his mind was weary and his will slipped. At last in despair he relaxed, and in an unconscious gesture rubbed his eyes with his forefingers and thumbs. The contact brought him to with a jerk. The eyeballs, instead of feeling soft and velvety under the lids, were as hard as marbles.

The shock of this phenomenon rang a bell in his memory. A distinct picture came to him of his classroom and old Doctor Stokes. He could fairly hear the impressive voice.

"There is one symptom," the past was saying to him, "one symptom, young gentlemen, that is not always present, but when present establishes the diagnosis beyond any doubt. I refer to a peculiar hardening of the eyeball itself ——"

"Glaucoma!" cried Kingozi aloud.

His thoughts, like hounds on a trail, raced off after this new scent. Desperately he tried to recollect. In snatches he captured knowledge. Of its accuracy he was sometimes in doubt; but little by little that doubt grew less. To change the figure, the latent images of his past science developed slowly, like the images on a photographic plate.

Glaucoma—a hardening, an expansion of the pupil, a change in the shape and consistency of the iris—yes, he had it fairly well. Treatment? Let's see—an operation on the iris, delicate. That was it. Impossible, of course. But there was something else, a temporary expedient, until the surgeon could be reached—an undue expansion of the pupil ——

"Why," shouted Kingozi aloud, sitting upin bed. "Pilocarpine, of course!"

What luck! He fervently blessed the shortage of phenacetin that had forced him to take pilocarpine as a sweating substitute for fever.

"Cazi Moto!" he called. Then, as the headman hurried up: "Get me the box of medicines. Quick!"

He waited until he heard the little man reënter the tent.

"Place it here," he commanded. "Now go."

He groped for the case, opened it.

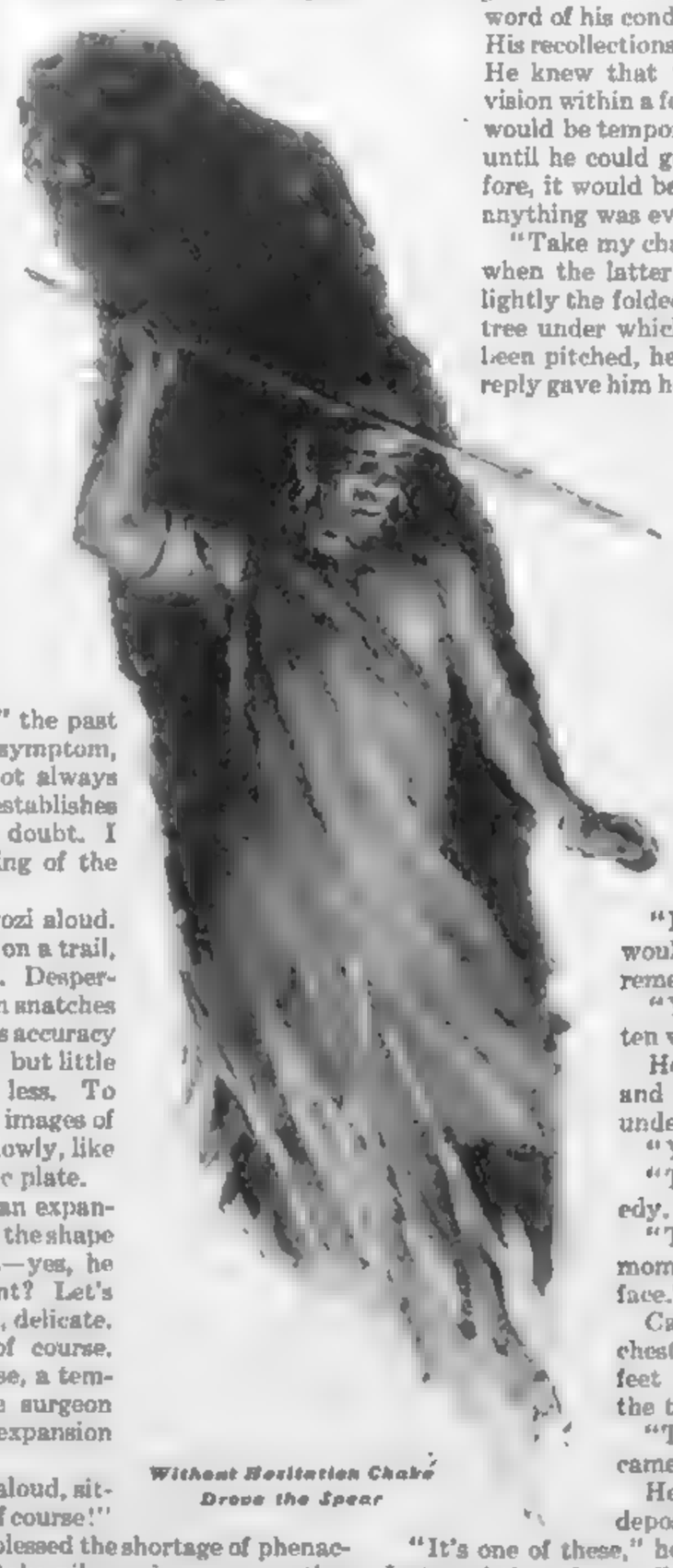
The bottles it contained were all of the same shape. He remembered that the pilocarpine was at the right-hand end—or was it the left? Hastily he uncorked the left-hand bottle, and was immediately reassured. It contained tablets. The right-hand bottle, on the contrary, held the typical small crystals. But a doubt assailed him. At the same end of the case were the receptacles also of the atropine and the morphia. He remembered the Leopard Woman's remarking how much alike they all were. Kingozi seemed to see plainly in his mind's eye the precise arrangement, to visualize even the exact appearance of the labels on the bottles—first the morphia, next to it the pilocarpine, and last the atropine. But while he contemplated this mental image it shifted. The pilocarpine and atropine changed places. And this latter recollection seemed as distinct to him as the first had been.

He fingered the three bottles, his brows bent. And across his mental travail floated another thought that brought him up all standing: Pilocarpine and atropine had exactly the opposite effect!

"Here, this won't do!" he said aloud. "If I get the wrong stuff in my eyes it will destroy them permanently."

He raised his voice for Cazi Moto.

"When Bibi-ya-chui is awake," he told the headman, "I want to see her. Tell her to come."



Without Hesitation Chake Drove the Spear

XVIII

KINGOZI washed, dressed, had his breakfast and sat quietly in his chair. In the open he found that he had a dim consciousness of light; but that was all. There was no pain. After a while Cazi Moto came to report that the Leopard Woman was out and about. Kingozi's message had been delivered. "She says you shall come to her tent," concluded Cazi Moto.

Kingozi considered. To insist that she should come to him might lead to a downright refusal, unless he sent her word of his condition. This he did not wish to do. His recollections of the classroom were now distinct. He knew that the pilocarpine would restore his vision within a few hours; and while the alleviation would be temporary, it might last some months, or until he could get the proper surgical aid. Therefore, it would be as well not to let the men know anything was even temporarily the matter.

"Take my chair," he ordered Cazi Moto. Then when the latter started off he followed, touching lightly the folded seat. As he felt the shade of the tree under which the Leopard Woman's tent had been pitched, he chanced a "good morning." Her reply gave him her direction; and he seated himself.

"I am stupid this morning," he said. "Had a bad night. I wanted you to do something for me—read a label, as a matter of fact—and it never occurred to me that I might bring the label to you. Cazi Moto, go get my box of medicines."

"I do not quite understand," replied the Leopard Woman. "What is it you would have me do?"

"Read a label on a bottle," Kingozi answered.

"Why is it you do not read it yourself?"

"My eyes are not well this morning."

"I see," she said slowly. "And you would have me indicate for you the remedy. That is it?"

"Yes, that is it. I've stupidly forgotten which the bottle is I want."

He heard her moving slightly here and there. He strained his ears to understand what she was about.

"You are blind!" she cried suddenly.

"Temporarily—until I get my remedy. How did you know?"

"The look of you; and just this moment I thrust suddenly at your face."

Cazi Moto arrived with the medicine chest, which he placed at his master's feet and opened. Kingozi extracted the three bottles.

"The table is directly in front of you," came the Leopard Woman's voice.

He reached out, and after a moment deposited the vials on the table.

"It's one of these," he said, "but I don't know which. Just read them for me."

"This remedy will cure you?"

"It will give me my sight. I have what is known as glaucoma. It is an undue expansion of the pupil. This remedy contracts it again. The only real cure is an operation."

A silence ensued. "Well?" asked Kingozi at length.

"It interests me," came her voice. "Suppose you had not this remedy?"

"I should remain blind," replied Kingozi simply.

"Until you obtained the remedy?"

"Probably for always. One must not let glaucoma run or it becomes chronic. It's God's own luck that I have the stuff with me—it's the pilocarpine I told you of. The other stuff—atropine—would blind me for sure."

He thrust forward the three bottles.

"Here," he urged.

"If you had not the remedy—this what you call—pilocarpine, what would you do?" An edge of eagerness had crept into her tones.

"Do," said Kingozi a little impatiently. "I'd streak it for a surgeon. I have no desire to lose my sight."

Another pause.

"I shall not read your labels," she decided. Her voice now was low and decided.

"What!" cried Kingozi.

He could hear the rustle of her clothes as she leaned forward.

"Listen," she said. "Why should I do this for you? You have treated me as a man treats his dog, his horse, his servant, his child—not as a man treats a woman. Do you think, because I have been the meek one, the quiet one, that I have not cared?"

"But this—my sight ——"

"Your sight is safe. You tell me so yourself. Go back to your surgeon. And if you suffer inconvenience on the way, or pain, or humiliation, or anger, why that is what you have made me suffer."

"I?"

"You! You have treated me with scorn, with contempt, like a little child, as though I did not exist! You have—what you call—ridden over, overridden, what I propose, what I try to do. You and your lordly way! You are not a man; you are a fish of cold blood; a statue of iron! You have nothing but the head! You 'know nothing whatever about vegetables'—nor women! Bah! Shall I read your labels and give you your sight? Ah, no! Ah, *non!*"

Kingozi was stunned. Idly his hand slid forward across the table. It encountered and closed upon her wrist. Instantly she struggled to be free, whereupon mechanically he tightened his clasp. She made a desperate effort to do something. His other hand sought hers. It grasped one of the three bottles, and even as he determined this fact she tried again to hurl it to the ground. Frustrated, she relaxed her grip; and he released her.

He could hear the fling of her body as she stood upright, could catch the indrawing of her breath.

"Read them for yourself!" was her parting shot.

Kingozi sat very still for a long time. Then he arose abruptly and commanded Cazi Moto to return with him to his own camp. There he caused his chair to be placed in the shade.

"Cazi Moto," said he, "listen well. You are my other hands; now you must be something else. I am sick in the eyes; I can see nothing. In one of these bottles is the medicine that will cure me; and in one of them is the medicine that will make me blind forever. I do not know which it is; and I cannot read the *barua* because I cannot see it. And Bibi-ya-chui cannot read it. So you must be my eyes. Take a stick and make on the ground marks exactly like those on the *barua*. Make them deep, so that I may feel them with my hands."

Cazi Moto sharpened a stick, smoothed out a piece of earth, and squatted beside it. The Central African native is untrained either to express himself or to see pictorially. We have been so trained since the building blocks of our infancy, so that a photograph of a scene is to us an exact replica of that scene in miniature. As a matter of fact, it is only an arbitrary and conventional arrangement of black and white. A raw native sees nothing more than that even in a portrait of himself.

So Cazi Moto went at this task absolutely unequipped both of brain and of hand. In addition the label was rather difficult. The printed body of it contained the firm name of the chemists and their address; the drug itself was written, Kingozi remembered with exasperation, in his own not very legible script.

"Dashed fool!" he told himself aloud in his usual habit. "Deserve what you've got. Ought to have segregated the drugs! Ought to have printed the labels! No use thinking of that now."

Cazi Moto worked painstakingly, his shrewd and wizened face puckered in absorption. He accomplished a legible *Borroughs & Wellcome* after many trials. Then he proceeded with the script. It seemed impossible to make a start; he did not even begin at the beginning, but was inclined to view the work as an entity and to begin drawing it at the top of the middle. Kingozi corrected that. At last the white man's fingers made out distinctly a capital M. He erased it with a sweep of the hand.

"That part of the *barua* again," he ordered.

After a time Cazi Moto repeated the feat.

"Once more."

This was quicker.

Kingozi dropped that bottle into his side pocket with a sigh of relief.

"Evidently the morphine," he said. "We'll try it again, later, to be sure. Wish I didn't scribble such a rotten hand. My capital A's and P's are something alike."

He had a new idea. For fifteen minutes he tried to get from Cazi Moto at first the number of letters on each label; and later, when the flowing script proved this impractical, an idea of the relative lengths of the words. Neither method was certain enough—another argument for printing your labels, thought Kingozi.

"We'll get it, old sportsman!" he cried aloud in English. "We'll try for the first letter."

He bent forward.

But the lesson went no further.

For an hour the Leopard Woman had been watching, curious as to what these two were doing so quietly in the shade of the tree. At last she evidently made up her mind she must find out. Quietly she drew near them unnoticed, so that at last she was standing only a few feet to one side. There she witnessed the final triumph as to the morphine, and heard Kingozi's last confident speech. As he leaned forward to place another bottle for Cazi Moto to copy from she gathered her forces, rushed forward between them, snatched the vial and dashed it violently against a rock, where it naturally broke into innumerable pieces. Cazi Moto stared up at her, astounded into immobility. Kingozi without a trace of emotion leaned back in his chair.

"I think I am losing my wits," he remarked. "I have been criminally stupid through this whole affair. I might have foreseen something of the kind."

She stood there, panting excitedly, her hands clinched at her sides.

"I will read your label for you now—the bottle you hold in your hand! It is atropine! Atropine!" She laughed wildly.

"I thank you, madam," he said ironically.

"Now you must go back!"

"Yes, now I must go back. I thank you."

"You may well thank me. I have saved your life!" she cried hysterically, and was gone.

Kingozi did not examine the meaning of this; indeed, it hardly registered at all, as it was to him evidently the product of excitement.

He forgot even the scandalized Cazi Moto squatting at his feet.

For a long time he stared sightlessly straight ahead. He could not explain this woman. The whole outburst, the complete about-face in what had been their apparent relations, overwhelmed him. He had had no idea of the slow damming back of resentments; in fact, he really had had no idea that there were causes for resentment at all! He had done the efficient thing in a number of instances when naturally her abilities were inadequate. Characteristically he forgot utterly the night of the full moon!

First of all it was evident that he must turn back if he was to save his eyesight. As he remembered glaucoma, it ought to be surgically treated within two months at most.

The second point was whether he could turn back. His mission was a simple one. Would it wait? He could not see why not. He had been sent to gain the friendship and active alliance of M'tela and his spears; and had been given *carte blanche* in the matters of equipment, methods—and time. Inside a year or so the International Boundary Commission would be running boundary lines through that country. Until then the Kabilagani could very well go on as they had gone on for the last five hundred years.

Very well; as far as his job was concerned he could go back. As far as his eyes were concerned he must go back.

Remained the problem of Bibi-ya-chui.

Why was she in the country? For the same purpose as himself? It seemed unlikely; she appeared to have slight qualifications for such a task. Indeed, in the candor of his own inner communings Kingozi acknowledged that he and the German, Winkleman, alone could be held really fitted for that sort of negotiation. But if she were? Why did she not say so? Their object would be the same. It was as much to Germany's interest to pacify, to make friendly, this hinterland before the advent of the Boundary Commission. All this was a puzzle. But there was the indubitable secret map; and the indubitable concealment of purpose; and—to Kingozi's mind the indubitable attempt to make traveling so tedious that he would split safaris and permit her to go alone.

"It is Done?" She Asked Finally in a Hoarse Whisper. "It is Done, Memsahib"

This led to another conclusion. He could not see the reason for it all, but one thing was clear—she must not even now be allowed to take her own course. Whatever she was up to, she did not intend to let him know about it. Ergo, it was something inimical to him, either personally or officially. Probably personally, Kingozi thought with a grim smile. He was no fool about women, when his mind was sufficiently disengaged from other things; and now he remembered the inhibited promise of the tropic moon. Still he could take no chances. He could turn back; he must turn back; and as a corollary the Leopard Woman must turn back with him!

XIX

HE REMEMBERED Cazi Moto squatting, undoubtedly horrified to the core.

"Cazi Moto, are you there?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Where has that woman gone?"

"Into her tent, *bwana*."

"Listen well to me. She has destroyed the medicine. Now we must go back to where Bwana Marefu can come to fix my eyes. We shall go with all the men as far as the people of the *sultani*. There we will leave many porters and many loads. With a few men we will go to Bwana Marefu. When he has fixed my eyes then we will come back. I will fix a *barua* for Bwana. This must be sent on ahead of us so he can come to meet us. Pick two good men for messengers. Is all that understood?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Tell me, then, what is to be done."

Cazi Moto repeated the gist of what had been said. Kingozi nodded. "That is it."

"*Bwana?*" Cazi Moto hesitated.

"Yes. Speak."

"That woman. Shall she be *kibokoed* or killed?"

Kingozi caught back a chuckle. "No," he said gravely, "that will wait for later. But see that she is watched; do not permit her to talk to her men; take all her guns and pistols and bring them to me."

"And this Chaké?"

"Of course." Kingozi had really forgotten the man in the concentrations of the past few hours. "Let him be brought before me an hour before sundown."

He found himself all at once overcome with sleep. Hardly was he able to stagger to his cot before he fell into a deep, refreshing slumber.

At the appointed hour Cazi Moto scratched on his tent door. Kingozi arose and walked confidently into the opening. Cazi Moto deftly indicated the location of the chair. Kingozi sat down.

Although he could not see, he visualized the scene well enough. Immediately in front of him, and ten feet away, stood the manacled Nubian with an armed man at each elbow. Behind them, in turn, were grouped silently all the combined safaris. At his own elbows stood Cazi Moto and Simba—possibly Mali-ya-bwana.

He allowed an impressive wait to ensue. Then abruptly he began his interrogation. He had been thinking over the circumstances, off and on, since last night, and had determined on his line. Ordinarily he would have called for witnesses of various sorts; but this would have been not at all for the purpose of piling up evidence against the accused. That is the civilized fashion and is superfluous among savages. Kingozi's witnesses would have been called solely for the purpose of furnishing information to himself. He needed only one piece of information here; and that only one witness could furnish him—the man before him.

"Why did you kill Mavrouki?" he demanded.

"I did not kill Mavrouki, *bwana*."

"That is a lie," rejoined Kingozi calmly.

Chaké became voluble.

"All night I sat by my fire cooking *potio* and meat," he protested. "This the *askaris* will tell you. And my spear lay in the tent with the *askaris*——" He went on at great length, repeating these two points—babbling, protesting, pleading. Kingozi listened to him in dead silence until he had quite run down.

"Listen," said he impressively; "all these words are lies. This is what happened: From one of the *shenzis* you traded a spear, or a spear was given you. Your own spear you left in the tent. All day you sat in the grass and sharpened the *shenzi* spear." This was a wild guess, based on probabilities, but by the uneasy stir in the throng Kingozi knew he had scored. "Then at night you waited and you speared Mavrouki with the *shenzi* spear, and you left it in his back, for you said to yourself: 'Men will think a *shenzi* has done this thing.' Then you went quietly to your fire and cooked *potio*, and your own spear was all the time where the *askaris* were lying."

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 26, 1916

A Bankrupt Nation

IN RETIRING from the editorship of the London Economist not long ago F. W. Hirst said that bankruptcy threatened some of the great belligerent Powers. The same thing has been said by others many times. Bankruptcy for an Egypt, a Turkey, a Latin-American republic, a shattered Southern Confederacy, is easily imaginable; but it is not easy to imagine how a state like Germany or France, with nearly all of its indebtedness owned by its own citizens, and retaining full national sovereignty, could become bankrupt in any sense which that term commonly conveys.

In two years the belligerents have borrowed forty billion dollars, but far the greater part of it has been borrowed at home and spent at home. The important exceptions consist of loans by England to her allies, by Germany to Austria, and of about a billion dollars of credit obtained by the Allies in the United States. A part of this billion dollars, however—presumably half of it—is secured by collateral; the remainder is a comparatively trivial item.

As for the borrowing at home, if the interest charge pinches, taxation will offset it. Already when an Englishman draws the interest on his war loan the government takes out a quarter of it for the income tax. If his total income is below a certain amount he can claim a rebate; but there is nothing to prevent the government from levying the full twenty-five per cent on small incomes or from raising the rate to fifty per cent.

In a word, war debt held at home is simply a problem of taxation. It is easy to see how every belligerent will get into a deep slough; but it looks as though exhaustion would stop the war before either side—with unimpaired power to tax and issue paper money—reaches a state of actual bankruptcy.

United States Subsidies

THIS country has experimented considerably with subsidies, or subventions, to merchant ships. A law of 1845 undertook to aid American vessels to substantially the same extent that Cunard boats, with which they competed, were aided by England. A number of contracts with American shipowners were made under this law, the most notable being with the Collins Line for a service between New York and Liverpool. The subvention started at three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars a year; but, though it was later raised to eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, or practically twice as much for each voyage as its English rivals received from their government, the Yankee line was out of business by 1860. The Government spent over fourteen million dollars in subventions and got little in the way of permanent results.

In twenty years following the Civil War heavy subventions were paid for South American and Asiatic services. A general subvention law, passed in 1891, is still in force. It authorizes the Postmaster-General to pay four dollars a mile for the carriage of mails in American boats of twenty-knots speed and two dollars a mile for boats of sixteen-knots speed. Under this law the Government has lately been paying about a million dollars a year—over two-thirds of it to the American Line for the service between New York and Southampton. But the subvention feature has gradually been eliminated by a policy of accumulating as much mail as possible for the subsidized boats; so that, as a whole, the subvention, based on a mileage basis, came to no more than the Government would have paid for transporting the same amount of mail at regular pound rates. But when the payments did contain the element of government aid our merchant marine was not increased thereby.

Direct government aid, in the shape of money out of the Treasury—whether for building ships or operating them—is apparently not the way to foster a merchant marine.

Government Control

AS A SOLUTION of the liquor-traffic problem a committee of Parliament has made a report recommending that the government buy England's breweries, "public houses" and grocers' liquor licenses. The proposal does not contemplate prohibition, but virtually complete government ownership of the malt-drink trade. The committee recommends a temporary prohibition of the trade in spirits, but how it would deal with distilleries is not clear from the reports at hand.

On the fiscal side the breweries present a comparatively simple problem. Virtually all of them are incorporated, the capital invested in them being represented by stocks and bonds, which are dealt in publicly. It is proposed that the government shall buy these outstanding securities at the average market price for the three years ending June 30, 1914. Since then the Central Control Board has taken the liquor trade pretty rigorously in hand, and breweries are not particularly flourishing. It is assumed that many security holders would be glad to take the average price of the three years preceding the war, even though payment is made in four per cent government bonds rather than in cash.

This report is interesting as a further indication of the European drift toward state socialism, and as a rather novel contribution to the world-wide discussion of the liquor trade. In Europe, as compared with a year and a half ago, the discussion trends away from prohibition and toward various expedients of regulation and repression.

Volume and Value

THE Department of Agriculture reports that the cotton crop of 1915 was thirty per cent smaller than that of 1914 and worth ten per cent more to growers. They raised a big crop in 1914 and the average price was seven and a third cents a pound, giving a total value under six hundred million dollars. That induced them to cut down the acreage considerably the next year, and the much smaller crop went at an average of eleven and a quarter cents a pound, giving a total value well above six hundred millions. But the higher price received in 1915 induced an expansion of acreage this year.

Apparently the South will raise about as much cotton as can be sold round twelve cents a pound, though the agitation for reduced cotton acreage and greater diversification of crops goes on undiscouraged.

Educational Buncombe

IT IS true this country spends five hundred million dollars a year on the public schools, which is much more than any other country spends; but there is nothing to brag about in that. Congress hands out seven hundred millions for army and navy in a year, and the general verdict is that the country can afford it; but over great areas of the national domain every additional thousand dollars for public education comes with groans.

We should be ashamed of our support of public schools instead of congratulating ourselves about it. There are over two hundred thousand one-room, one-teacher rural district schools where, on the whole, we are working a great confidence game on some millions of helpless minors by taking their time and giving them a bogus article of education.

These one-room ungraded country schools belong to the pioneer era when farmers reaped wheat with a scythe, threshed it with a flail, and hauled it twenty miles to market through mud halfway to the wagon hubs; when building a barn involved getting half of the male inhabitants of the township together to raise the frame.

Grown-up people plow and reap with tractors, thresh with steam, go to town in fifteen minutes in an automobile, and talk over the telephone; but the youngsters are still back in the thirties of the last century.

Investigate the Government

ANNOUNCEMENT of the Institute for Government Research constitutes the most cheering news of a political nature we have heard lately. The Institute, we hear, will be financed largely "by Rockefeller interests," which doubtless means that it will have ample funds for its purpose. It will be conducted and assisted by men whose reputations give high promise of disinterested, intelligent service. Its purpose is a thorough, continuous, helpful investigation of the Federal Government.

We have several times expressed the opinion that Mr. Rockefeller, who devotes many millions to investigating various things, could not possibly do better with his money than endow an institution to examine the public concern at Washington. There have been a number of merely incidental investigations that have created a presumption of enormous waste and inefficiency. We have had each political party charging the other party with scandalous misuse of public funds.

We cannot reasonably expect to know the truth about the Federal Government until some permanent body, independent, disinterested, entirely detached from politics, and ably conducted, undertakes a survey of it. If this Institute lives up to its opportunities it will certainly be one of the most useful manifestations of philanthropy in our time.

Apparently Washington rather resents it. That was to be expected. But Washington so obviously needs it that its resentment will count for nothing.

Love Stories

NOT long ago we heard a very intelligent man, while addressing a presumably intelligent audience, make a preposterous statement, which the audience seemed to believe. This statement was that the great novels were preëminent because they were great love stories.

Of course this man's intelligence had occupied itself with politics and economics rather than with literature, or he would have known better. A good many people who would know better if they spent less time at a bridge table, and considerably more in a library, harbor the notion that courting and wedding are the prime subjects of imaginative literature.

It would be nearer the truth to say that the great novels are preëminent because they are not love stories. Take any college president's list of the world's greatest imaginative literature, and a strict analysis of it would yield perhaps five per cent love story—unless you choose to abuse language by calling Hamlet and The Scarlet Letter love stories because a man's attachment to a woman figures in them.

What is commonly meant by love story—the cooing, courting and wedding, or getting jilted, affair—could be stricken out of the world's greatest literature with only a comparatively slight diminution of its value. Nobody would surrender Romeo and Juliet, and Antony and Cleopatra; but if those two plays had been lost Shakspere would be only microscopically less than he is now.

War Prices

ENGLAND'S foreign-trade returns sharply illustrate one of the ways in which the world's business has been thrown out of normal line by the war. Exports for the first half of this calendar year were only five per cent smaller than in 1914. Moreover, they showed a steady increase during the half year; so exports for June were actually greater, by nearly twenty per cent, than in the June preceding the war.

Looking at the official figures one would say that, though three or four million men had been withdrawn from normal production and war was absorbing an enormous quantity of capital, England was still manufacturing for the export trade as many goods as ever. Then one remembers that the official figures, expressed in pounds sterling, are subject to a huge discount, because commodity prices in England have advanced two-thirds since August, 1914, and a pound sterling does not at all mean what it meant two years ago.

The same thing has happened to all European currencies. You see the familiar symbol—pound, mark, franc, ruble—but when you go to measure goods with it you must remember it is a yardstick that has been cut in two. Everything that comes to us from Europe with a money sign attached is half—or more—invalidated for purposes of comparison with ante-bellum conditions.

For Democracy

OUR conscriptionists place great emphasis on the democratic nature of their scheme. With everybody undergoing compulsory military training, they tell us, distinctions of class and wealth will tend to disappear and the brotherliness of the barracks will extend itself throughout civil life.

Conscription was evolved by that grand old democrat, Napoleon Bonaparte, who frankly regarded his brother democrats as "food for cannon." It reached its perfect flower in Prussia. We see how thoroughly democratic it makes Turkey, Russia and Austria.

It is the ideal instrument of a Hohenzollern state. Real democracy in France has long hated it, but accepted it as a necessary consequence of France's geographical position. Our conscriptionists want us to accept it without the compulsion of necessity, because we are enamored of the thing itself.

INDUSTRIAL PREPAREDNESS

By Herbert Quick

WHY is there any great opposition in this country to a policy of military preparedness? Is it because our people believe that military training is incompatible with democracy? Some believe that, but most of us know that in Australia and Switzerland not to mention France—military efficiency and an armed and trained citizenry are combined with a better democracy than we possess. Is it because of any general acceptance of the Quaker and Tolstoian religion of nonresistance? No! Ninety-nine out of every hundred of our pacifists would fight for their homes.

A careful study of the whole body of opposition to preparedness convinces me that most of the people who oppose preparedness do so because they are afraid of the corrupting effects of war and of preparedness for or against war. They are afraid of the fomenting of wars by rings of financiers or of manufacturers for personal reasons. They suspect every diplomatic crisis as being the sinister creation of people who stand to make money out of war. They do not think our crises or national grudges are always on the square. What amount of preparedness is necessary may be a debatable question; but this is certain: We shall not get wisdom out of such suspicion, or a wise policy, while the feeling is abroad that those who talk for preparedness are speaking one word for their country and two for their pocketbooks. Suspicion darkens counsel. If a policy can be adopted for taking the profits out of war it will simplify the whole matter of providing for our army and navy. It would bring the question down to the simple matter of judging how much of an army and navy we need. Such a policy would be a splendid thing for the country.

Well, such a policy has been devised. I think, Congress willing, it is going to be put into effect and, in the process of doing it, I think our people will have their patriotism trained and that many of our mutual suspicions will be removed. If so, it will be a good thing; but I, being in an optimistic mood to-day, am going to predict not only this but also that we are going to achieve a wonderful and unexpected sort of military efficiency.

The Most Efficient of Nations

WHETHER German efficiency is really efficient in the broadest sense still remains to be determined. If the present Czar, at the end of his reign, leaves by his "inefficient" government his people at the highest point of their power, prosperity and progressiveness; and if the present Kaiser, at the end of his reign, leaves by his "efficient" government his people bankrupt, cut off from the world's markets, ground down under an almost intolerable burden of taxation, discontented and humiliated, it will be an easy task for the historian to say which of these governments was truly efficient and which was truly inefficient. At present, however, the term "German efficiency" seems to be tautological. When one has said "German," what is the use, we ask, of adding "efficiency"? We may as well say wet water or cold frost. German is efficiency's first name. Especially is this true in the field that we of the United States have just entered enthusiastically and whole-heartedly, if in a somewhat muddling way—the field of military preparedness.

Our army has recently gone through a performance called mobilization. Now the mobilization of an army is, of course, the operation of making it mobile, and mobile means capable of being moved from place to place. But the mobilization of any army means something more than cutting it loose from its moorings and letting it slide. When an army runs round in circles it moves, in a manner of speaking, from place to place, but it is not necessarily mobilized. Neither does every horde of men become a mobilized army when it is loaded on transports and moved hither and thither. It must have equipment, cavalry, artillery, arms, ammunition, machine guns, field guns, signal service, aircraft, wireless equipment, commissariat; and it must be accompanied and actuated by that intangible thing—military efficiency.

As this is written it is several months since the first four thousand of our militia were ordered to the front. At the time when news of their movements was swamped in the order calling out all the militia, some of these troops were still haggling over taking the oath. They were still imperfectly armed and equipped and lacked most of the elements of real mobilization. Some time has elapsed since President Wilson issued the order calling out our forty-eight little armies that constitute the National Guard. They have been found to lack almost everything.

"What you got for supper, woman?" said a moonshiner to his wife.

"Well," said she, "if we had some meal we'd have some mush if we had some milk."

The Mexican episode shows that the United States' standard of efficiency in preparedness for military activity is about on a par with the preparedness of that woman for a real repast. She had the natural element of food—water; we have the natural element of an army—men. I am not forgetting our regular army. It is good. It would make the first mouthful for any real dog that ever snapped at us.

When the believer in preparedness notes this fact and remembers the innumerable hosts that Germany hurled like a projectile across her frontiers, at the crack of the starting gun, a certain *malaise*, reaching almost the point of nausea, attacks one. And sharp, darting, localized pains assail the citizen who believes that whenever duty lays upon this nation the burden of doing a thing, it also lays upon this nation the burden of doing it as well as it can be done by any other nation on earth. And now suppose I were to inform the reader, as I just now hinted, that we have already worked out a system of military preparedness that will make us, in the most important element of warfare, more efficient than was any nation now engaged in the European war—more efficient than was Germany even—this would be news, I take it, to the average man; and yet this is exactly what I mean to elucidate in this article.

Someone—I forget who—said, a year or two ago, that if the United States were suddenly found in need of defenders a million men would spring to arms between the rising of the sun and the setting thereof. Certainly they would; but to whose arms would they spring? Answer me that! They would fly to arms, but to what arms would they fly? Surely not to the hammer of Thor, nor to the spear of Siegfried, nor to Excalibur, that wonderful sword of King Arthur, because Sir Bedivere threw it into the lake. Her million defenders, however, might fly to the sword of Bunker Hill, and to

th' old Queen's arm that Granther Young
Fetched hum from Concord busted.

Besides all these weapons, we have a great many twenty-two-caliber cat rifles and, I doubt not, enough of the jointed air rifles that carry BB shot to satisfy the most grasping mind. These are the arms to which our million defenders would fly.

Few Guns and Less Ammunition

LET us assume, however, that there are plenty of good rifles, good machine guns, good artillery, good weapons of all sorts for a million men. In fact, there are some two million military rifles in the United States. This is about half the number that would be required to arm the men who would be called to the colors at once in a great war, allowing each man one rifle. As a matter of fact, at the outset of a war, a minimum of two rifles for each man is required. But what good are guns without ammunition? The field-artillery ammunition which the United States keeps on hand would last, under modern conditions, only a few hours. It could not be made to last, in actual conflict, more than two days. If we had enough field artillery to equip the army completely, the ammunition would not last through an hour of general firing. Our reserve-rifle ammunition would not last four days; our coast-defense guns could fire away our entire reserve of ammunition for them in forty-five minutes. So, really, the sword of Bunker Hill would be almost as effective in the hands of our army as the most modern machine gun, in view of the fact that we have no ammunition supply for the gun. And that is our terrible fix—or it would be terrible if we were not, apparently, to be accorded, by an indulgent Providence, time in which to readjust our affairs and to become really prepared as to ammunition and equipment.

This means industrial preparedness. It is now the biggest part of war. It calls for four times as many soldiers in industry as are required in the ranks. War now is industry. It has changed itself into a great business of making things, carrying things, and of picking them up and throwing them. Even Germany was not prepared for war in its present-day development. She thought she was; but she had no adequate conception of the task laid on posterity by Ab, the stone-age man, when he discovered that if he picked up a stone and threw it at his antagonist he gained an advantage in the argument. Ab's fellows and forefathers, up to that fateful day, had depended on fist, tooth and nail, on clubs and gripped dornicks. Ab threw a stone and the world turned on a pivot; for when he threw the stone he invented the projectile. Soon his wife and children were put to the task of piling up a heap of stones and keeping them at Ab's hand while he threw them; thus we have represented the arrow-maker, the armorer, the swordsmith, the ordnance board, the Krupps, Lloyd George, and all the munitions factories.

Ab's wife is the germ of the people who labor in factories to supply the up-to-date Ab in the ranks with things to throw. In modern war the army and navy are Ab;

A New Ringmaster

the rest of the nation is Ab's wife. The rest of the nation piles up things for Ab to hurl—and it absorbs, in Great Britain or in Germany, from fifty to ninety per cent of the energies of the people. In present-day warfare the supply is not, as formerly, only a great industry—it is *the* great industry. Industrial preparedness is four-fifths of the problem of national preparedness. Industrial training is four times as important as military training, because military training without industrial training is unavailing and involves only a quarter as many people. It is this sort of preparedness, coupled with far-reaching plans for taking the profit out of it as a business, which we have undertaken and it is likely to become at once the most interesting and the most gratifying phase of our national situation.

Secretary Daniels created the Naval Consulting Board, which is becoming a big thing in preparedness to-day. It is a purely unofficial body—unless the present army bill makes it official, as it should be—and its members serve without pay; but it has enlisted, also without pay, within a single month, thirty thousand of the ablest men in the United States in the service of the cause of industrial preparedness. To enroll, in a great army of defense, thirty thousand men whose abilities enable them to command from thirty thousand industrial corporations incomes large enough to attract the attention of the revenue collector, is a great feat. The man who did this is Howard E. Coffin, and he is the chairman of the committee on industrial preparedness of the Naval Consulting Board, the unofficial board of scientists, chemists, engineers and inventors established by Secretary Daniels to aid in the development of an up-to-date navy.

Secretary Daniels had a good idea when he asked Thomas A. Edison to head a department of invention and development to which all ideas and inventions, either from civilian inventors or from the service, might be referred for determination as to whether or not they might contain practical suggestions for the navy to take up and perfect. It was a mighty good idea. The secretary did not originate it. It came to him from a newspaper series written by an obscure writer whose name I shall not mention—but it was a mighty good idea. In the hands of Secretary Daniels, and after it escaped from them, it grew and grew.

It grew thus: Everybody concerned wanted Mr. Edison for the head of this consulting board; and being about the busiest man in America, the fact was recognized that Mr. Edison would need an assistant. To this position M. R. Hutchison was drafted. Then came up the problem of who should be put on the board. A happy thought came to the secretary. Why not let the scientific and technical societies choose the other members? These learned societies, being patriotic as well as learned bodies, were willing to choose their representatives. The American Chemical Society chose W. R. Whitney and L. H. Baekeland. The American Institute of Electrical Engineers selected Frank J. Sprague and B. G. Lamme. Mathematics is the basis of science and invention; and Robert S. Woodward and Arthur G. Webster were put on the board by the American Mathematical Society. The American Society of Civil Engineers chose Andrew M. Hunt and Alfred Craven.

A Board of Big Men

Flying is important in war now and is sure to grow in importance, so Matthew B. Sellers and Hudson Maxim went on the board at the suggestion of the American Aeronautical Society. The Inventors' Guild named Peter Cooper Hewitt and Thomas Robins. The motor car and the motor truck must needs be represented on the board, so the American Society of Automobile Engineers was asked to name two members. Fine business! In this cast of the net the secretary caught Howard E. Coffin and with him Andrew L. Riker. The metals end of the American Institute of Mining Engineers gave to the board William L. Saunders and Benjamin B. Thayer. Joseph W. Richards and Lawrence Addicks were chosen by the American Electro-Chemical Society. The American Society of Mechanical Engineers named William LeRoy Emmet and Spencer Miller; and the American Society of Aeronautic Engineers gave aircraft a double representation by electing to the board Henry A. Wise Wood—who afterward resigned—and Elmer A. Sperry.

To most of us some of these names mean much; but few of us are well enough informed to be able to realize what a wonderful board this is. It is the cream of the engineering and scientific brains of America, and probably twenty-four men more brilliant in important fields of skill and research could not be found in any country in the world. They met and resolved that not one of them would accept a cent of compensation from the Government, not even actual traveling expenses, not even postage. The officers of the navy fell on the necks of the consulting board—they were overjoyed to have such a body of business men and scientists with whom to talk things over. Usually the contact of the navy with business and with civilian science had been through contracts, with one side buying and the other selling. Such are not the relations which conduce to spiritual or intellectual communion.

The navy was not only willing but rejoiced to tell the bigwigs its troubles. So the board divided itself into committees and went to work, doing what the navy asked it to do, carefully, brilliantly, sanely, tactfully. It is doing these things—important things—yet; but one of its committees—Mr. Howard E. Coffin's committee on industrial preparedness—has far eclipsed the board itself in the grandiose sweep and scope of its combinations. It has undertaken nothing less than the task of collecting the data for an organization of the industries of the United States for national defense, an organization more efficient than even Germany possesses—or at least more efficient than Germany possessed when this war was undertaken. It is the work of this committee that reached out and took in the industrial needs of the army as well as of the navy.

Records Broken at the Somme

For two years now the United States has been full of munitions factories. One reads editorials occasionally, stating that we have had one of our problems of preparedness solved by the war—we have had our power to produce the material of war multiplied over and over again. "This," says the average man, "makes us safe." But this sort of vague optimism did not deceive Mr. Coffin and his committee on industrial preparedness. They knew that we of the United States, in spite of our flourishing war babies, are making less than a quarter of the material of war that any one of the big warring nations needs, and far less than a quarter of what we should need from week to week if we were unfortunately to be embroiled in a big war.

It would take fifty arsenals like the one at Frankford to turn out shells enough to supply the European War, on the basis of expenditure that prevailed before the beginning of the Battle of the Somme. In the Battle of the Somme all records in the expenditure of ammunition were broken. It is stated, on the best authority, that it would take the three leading firms in this country five years to make the gauges alone for the manufacture of two hundred thousand shells a day, and that the cost of this preliminary operation would be from seventeen to twenty million dollars. Yet, if we may accept reports seemingly accurate, the French and British, in the fierce preparation for the assault that launched the Battle of the Somme, fired away a million shells a day!

Mr. Coffin and his committee knew or anticipated these facts. They knew that any plan for supplying the Government with its military needs in time of war, short of the mobilization of all its industries and the training of all its working forces, would fail. Everybody must work making supplies, from the steel plants at Gary to the wagon factory at the crossroads, or we may fail. But they knew that such failure would never be necessary. They knew that we possess, in this country, more than half the total supply of the tools of industry of the world, and that we have the latent ability to make more shells, and all the things connoted by the word shells, than all the rest of the world.

They believed that if our industries were organized for defense—and so organized as to take the profit out of war; that if the making of things for military purposes was parceled out to the manufacturers who could make them—but who don't very much want to do so and would not ordinarily bid on government contracts; that if this work could be so generally disseminated throughout the nation that it would cease to be a special interest and would take its place among the duties of every manufacturer—along with paying taxes, attending church and serving on committees of the local board of trade; that if, in short, the munitions business could be put on a cost basis—with the Government asking manufacturers to take small contracts for the purpose of learning the trick of making shells and things—then our biggest defense problem would be solved and the greatest objection to preparedness would be completely and permanently met: the objection that war profits tempt manufacturers to force a militant policy on the Government for their own selfish purposes.

The fact that Mr. Coffin and his committee undertook to do these things proves, I think, that there are real statesmen to be picked up in the laboratories, the counting rooms and the workshops of the land, as well as in the law offices. Mr. Coffin went for assistance to the people he knew and the men who know—that is, he went to five great technical societies which are represented in the industries of every state in the Union. These are the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the American Chemical Society. In every state Mr. Coffin secured the coöperation of a directorate of five men, each a member of one of these great organizations.

By this single step Mr. Coffin's committee on industrial preparedness was increased so as to include his two hundred and fifty state directors and the thirty thousand engineers belonging to these five organizations or under their influence. The little committee had made of itself a mighty host—an army of the brightest, keenest, ablest, sanest men in the world.

Then both the Gem Novelty Works, of Hickory Bend, and the Universal Harvester Company, of Chicago, at about the same time heard from Mr. W. S. Gifford, who is managing director of Mr. Coffin's industrial survey. The Universal Harvester Company makes all kinds of farm machinery. The Gem Novelty Works is slowly forging to the front with a stump puller.

Carloads of Census Figures

Each corporation is approached by an engineer well known to the management. He is one of the immortal thirty thousand of Coffin's army—and he comes, mind you, he comes. Although a very busy man he does not use the mails, sending blanks to be filled out or thrown into the wastebasket, according to the fancy of the receiver; but as Mr. Gifford's personal representative he brings a set of blanks to the management of the Gem Novelty Works, just as some other engineer takes a set to the management of the Universal Harvester Company, and he spends half an hour talking the matter over.

Somewhere in the United States those blanks are now stored, and a detail of five army officers and numerous trustworthy clerks, all under the direction of the statistical Mr. Gifford, are tabulating and card-indexing them. These blanks were filled out in compliance with a request from President Wilson, couched in these words:

"THE WHITE HOUSE
"WASHINGTON
"April 21, 1916.

"*To the Business Men of America:* I bespeak your cordial coöperation in the patriotic service undertaken by the engineers and chemists of this country under the direction of the industrial preparedness committee of the Naval Consulting Board of the United States.

"The confidential industrial inventory you are asked to supply is intended for the exclusive benefit of the War and Navy Departments, and will be used in organizing the industrial resources for the public service in national defense.

"At my request the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the American Chemical Society are gratuitously assisting the Naval Consulting Board in the work of collecting this data, and I confidently ask your earnest support in the interest of the people and Government of the United States.

"Faithfully yours,
"WOODROW WILSON."

This is as remarkable a census as was ever taken. It consists of some cartloads of confidential information for the Government, supplied by a volunteer organization, which paid the expenses out of its own pocket. Every set of blanks gives, with reference to some manufacturing plant, all the information which the Government might desire to possess in time of war: The value of the physical plant, the nature of its surroundings, the plans of the buildings, the cubic and square yards of working space on each floor, the kind of fire protection installed, the number and capacity of elevators, the facilities for feeding employees, the equipment in telegraph, pneumatic tubes and other transmitting devices, the raw materials the plant uses, the products that it manufactures, what branches it maintains and countless other details of its business.

These blanks also give a complete description regarding the labor and tools employed in the factory, they tell how many of the employees are American citizens and how many are aliens, whether the shop is a union shop, whether the labor supply is ample or restricted, what has been the history of the plant as to labor troubles, what is the relative supply of skilled and unskilled labor, all about wages and hours, and whether or not women could be used to replace men. Exhaustive information is contained in these blanks as to transportation facilities from every plant.

The management of the Gem Novelty Works felt rather chesty to have the Government send a prominent engineer to him for the purpose of learning what he could do besides making stump pullers. It was no laborious task for him to fill out these blanks. For the management of the Universal Harvester Company it was a much larger piece of work, but he was glad to do it. The manager of the smaller concern felt his bosom swell at the thought that, small as it was, the Government might need the services of his plant. The manager of the Universal Harvester Company felt gratified that the people representing the Government came to him in the full confidence that, big as it is, there isn't a scrap of iron or a machine in the plant which in time of need would not be freely offered for Uncle Sam's services.

There seems to have been something germinal in the idea of the Naval Consulting Board. The board was established for the purpose of giving the navy the benefit of the best thought in science and invention, with the basic idea of protecting the country against such shortcomings of our professional naval establishment as its opposition to steam warships when steam navigation was invented; its opposition to the ironclad; its opposition to the monitor; its neglect of aircraft; and the various other acts and omissions which, taken together, constitute a rather disagreeable bill of particulars against the navy as a factor in the history of human progress. The method adopted for making up the board, however, broadened its purpose, and I am afraid has caused its original purpose very largely to be lost sight of.

America's Business Parliament

After its census was completed Mr. Coffin's committee was ready to rest. Then there came into the work a national organization of business which is the most authoritative representative business body in America—the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, which has headquarters in Washington and comes closer to the status of a business parliament for the nation than anything we have ever had.

Mr. Coffin, in his survey, used the services of thirty thousand engineers. The chamber of commerce is carrying an aggregate personnel of over three hundred and fifty thousand business men. It has enrolled in its membership over seven hundred commercial associations and four thousand firms, corporations and persons holding individual memberships. Its membership comprises chambers of commerce or trade organizations in every state in the Union, in the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Shanghai, Porto Rico, Berlin, Milan, Naples, Constantinople, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires.

Its principal work, according to its own statement, is to focus business opinion on national questions and it is as passionately devoted to referenda as is the Socialist Party. As I see it, it is more than anything else an agency for teaching the business men of the United States to think on public questions.

(Concluded on Page 27)

Let us help you to help them

School days are almost here. Soon your young people will be back at their desks again, to grapple with the steady every-day tasks which continue all winter long.

This means a fresh demand on all their energies. Lessons are serious business to them. The active young minds are keyed up to high tension. The nervous system and the whole body feel an added strain, and call for the most sustaining nourishment. This creates a daily problem for you, and right here is where you need the efficient aid of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

In this wholesome soup we combine the very elements that are so necessary and beneficial to your hard-studying boys and girls.

First of all, it is tempting. Its bright natural color and its spicy aroma and flavor entice the appetite from the start. You don't have to coax any one to eat this delicious Campbell "kind."

That is half the battle. Again, it is a most efficient food because it is so nourishing and so easy to digest. Then by sharpening the appetite and strengthening the digestion, it also gives a keener zest for other wholesome food, and helps you to get more good out of everything you eat.

Give *Campbell's Tomato Soup* to your young people at any time—all they want. It is easy to prepare in a number of different ways—as light or as hearty as you choose. And with a supply at hand on the pantry shelf it is a matter of only three minutes to make the most ravenous youngster a picture of contentment.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

1917—Five-Passenger 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers—$1090 Detroit

Quality First

PERFORMANCE Is Her Name

Here is another of those new 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers—a five-passenger car whose beauty brings many a gasp of admiration.

But her beauty is merely a rich setting for the gem of a motor that lies under her bonnet.

If you have not been formally introduced to her better lose no time in getting the Chalmers store on the wire. And prepare for a shock when you talk with the Chalmers salesman.

The story he will tell can be condensed into one word of eleven letters and that word is—Performance.

No blueprints; no intricate list of mechanical details—just Performance.

Performance—that's where this 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers departs at an abrupt angle from the beaten path.

Take her chassis. Remove the 3400 r. p. m. motor. Put in any one of 50 other motors and you have a conventional car. Away above the ordinary in appearance, 'tis true, but performance flat and commonplace.

Put back the 3400 r. p. m. There's the difference—all the difference in the world.

Performance—it's her strongest point. When the Chalmers salesman says "Performance" his bosom swells with pride.

3400 revolutions of the crank-shaft per minute spell superb action—smooth as a mole, strong and sure as a waterfall and silent as a moonbeam. And they spell 64% reserve for hills, for sand, for prairie gumbo, for the timely rescue of a less fortunate tourist.

And 3400 r. p. m. means, as we have so often pointed out, insurance of long life.

This year we are marketing a certainty, a thing 100% sure. The 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers engine introduced last November has stood the harrowing test of service with 24,000 owners, and its service average during that period is 99.21 percent perfect.

Performance—that is where she excels.

6,000 new Chalmers have gone into service since our 1917 announcement. They're going much faster than we can build them.

Five-Passenger Touring Car, $1090 Detroit; $1475 Walkerville, Ontario
Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1280 Detroit; $1775 Walkerville, Ontario

Chalmers Motor Company - - - - Detroit
Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., - Walkerville, Ontario

(Concluded from Page 24)

While Mr. Coffin was attacking the problem of his survey, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America was sending out a referendum on national defense—which closed May twenty-third. This vote showed by a majority of fifteen to one that there is no section in the country in which business men of all classes, merchants, manufacturers and financiers, are not generally in favor of a policy of preparedness. This does not mean, however, that they are for militarism. It does not mean that many of them want to make money out of war. It means exactly the opposite. The committee on national defense that conducted this referendum consisted of fourteen men whose names and locations are significant. They are Bascom Little, chairman, Cleveland; Bion J. Arnold, Chicago; Hugh Chalmers, Detroit; D. S. Chamberlain, Des Moines; W. H. Cowles, Spokane; N. C. Emery, Providence; Louis T. Golding, St. Joseph; Matthew E. Hanna, New York; Ira N. Hollis, Worcester; Albert J. Logan, Pittsburgh; Franklin T. Miller, Newton, Mass.; J. Bernard Walker, New York; Henry A. Wise Wood, New York; and James L. Wright, New Orleans.

This committee, in its report, set down as the first great lesson to be drawn from the world war the fact that there is no national asset—commercial, financial, social or military that is not necessary for the common use of the nation under pressure of a great war. Please notice that expression: "the common use of the nation." The committee expressed the view that it is unwise and undesirable to propose any plan of national defense that will cultivate, in the minds of the people, a desire for war, or a militaristic spirit, or that will sacrifice the interests of peaceful economic development. It spoke for a program of national defense which shall be equally applicable to national prosperity and to the cultivation of a sound and patriotic citizenship; and then it made a statement which I wish to quote. It is this:

America's Business Parliament

"We believe that no plan of national defense should be adopted which will permit, due to the outbreak of war, any profits to anyone, arising out of the national danger, and in case the pressure of war is put upon us we may unitedly and universally accept sacrifices, of both property and person, for the great national necessity."

Faulty as it is in its English, I want this statement to be entered on the record of American public thought and remembered by every citizen of the United States, now and forever, so that if ever in the future we should unfortunately be engaged in war and there should develop such an era of profiteering as this country and Europe have seen in every war of the past, these words may be recalled as a declaration of the great business interests of the country in 1916, words in favor of a government policy of cutting the profits out of war.

I am glad the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America adopted a report containing that clause; but this important body—I wish it had a shorter name—did not stop there. It is undertaking to put the business of supplying the military needs of the United States upon a nonprofit basis, and in doing so will, I believe—Congress consenting—answer the objections to a policy of preparedness from that numerous class of people who believe in preparedness and recognize the danger of a lack of it, but who prefer defenselessness against supposititious foreign enemies to what they regard as the dangers of Kruppism in the United States.

In Mr. Coffin's industrial survey he asked both the Gem Novelty Works and the Universal Harvester Company these questions:

"Would you consider bidding upon regular United States army and navy contracts in time of peace?

"Would you consider accepting United States army and navy business in time of war, on the basis of cost plus a reasonable profit?

"Would you consider accepting a minimum annual educational order on a basis of actual production plus a reasonable profit?

"Would you favor the enrolling of your skilled labor in an industrial reserve?"

The chamber of commerce has taken up the campaign where Mr. Coffin's survey left it off, and it is appealing to the patriotism of the manufacturers of the United States to accept the implied proposals in these four questions. Their general acceptance by the industrial concerns of the United States will—Congress consenting, always—work a complete revolution in the whole business of supplying the needs of the army and navy in both war and peace. The 1916 army bill provides that the President be empowered, through the heads of departments, to place some of the Government's orders in harmony with the principles of Mr. Coffin's survey and of the campaign of the chamber of commerce. The way seems to be opening for the Government and the business men to establish now, in time of peace, a policy which will forever put an end to war profiteering. The "minimum educational order for the annual production of army and navy goods" is the enlistment roll in the industrial-preparedness reserve. The Government agrees to give to the Gem Novelty Works, for instance, an annual order for whatever product the concern's equipment is best fitted to produce, and in such quantity only as will familiarize the men in the shop with the work. The Gem Novelty Works agrees that it will put this order through the factory in regular course and in such a way that the foreman and others in positions of responsibility shall become familiar with the peculiar problems incident to the manufacture of the goods. These minimum orders will not be sufficient in quantity to interfere with the manufacturer's regular production.

So far as profits are concerned, work shall be given out upon the basis of the actual cost of production, inclusive of the cost of all special tools, jigs, dies, patterns, gauges and other special equipment. All the preliminary work for production on a large scale, the cutting and trying, the engineering, the blue prints, the discussions, the conferences—and everything else which so tries the patience of any manufacturer when he starts to make a thing—will be done once for all on these government contracts. The Gem Novelty Works and the Universal Harvester Company and every other individual concern will merely keep this special equipment on hand, and a supply of corrected drawings from which the shop may, upon short notice, construct the necessary equipment for quantity production.

Our Future Industrial Reserve

The complete acceptance of this plan awaits the action of Congress. The change from present modes of purchasing supplies would be revolutionary, and Congress is not to be blamed for some hesitancy. Everything is now done under competitive bids; but it is perfectly obvious that the manager of the Gem Novelty Works cannot make whatever he might make, in competition with a great concern like the Universal Harvester Company. And yet, if our industries are to be educated, the small man and his force must be included in the plan. Equally, if the profits are to be taken out of preparedness and out of war, the little men must be trained. Congress must find a way to let out these contracts without competition. Dangerous? Yes; but not to do it may be fatal. Congress must find a way, or allow the President to find a way, to let the Gem Novelty Works take a contract for supplying what that concern can make, at cost plus whatever is fair, even if it has to have a higher price than cost plus to the Universal Harvester Works. The loss to the Government, if any, will have to be charged to the education account.

How will this work in actual production? Why, if we may judge from experience abroad, fifty thousand factories will have found out, before the war begins, that they can make things, for war purposes, which they never would have dreamed of making had it not been for this industrial mobilization. A glazier will begin to stamp out cartridge clips; a manufacturer of music rolls will begin to make gauges; an oatmeal mill will turn out plugs for shells; an advertising agency will manufacture shell adapters; watchmakers will adjust fuses; a manufacturer of baking machinery will turn out six-inch shells; a jewelry house will make periscopes; a phonograph concern will make delicate parts for shells; a cutlery firm will make shell cases; a cream-separator factory will get to work on shell primers; a sewing-machine concern will manufacture gauges; a manufacturer of textiles will make field kitchens; the Gem Novelty Works might turn out machine guns. Every one of the above named adaptations to war conditions has taken place in the factories of Great Britain—and thousands and thousands more.

Question four, propounded by Mr. Coffin's committee, relates to the enrolling of skilled laborers in an industrial reserve. This proposal also is being pushed by the chamber of commerce. Readers of the daily papers will remember that, in every country in Europe when the armies were mobilized and sent to the front, thousands and thousands of skilled mechanics marched in the ranks. Within six months the government was compelled to withdraw these men and to set them to work in factories, so enormous and unprecedented was the demand for manufactured articles. The industrial preparedness toward which we are working is planned for the prevention of this blunder. The skilled mechanics who are needed in the factories will not go to the front, but will stay where they belong. The names of these skilled workmen will be listed—with their consent, of course—and the men themselves enrolled in the industrial reserve and given a button or some other insignia, which will be supplied by the Government and considered to carry with it honors equaling those to which the uniform of an enlisted man in the army or navy is entitled.

Preparedness in a Big Sense

This is the American engineer's way—and the American business world's way of expressing its horror of war, even while recognizing it as a possibility; and of giving pledges that business will refuse to make money out of war should it come. The only other way suggested for guarding ourselves against Kruppism is government manufacture of army and navy supplies. That would have answered fifty years ago, and it would answer for a little war now; but for a great war, government manufacture is as inadequate as it would be for the Government to seek to sweep the wintry north of its snow. It is not the government any more that carries on a great war; it is the nation itself, which, marshaling all its incalculable energies, hurls itself at its foe in one enormous explosive effort. All the factories, all the banks, all the machines, all the farms, all the forests, all the mines and all the people—men, women and children—are called for in a modern war. May we never see one! But if we do, government manufacture of supplies will not do. At the same time the army of engineers, the army of business men and the Congress of the United States agree in believing that it may be necessary at some time for the Government to take over in whole or in part the business of making munitions, arms and supplies for the army and the navy. The Coffin survey and the management of the chamber of commerce are both working out plans under which all manufacturing concerns enlisted in the nation's preparedness will, on demand, lease their plants to the Government "on just and fair terms"; so that, instead of having a few plants of its own, it may at a stroke take possession of all the plants capable of making munitions in the country. The army bill just passed requires factories, under penalty, to execute orders given in time of war and empowers the Government to assume control of the plants if it desires to do so.

We have made headway and we shall make more. We now possess the data as to our latent possibilities. We have laws under which our industries can be trained and, if necessary, taken over. The business men and engineers are coöperating with the Government. Government arsenals will soon become assembling establishments, where things made by private firms will be put together and stored. If war ever comes, perhaps fifty thousand factories will be found trained to do the Government's work. The wires will carry the message to these concerns to begin work and, as if by magic, the capacity of the nation to make the deadly agencies of war will be multiplied a hundred fold. There will be no profiteering. The least that can be said, it seems to me, is that by this progressive Congressional action—some actual and some prospective—and by the extraordinary labors of these great private organizations of citizens, preparedness in this country has taken on a new and a much less forbidding form.

There is something very fine about all this. It is farseeing and unselfish, and it possesses that greatness of scope and breadth of vision that we feel should characterize America at her best.

Fresh Confections Kept Fresh

Even in hottest weather these Necco Confections in their protective wrappers stay fresh and tasty.

You can get any of your favorites: Necco Lemon Drops, Fruit Drops, Hoarhound Drops, Sweethearts, Boston Baked Beans, Necco or Hub Wafers in convenient packages for 5 cents. Slip a couple in your pocket tonight for the kiddies. They sure do love Necco Confections.

There are nine old-fashioned flavors in Necco and Hub Wafers.

New England Confectionery Co.
Boston, Mass.

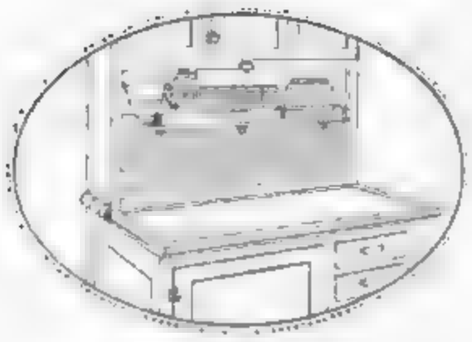
A Million Men Wear
KADY
SUSPENDERS
Adjust automatically to every motion
Kadys never strain or pull.
Kadys make trousers hang just right
Kadys are made for the man who wants comfort, economy and style
Buy a pair — wear a week — take them back if not satisfied.
At leading dealers'
50 cents and 75 cents
THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.
Mansfield, Ohio

"Mum"
(as easy to use as to say)
takes all the odor out of perspiration
and keeps the skin and clothing fresh and sweet all day. A snow-white, greaseless cream. Does not check perspiration — that would be harmful.
25c—sold by 9 out of 10 drug- and department-stores
"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

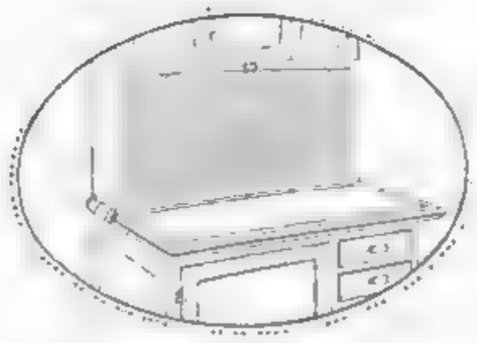
WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

If it does not bear this name it is not a "McDougall"

McDougall



Auto-Front Half Open
Front disappears as shown in large picture



Auto-Front Closed
Perfect protection from dust and dirt

The New Auto-Front McDougall
Patented and Trade-Mark Registered

I WILL make each kitchen hour a joy—each meal a source of keenest pleasure—each day an example of economy and efficiency. I radiate good cheer.

I will banish blue Monday and black Friday—take the drudgery out of your kitchen—and fill the days with the song of willing service.

I will keep your kitchen as neat as wax—your food supplies in perfect order. I will save you all I cost in a score of ways—to live without me is an extravagance.

I will always be on time—morning, noon and night—always keep my temper—never aggravate—never disappoint you—for I am the McDougall Kitchen Cabinet.

I will give you the manifold benefits of the latest improvement in kitchen service—the McDougall Auto-Front—that vanishes at the touch of the finger, and is the *open sesame* to culinary delights.

I will come to you any day and stay for years—upon payment of only $1.00 a week (for a short time). Come and see me at your local furniture store.

I will send you "My Book" for the asking. It describes styles and quotes prices. Write for it today.

Your faithful servant,

Patience McDougall

McDougall Co., Frankfort, Ind., U. S. A.

Insist on a McDougall to meet every need and to fit every purse

THE ARMY OF EQUALS

(Continued from Page 8)

time—the phase of army work in which we Americans, discussing the question of a new army, should be most interested.

On the face of it Saint Cyr and Polytechnique should turn out a body of officers less democratic than our own, since West Point is a free school while these require tuition. Practically the system does not work out that way. While the sons of titled France tend toward Saint Cyr, the members of the great middle class seem fascinated with the idea of having an officer in the family. Of late years, for example, the policemen have more and more educated their sons as officers. Further, there is the scholarship system. A Saint Cyrian tells me that if it were possible to average the social standing of Saint Cyr officers it would be found to lie somewhere in the lower middle class. "We are a bourgeois body," he says.

The sons of the aristocracy of wealth and the aristocracy of birth tend to elect certain crack cavalry regiments which have always been a little apart from the main current of army life. These regiments live expensively and rather gayly. No officer elects them unless he can follow the pace. For the rest, French barracks life is dull and monotonous. Perhaps most of the officers marry women with little dowries; but so do most French lawyers, doctors, engineers, business men, and what not. The mercenary marriage is still an all but universal custom in middle-class France—an outsider is tempted to say that it is the curse of France. However, this supplement to the forty dollars a month which a second lieutenant gets in peace time and to the one hundred and twenty dollars a month of a captain is on the average not large. Their incomes usually permit comfortable and simple living, and no more. No great army has less etiquette of a formal kind and less expensive or necessary entertaining than the French.

During times of peace, German and British barracks life is traditionally gay. No regular officer in either of those armies lives on his pay. It cannot be done. They must have money, or marry a good deal of money, in order to "keep up." Money begets the habit of idleness. The sport, the entertaining, of British and German regiments, take time. In the corresponding time the French officer is working with his profession. They are the closest students of things military in all Europe. "When an officer leaves Saint Cyr his education has only begun," says an officer of the General Staff. "A successful physician doesn't stop with his graduation. He takes the medical journals; he attends clinics. He is a student to the end of his days. So are our officers."

Keeping Down Army Cliques

Yet perhaps I have said nothing so far which gives to the reader a complete reason why the French Army is more democratic than ours. I must come back to the reason I advanced in the beginning: it is so because the French are that kind of people. As a matter of fact, both the force of public opinion and the law of the land have been necessary at times to keep it democratic. There was one period during the troubled days of the Clemenceau Ministry when an army clique, desirous of a kind of army suzerainty over France, became powerful. The Ministry solved this by a device that might not have been effective with us, but that worked wonders with the French. They ruled that at all public functions the civil authorities must have precedence over the military.

I saw a fortnight ago the funeral of General Gallieni, Minister of War, the Military Governor of Paris, who sent out the famous taxicab army to the Marne. Military hero though he was, the representatives of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Municipality of Paris marched at the head of the procession. Again, there was a time when the army wished to rule that the colonels of regiments must give their approval before a subordinate could be married. This, reduced to final terms, meant the beginning of an army aristocracy. It is the system that prevails in the German Army, for example. The colonel sanctions only marriages with "women of one's own class," or at least with women of wealth who can help the officer keep up his position. In either case it comes to the same thing, because every aristocracy is at bottom an aristocracy of wealth. The Ministry and the Deputies killed that order dead. Now an officer, on passing the building of the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, must salute, just by way of honoring the power from which he derives his authority—the elected representatives of the people.

However, custom has, as usual, been the stronger force of the two. The French corps of officers could not have changed, even if it wished to do so, the attitude of the Frenchman toward the army, of the private soldier toward his superior. Young officers of aristocratic tendencies watched the German Army at maneuvers. They saw the absolute, unquestioning obedience of the German private, the soldierly "click" with which everything was done, the machinelike quality of the whole organization. Among themselves in barracks they might whisper their wish that the French Army could be like that, voice their suspicion that the German system would be better in action than theirs. They could not turn these opinions into working formulas. Such a system would not go down in France, they knew perfectly well, because of the French character and tradition. They must work with the national spirit as they found it. And their more understanding and democratic superiors never wanted any other system. They understood its advantages, and were turning them to use.

No Goose-Steps or Fancy Drills

To begin with, the French staff, realizing the democratic attitude of the private, realizing also that they had smaller resources of men and material than Germany, tried to omit all unnecessary pomp and parade, and to use the time thus saved for more intensive training in the technic of fighting. Goose-steps, pretty evolutions, drills wherein the whole company moves as one man—these belong to an aristocratic society. The ideal of absolute monarchy is primitive; primitive ideals need a visible show of pomp and power. The ideal of a democracy is intellectual. It needs no such trappings. The staff produced a rather ragged-appearing army, whose real power and efficiency did not show. Four years ago I saw several regiments of French troops line themselves up along the Champs Elysées to welcome Queen Wilhelmina to Paris. I remarked at the time to a Franco-American friend, with whom I stood on relations of friendly quarrelsomeness, that the drill of these men would be a disgrace to the high-school cadets.

"You are complimenting the French Army," he said.

A fortnight later my civilian ignorance was enlightened on what he meant. In a city of the Puy-de-Dôme region I watched the young recruits in their first week or so of training. The noncommissioned officers were not troubling about drill. They were teaching the men just enough to get them to their destination in orderly fashion, and no more. From the first the main attention was devoted to intrenching, to skirmishing tactics, to bayonet work, and the like.

Beyond that, the staff knew the national character well enough to understand that your Frenchman will not work in the dark. He wants to see what he is doing; he wants a little play for his individuality. In training, in maneuvers, and now in war, the French soldier demands to be told why he is making this attack, defending this trench. He is a citizen of France, as good in his public character as any other man; he feels he has a right to know. His officers grant him that right; in addition they develop his individuality and leave as much as they can, consistently with good teamwork, to his own initiative—the antithesis of the absolute blind obedience inculcated by the Prussian drillmaster. The hope and possibility of promotion they dangle always before his eyes. Not only are the noncommissioned officers taught how to take command in case the officers are killed, but the chiefs of squads, and finally the "chief" of a squad of two men! Those young fellows who have been promoted from the ranks since the beginning of the war are not entirely new to the art of command. They learned something of it in their early military training.

The democratic theory of army discipline is a part of the teaching at Saint Cyr. The young officers, far from being instructed that they are the upper crust of the earth, are taught that they are only the comrades of their men, chosen for command simply because they know more. They must rule, the instructors teach, less by fear than by friendliness. On the intractable man, who occasionally crops out in any organization, they must come down hard; and French military law provides the apparatus for doing this. But such procedure must be the exception, not the rule. The officer must be a sort of father to the private—a relation expressed by the term "*mes enfants*" in which he most commonly addresses them. By no other system does it seem possible to get the results out of Frenchmen. And by it the staff has got, in this war, the best results possible.

It remains to be said that there are all kinds of men in command of the French Army, as there are all kinds of men everywhere. I speak of the rule and not of the exception. Veteran officers comment with amusement on the conduct of a few young sublieutenants, lately promoted from the ranks, who have become beggars on horseback, tending toward superiority and overstrictness. It may be noted also that such mistakes of the promotion system do not last long at the front.

Both the army and the populace resent this superior attitude. Last month a bearded *poilu* of a sergeant appeared on the Boulevard des Capucines, Paris. He was wearing a stained uniform and a dented helmet, and he carried a ragged kit. All Paris knows this phenomenon and smiles upon it indulgently—he was "home on leave." Now he was new to the capital apparently, and as he gaped at the cafés, the buildings and the pretty girls smiling upon him he failed to notice a lieutenant of the transport service in a spick-and-span new uniform. The officer accosted him:

"Here!" he said. "Why don't you salute? Go back six paces, advance, and salute as you pass!"

The sergeant obeyed to the dot; but as his hand came down from his cap he said:

"In the trenches, monsieur, we shake hands with our officers."

The Fate of the Dandy Lieutenant

This happened before the Café de la Paix, that geographical center of the universe, from which the Parisian watches the world go by. The crowd had noticed the episode, and when the sergeant said this they rose up with some of the old Parisian mob spirit and shoved the dandy lieutenant into the gutter. He was new to his *galons*; that was the matter with him. Now I can imagine a crowd behaving so in the United States. I cannot imagine it in Germany or England. It would be characteristic only in France.

They say that in the trenches the officers usually begin the day by shaking hands all round and asking the men how they passed the night. Through little things do we know the character of a people or of an army; and I record these impressions received during a trip to the front, wherein we traveled much of the way within sound of the Verdun guns.

At a point where all civilian clothes except peasant garb are conspicuous we passed in our automobile a company of cavalry which had just saddled and prepared for the day's work. They saluted correctly. I chanced to look back. Someone, probably the captain, in the center of the group had made a joke at our expense. The troopers about him were laughing and joking in their turn; it was all simple and natural and human. We dined that night in an important advanced base on the road of the transport to Verdun. At the next table sat two lieutenants and two privates, having a very good time. The talk shuttled back and forth between personal gossip and warm discussion of military affairs. These men, it came out, were going home on leave; they had come out of the Verdun trenches only that morning.

We had occasion, next day, to visit an artillery position. It was necessary to pick our route carefully, since we might show ourselves to the German artillery observers and receive the compliment of a shell or so. Two private soldiers, going our way, offered to guide us. We were in charge of an officer stationed near this position. Salutes exchanged, the officer and the two soldiers fell into easy conversation, so full of army slang that I could no more than catch its drift. On parting they all saluted formally again; then they shook hands and the officer opened his cigarette case, offering it as to a friend in his club. One of these prjvates

BLUE STREAKS

Never pay more than $2.50 for any bicycle tire—because at that price you can get Goodyear Blue Streaks which carry the same guarantee as tires that sell for as high as $10 a pair.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company does not follow the old policy of making many brands of tires of varied quality—instead it makes one single tube bicycle tire—the *Guaranteed* Blue Streak.

Goodyear Blue Streaks are of one standard quality, carry one standard guarantee, and are sold everywhere for one standard price, $2.50 each non-skid.

Get them from any reliable bicycle tire dealer.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON

Bicycle Tires

Waxit CLEANS AND POLISHES

Ask your dealer for Waxit, the perfect auto polish.

Send 10c For Sample Bottle

Waxit Manufacturing Co 2429 University Ave., S. E. Minneapolis, Minn.

Ask for and Get

SKINNER'S

THE HIGHEST QUALITY

SPAGHETTI

36 Page Recipe Book Free

SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.

LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

1917 Models

and *freight prepaid* on the new 1917 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once for our big catalog and special offer.

Improved Models, prices reduced. Extraordinary new offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest proposition. WRITE TODAY.

Be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles, tires and sundries. Write for our special terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER."

TIRES, coaster-brake rear wheels and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. A few second-hand bicycles $3 to $8 to clear.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S-55, CHICAGO

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced Rates on Shipments of Automobiles

443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 24 Whitehall Building, New York; 648 Old South Building, Boston; 435 Oliver Building, Pittsburg; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 518 Central Bank, Los Angeles; 885 Monadnock Building, San Francisco. Write Nearest Office.

EVEREADY *The light that says "There it is!"*

This EVEREADY light and
its "power-house" the Eveready Tungsten Battery are an unrivalled combination for putting darkness to flight. It's the greatest of outdoor lights. Ask for EVEREADY No. 2659, at your dealer's. 76 other styles—a style for every need.
American Ever Ready Works
of National Carbon Co., Long Island City, N.Y.
Canada: Canadian National Carbon Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario
EVEREADY
SAFETY LIGHTS

With that long lived TUNGSTEN *battery*

"DO I like nice hosiery? You know me! I won my epicurean reputation when Dad paid the bills. That was when I discovered Everwear. Now that I'm standing on my own feet, I keep them dressed right up to the minute by sticking to Everwear. I can afford them because I get my full money's worth. Soft, silky texture, beautiful sheen, trim ankle-fit and soft, tasteful colors. And, believe me, Everwear quality doesn't evaporate in the washtub."

For men and women, in pure thread silk, lisle and cotton; children's, lisle and cotton.
At your haberdasher's or department store. If not, write us. $1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO. Milwaukee, Wis.

appeared to be a rather illiterate though intelligent peasant. The other was a man of education. On parting the officer gave us his card. He is a baron.

That afternoon, in a town scarred and pitted from a recent air raid, our party took refuge from a violent rainstorm in a doorway. Presently a private came dodging in. He saluted correctly upon seeing our lieutenant. The salute finished, they fell into easy conversation about things in general—just two Frenchmen together, on a basis of mutual esteem and mutual interest in the job.

War intensifies all emotions, even the softer ones; and the system has worked out, in practical effect, to a strong affection between the sword and the bayonet, the *poilu* and his commander. I have seen officers home on leave eaten up with an emotion no more noble than pure jealousy. Each was afraid lest that fellow whom he had left in charge would get away the affection of his *poilus*. As for the soldiers in the characteristic French regiment, they have usually a fierce and affectionate loyalty as great in degree as the blind loyalty of your ideal feudal retainer, but quite different in kind. It proceeds from a faith in the squareness of the French system as they see it at work. The officer, they think, has been chosen officer because he is abler than they, because he knows more, has greater power of leadership. Sometimes their solicitude for the health and safety of their leaders is both amusing and touching. A convalescent captain tells me that one night, during the early open fighting, he grew suspicious concerning a certain point at his front. He determined to inspect it for himself. He was on his way when he heard a rustling behind him. He turned, on the alert, to behold six or seven of his own *poilus* crawling after him.

"Why are you out here, *mes enfants?*" he whispered. "Go back!"

"No," replied the one who first got tongue, "you must not go out there alone; we have come to look after you."

Said another officer:

"I picture my men as always hanging to my coat tails. Whenever I take a peep over the trench, whenever I do anything dangerous, they say: 'But, my captain, if you should get killed which of us would know enough to lead?'"

Faces Made to Order

I met last week a lieutenant of a Breton regiment, now "re-formed" from army service. His face, as you see it first, seems merely a little peculiar; there is an indentation somewhat too deep under the chin, and there are one or two small scars, now fading away. It is hard to believe, however, that inside of his chin there is no lower set of teeth at all—the dental surgeons will get round to that item later. "I'm not the man I was," he remarked with his French *blague*. "You see, when the surgeons began by moving my chin from under my left ear to its proper position, they asked the family for a photograph to see how I should look. The family made a mistake and sent them my brother's photograph. He favors mother's side of the family, and I used to favor father's!"

He was hit in a bloody attack during the German retreat to the Aisne—shot four times through the head. In those days of horrors unrecordable, the medical corps worked short-handed. Often they had to leave behind the men who seemed to have no chance, that they might get out the others. They looked over this lieutenant. He remembers—for he kept consciousness, though he could neither move nor speak—that they said "no chance" and went away. However, a stray litter-bearer informed his Bretons that the lieutenant was "out there," a hopeless case, and that they had been ordered to leave him. Under rifle and machine-gun fire a squad of the Bretons made a rush and got him. Being simple-minded men, these Breton peasants, they were afraid that they had disobeyed orders; and so they hid him under a pile of blankets. Just then the command came to march—the general was shifting that brigade. The Breton company found a wheelbarrow, dumped the lieutenant into it, covered him with trappings, and told the officers some lie to account for this strange bit of transport material. All night they took turns at rolling the wheelbarrow at the foot of the column. Next morning they attacked. Before going into action they took him out and propped him against a tree so that he might have air. The attack over, they loaded him into an empty space in a baggage wagon. Just then a high regimental officer came along, looking for baggage space, and insisted upon inspecting that wagon. They tried by tact to prevent him. Their guilty looks made him suspicious, and he tore off the covers.

"You see," stammered the Bretons, "it is our lieutenant. We—we didn't want to leave him behind." He went straight to the hospital, of course, and here he is now in Paris, eating soft food every day in his favorite cafés.

On the other hand, the better kind of French officer has toward his privates and noncoms the attitude of the dying Sir Philip Sidney: "Thy need is greater than mine!" A young Irishwoman of Paris used, during the early, confused period, to feed the wounded as the hospital trains rolled through Paris. Often these men had not eaten for a day.

"The officers," she says, "no matter how badly wounded, used to say 'My men first.' The trains only made a short stop, so that generally the officers got nothing at all."

Men First in France

An American ambulancier remembers that on his first day under the guns of Flanders he started to carry out a squad of wounded. His instructions were to move the more heavily injured first. He looked over the *blessés*, and determined that a captain with a pair of crushed legs needed immediate attention. The American and his mate picked him up. He began to pour out a flood of French. The Americans, not understanding the language at all, thought he was merely delirious, and started to load him into the ambulance. Suddenly the officer drew his sword, thrust its point against the wall of the ambulance and, pushing with all his strength, kept himself from being lifted. Then a Frenchman ran up and explained. The captain refused positively to be taken to the hospital before his men. He would run his sword through his own body first, he said. I heard that story early in the war, and it struck me then as remarkable; but instances of the kind have become commonplaces to me now, so many do I know.

By contrast, another American ambulance man remembers a case where he had to transport a lot of German prisoners. He loaded aboard a private, badly wounded. The next case in line was a Prussian officer; this man rose up on his stretcher and said in English:

"I will not go in there with privates; and if so, I should have attention first. I am an officer and a baron."

"I told him," adds the American, "that I was a first-class private and an American citizen, and just for that he'd go on the top shelf!"

In fact, testimony from those lively young American boys, the members of the American Ambulance Section, may be pertinent just now. They have been going through hell of late to get out the wreckage of war from Verdun; three of them have just come down wounded. They are exactly the kind of men who will form the first line of our volunteer army in case of war. And pretty generally they prefer working with the French officers. Not that the French officer coddles them. On the contrary, he gets the work done; they have responded to his treatment. A captain of chasseurs at the front told me the other day that an American section would perform in a pinch two or three times as much work as any other section he ever saw.

"It's this way," said one of these boys, who is doing his second term of enlistment. "A British officer is a good fellow usually. But to us ambulance men—mere privates—he speaks in the tone he uses toward servants. The British may like it; we don't. The French officer just looks you in the eye and talks to you man to man. Once, I remember, we were taking the wounded out of the Champagne. We'd been working for seventy-two hours with only snatches of sleep. We were getting to the point where, when we'd try to park the machines, we'd run into one another. Just then a French officer came along. '*Messieurs*,' he said, 'I almost feel I have no right to ask any more of you, you have worked so long and so bravely. But what can I do? Our wounded will die if they don't get to the hospitals.' Well, we'd have gone to hell for him, and we told him so. We braced up and worked twenty-four hours more!"

It suits the French. The same system, with modifications to fit the national character, would suit us.

The more I see of the French Army, indeed, the more I am reminded of old cattle days in the West. The life of the cowboy involved danger and hardship, bravely borne. There had to be in a cow camp, as in any other working association of men, a system of discipline. The officer was the foreman. He held his job, usually, because he had technic, courage and leadership. If he failed in those qualities he did not last long. The cowboys obeyed him because they recognized his abilities. He put on no airs over his men. He was leader among them, but also one of them. Your ideal ranch foreman was nearly equivalent to the ideal officer under the French system.

Or again, it resembles in its social common sense one of our great and well-directed business concerns. The personnel of such a business comprises many men of many kinds. The heads of departments are picked because they know the job best, they have gone forward through ability. If these heads of departments do not associate a great deal, out of office hours, with subordinates, it is only because they have more in common with other heads of departments. Nothing in the nature or custom of the business prevents them from inviting a subordinate to dinner now and then. Some of them do this very thing by policy—just like the wounded brigadier general, who said the other day in Paris:

"I never dine at the front without having one of my *poilus* at my table!"

I drew this comparison the other day in presence of an eminent Frenchman. He answered a little impatiently:

"Ah, but war isn't a business! It is something nobler. We are dealing with life and death and our country!"

Which is true; the nobility raised up for a time in the individual being the factor which makes the lie of war a half truth. Unlike a commercial organization, an army must prepare men not only to work intelligently but to die willingly. The force producing this final effect in the French Army is the spirit of cordial affection between the officers and the men, which is linked, somehow, to their common, burning love of country.

To sum up the whole matter: It is no accident that the terminology of etiquette is nearly all French. They, more than any other people, understand the art of personal contacts. They know, best of all races, how human beings should behave toward each other. They have made of this understanding a military force.

All this gives the reason why the French Army can meet the better prepared, better backed German Army on equal terms. In willingness to die, a great end of army discipline, the autocratic German and the democratic Frenchman stand about on a par. In other ways the advantage is with the French. In a conscript army are all kinds of men. Not every intelligent private among them can be made an officer. Young fellows who, if their lives be spared, will create the artistic, scientific and political world of the next generation, are serving in the French, German and British ranks. In the German Army this exceptional private can use his brains so far, and only so far. The Frenchman of this class, allowed greater play for his intelligence, can use them very far, if he wishes. If any private in the French Army has a useful suggestion, almost any officer in the French Army is willing to listen.

A German private who would step up before action, salute and say, "Pardon me, captain, but hadn't you better look out for this point?" would be knocked down on the spot. But such a suggestion has often saved French companies and, if a story I have heard be true, has at least once prevented a brigade from making an unsound movement. Indeed, the German private is in no position to conceive suggestions. He knows only dimly what his company, his regiment or his brigade is doing. The French soldier usually knows exactly. The full strategy of an impending movement is passed down the ranks until the plain *poilu* understands all of it that he is capable of understanding. So, in the unexpected emergency he knows how to act, as the German often does not. The French Army may have on the average no more intelligence than the German, but by its system it releases more of that intelligence for use.

Europe, even the Allied side of Europe, numbers many people who distrust democracy. The question is by no means settled in the public mind. "The rottenest absolute monarchy that ever existed is better than the best republic," I heard a reactionary say the other day. And before the war certain more moderate royalists, while agreeing that democracy worked best in time of peace, said that it could not exist for long because autocracy would always beat it in time of war. The French have refuted that theory. Democracy, handled intelligently by an intelligent people, has proved the better way. This is not the least among their triumphs.

Sense and Nonsense

Dark o' Dreams

THOUGH light dissevers and divides,
And distance and the deep,
The darkness smiles at heartless miles
Across the Sea of Sleep:
The world that is cannot be ours,
But ours the world that seems;
And daylight strangers meet as friends
Deep in the Dark o' Dreams.

If we that die upon the earth
Are born upon a star
And drawn to suns we never saw
From shades crepuscular,
I fear not death, because it leads
From darkness and despair
To light and union—well I know
That you will meet me there.

And if we sleep—and only sleep,
Nor any waking know,
While through the endless silences
Unending aeons go,
I fear not death that does for us
What life has failed to do:
Oh, I can never dread the sleep
That must bring dreams of you!

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*

A Dress Rehearsal

AT A BALL given by one of the Tammany district organizations in downtown New York a sub-leader appeared wearing a full dress complete from the high collar and the swallow-tailed coat to the glistening patent-leather pumps and the white kid gloves. Looking slightly self-conscious, and evidently governed by a desire to avoid straining the costume at any point, he remained modestly in the background.

A prominent politician presently stumbled into him.

"Why, Tim," he said, "I didn't know you in the glad rags. Old man, you look great in those clothes."

"On the level?" inquired the resplendent one.

"On the level."

The object of the compliment heaved a sigh of gladness.

"Then durned if I don't buy 'em," he said.

Safety First

GEORGE ADE says that a friend of his in Bridgeport, Connecticut, had a colored boy working for him as janitor. One morning the darky announced that he was about to quit.

"I laks you, Mistah Blank," he explained to Ade's friend, "and I ain't got no fault to find wid dis heah job. But dey tells me dat over heah at dese munitions works dey's payin' fo' dollahs a day. And I 'lows to git some of dat easy money."

Being paid off, he departed. Two days later he came back and applied for his former place.

"Didn't you care for the new job?" asked Mr. Blank.

"I quit befo I got dat far," stated the negro. "Yistiddy mornin' I goes over to dem munitions works and I tells de man in de little office at de gate in de big high wall outside dat I'se done come to get one of dem fo'-dollah-a-day jobs of his'n. He says 'all right,' and den he gits out a book and he axes me whut is my name? I tells him whut is my name; and den he say: 'Whar do you want de remains sent?' And I look him in de eye and I say: 'Boss, don't you pester yo'se'f 'bout de remains, 'ca'se I'se gwine take 'em with me right now.'"

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
TRADE MARK

The safe and sane dentifrice that helps so much toward GOOD TEETH—GOOD HEALTH

Colgate's cleans thoroughly without grit, safely without over-medication, has a delicious flavor and is both economical and convenient to use.

Trial size sent for 4 cents in stamps

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, 199 Fulton St.
New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined
New size 10c a cake

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

When you buy a Pro-phy-lac-tic you enjoy the satisfaction of getting the World's Standard Tooth Brush

Every time you use a Pro-phy-lac-tic you enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that no other tooth brush so perfectly cleans the *backs* of your teeth and *in-between*—no other tooth brush has so many exclusive *original* features

And there's still further satisfaction in knowing that if at any time a Pro-phy-lac-tic is in any way defective a new one is free

Isn't the preservation of your teeth a big reward for the small effort of asking for the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush and insisting upon getting it?

Made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes; rigid, flexible and De Luxe (transparent) handles

Always sold in the Yellow Box

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.
Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keep-clean Toilet Brushes

Brush your Teeth Up and Down
The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth
Not This Way
The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces
Pro-phy-lac-tic

SAX

Strength-Econ

Consider—for a
pledge the Saxon M
pany makes to Sax
summed up in three
Economy—Service."

STRENGTH means more than
load—it means
nitely under all conditions. It mean

ECONOMY in first cost and last
methods, the ablest engi
combined to bring the first cost
limit. The quality that is put int
the daily cost will be held at

SERVICE means day i
ability to
means square dealin
of the Saxon Co
every dealer in
ization. Tod
40,000 Saxo
making
these pled
words

Saxon "Six" owners vouch for Saxon "Six" superiority

AWAY out in picturesque Idaho the roads run up and down, but seldom on the level. It is a fit state to test fully the abilities of a motor car. So all the more honor should be accorded Saxon "Six" for the praise it has won from Idaho owners.

Not so long ago C W. Holt, of Hagerman, with four friends in his Saxon "Six" started for a claim he wished to inspect up in the mountains. The sun was beating down fiercely upon them when they entered the foothills, but inside of an hour or so they were up above the clouds and the temperature registered thirty above. Yet he says he could distinguish no difference in the performance of the motor.

Over rough-rutted roads it reeled off mile after mile smoothly, silently and steadily. In an interesting letter descriptive of his trip Mr. Holt says: "I covered 121 miles; used 7 gallons of gasoline; and during the run mounted one grade of 271 feet rise in half a mile. It has the best power plant of any car I've ever driven. Around here we swear by Saxon 'Six'."

IT is characteristic of Westerners to be enthusiastic over things they like. Yet almost anyone would agree that F. B. Putnam's Saxon "Six" fairly earned the commendations he showered upon it at the conclusion of 7000 miles of service.

Mr. Putnam, who lives in Butte, Nebraska, bought his Saxon "Six" last October and since then has driven in the worst kinds of weather; over deep gullied, winter-roughened Nebraska country roads, and says, "I am more than satisfied with the service Saxon 'Six' has given me." Furthermore in his letter Mr. Putnam states, "I have yet to find a road traveled by any car, of any size or weight, that I cannot drive my Saxon 'Six' over, and I know of no car anywhere near its weight that rides easier or uses less gasoline and oil."

DOWN in the Lone Star state, where the East is farther from the West than in any other state, where there are vast sunbaked plains to be traveled, treeless hills to climb, and deep canyons to pass through, more and more Saxon "Sixes" are going into service.

Their rugged strength, powerful motor, and ability to take road punishment without weakening have won the complete admiration of Texans.

C. D. Monrose, of Rosebud, is one who bases his belief in Saxon "Six" superiority upon first-hand knowledge of its remarkable abilities. Mr. Monrose said in a recent letter: "Never have I known such an absolutely satisfactory car as Saxon 'Six.' Its engine is a marvel. My grand average the past six months has been 24.5 miles per gallon of gasoline and 212.5 miles to the quart of oil.

"And during the entire time I have owned Saxon 'Six' I have never had a bit of mechanical trouble. As long as I keep it supplied with oil, gasoline, and water Saxon 'Six' does the rest. Count me as a Saxon 'Six' Booster."

FROM South Dakota comes another story of the superlative character of Saxon "Six" performance under every condition of road and weather. H. B. Hamilton, of Tulare, sums up his opinion of Saxon "Six" thus: "My Saxon 'Six' purchased last October has given me splendid satisfaction. As long as I drive a car it will be a Saxon." His speedometer records over 2000 miles and most of the mileage was made during the blizzards for which Dakota winters are noted. One interesting incident which reveals the power and strength of Saxon "Six" occurred last threshing season when Mr. Hamilton with six other men in his Saxon "Six" pulled up a steep grade through a rough stubble field "on high" and could not detect the slightest knock in the motor. He thinks the Saxon "Six" motor is matchless for power, smoothness, quietness, ability to cool, acceleration and economy.

SAXON MOTOR CAR

THE SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION

XON

omy-Service

ıoment—the
otor Car Com-
ı owners. It is
rds—"Strength—

he ability to carry a certain
he ability to carry it indefi-
ı endurance.

:ost. The latest manufacturing
ıeering skill and big output are
f Saxon cars to the lowest
› them makes certain that
the minimum.

and day out avail-
the owner. It
on the part
mpany and
its organ-
ay over
ıs are
ood
.e

Personal experiences of owners are best endorsements of Saxon Roadster

WHEN a man says he cannot refrain from writing and telling of the great service and very low upkeep of his car it is evident that he is thoroughly satisfied.

George W. Cook, of Potsdam, New York, is the man, and his car is a Saxon Roadster.

He tells of a trip he took recently through Pennsylvania that convinced him of the wonderful ability of the Saxon Roadster. The run lasted five days and covered 1100 miles on 37 gallons of gasoline, and five quarts of oil.

The major part of the way was over roads hub deep in mud and up steep hills. Further than proving its economy, Saxon Roadster demonstrated its strength and stamina, for Mr. Cook states that he did not have a single case of mechanical trouble. Invariably when Saxon Roadster has been forced to meet adverse conditions, it has shown a really amazing appetite for road punishment.

FROM the Empire State to Muscoda, Wisconsin, is a far cry. But here, too, the Saxon Roadster has established itself in the hearts of owners. E. E. Ostrander purchased his Saxon in Milwaukee and decided to drive home. When he reached Lone Rock, he found the main road closed for repairs, and was forced over to a trail through the Wisconsin River bottoms where the going was through mud up to the axles. Mr. Ostrander said that any car but the sturdy, powerful Saxon Roadster would have been stuck. But he pulled through as if the mud was so much water, although he had no chains on the wheels, and completed the 165 miles without a bit of trouble, and used only a scant 4½ gallons of gasoline. In ending his letter Mr. Ostrander said he simply could not find strong enough words to express his satisfaction with Saxon Roadster.

OWNERS of Saxon Roadsters in the smaller towns and country districts are not any more enthusiastic than those in the metropolitan centers.

Frank Stawley, of New York City, has driven his Saxon Roadster 20,000 miles in the past ten months and he says his only upkeep cost has been to purchase tires. In his letter he said his satisfaction was so great that he felt he ought to express his appreciation to the company building such a fine car.

One trip he took a short time ago was for a distance of 177 miles, and he reports a total consumption of 5 gallons of gasolme and one quart of oil. He *wrote*, "I remain, a Saxon 'Booster'."

When you examine Saxon Roadster note such features as Timken axles and Hyatt Quiet bearings, dry plate clutch such as is used on $2,000 cars, and long vanadium steel springs of the cantilever type. And observe that Saxon Roadster is the only roadster under $400 with a three-speed transmission.

THE assistant superintendent of a Carnegie Steel Company branch, J. G. Cooper, owns a Saxon Roadster which he has driven steadily for seven months and never placed the car under a roof, yet it has performed perfectly. He has covered over 5000 miles and states that he has not paid out one cent for repairs which could be blamed on the car. On one occasion late last winter he drove in less than an hour from Faro, Pennsylvania, to Youngstown, a distance of 14 miles, through a driving rain and with the temperature hovering around freezing point.

A feature of Saxon Roadster that wins all owners is its clean, simply-designed high-speed motor. It has been developed and refined to an unusual degree in power, smoothness, flexibility and ability to cool.

Considered from the standpoint of feature attractions no other roadster of like price can compare to Saxon Roadster. The body is of a beautiful stream-line design with finish of lasting lustre. The seat is 40 inches wide and the leg length is more than common. The upholstery is deep and comfortable. It has a honeycomb radiator; ventilating windshield; signal lamps at side; adjustable pedals; and fifteen additional refinements.

(492)

XON
my-Service

CORPORATION, DETROIT

DOES NOT ANNOUNCE YEARLY MODELS

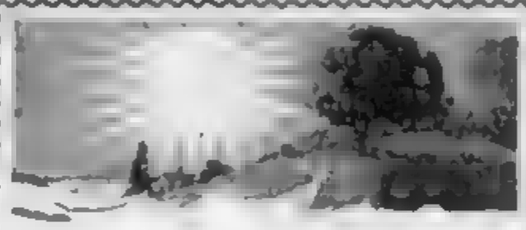
VITALIC TIRES
(For Bicycles)

Harold N. Baker, of the Boston Y. M. C. A., rode his bicycle from Boston to San Francisco on one pair of Vitalics. Dr. L. S. Cate, Florence, California, rode a Vitalic over ten thousand miles without a puncture. Harry A. Cornelius, Peoria, Illinois, rode fourteen months on a Vitalic in special delivery service without even wearing down the tread.

These are just three specific instances of how Vitalic tires ALWAYS wear. *Invariably* they outlast ordinary tires *more than two to one.*

Write for folder "Twenty-five Years' Proof of Vitalic Tire Supremacy"

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
1904 Liberty St.
Erie, Pa.



Sunny Days
Start with Bran

Pettijohn's is a breakfast dainty. But, more than that, it is good-cheer food.

It is 25 per cent bran—flaked bran—Nature's laxative. All hidden in luscious wheat flakes.

Folks who try it for a week don't quit.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat With Bran Flakes

At grocers'—15c per package.

Also Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. 25c per package.

The Quaker Oats Company
Chicago (1359)

Ballard's Bran

At your Grocer's. If he does not have it send us his name and address with 35c (West of Denver 40c) in stamps for four packages.

BALLARD & BALLARD CO.
Louisville, Ky

AGENTS WANTED in every city to represent The Theatre Magazine. Splendid money-making opportunity for young men and women who can furnish unquestioned references. No money required. Address: THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th Street, New York

We Will Buy Your Spare Time
Let us tell you about our money making plan for men and women. Agency Division, Box 548, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

THIS IS THE LIFE

(Continued from Page 11)

prologue to the ball, the latter was reduced to a mere epilogue of the former. It was a characteristic stroke of the great playmaker's genius.

I must not forget to speak of the letters which invariably followed in the wake of one of Mrs. Cuttle's great Newport balls. As soon as people in Grand Rapids and St. Augustine and Los Angeles read the inflamed accounts of one of these princely festivals, they woke up to a new possibility of revenue. "If you can afford to spend half a million dollars on one evening's entertainment, why can't you spare a little bit for our new piano or the baby's perambulator or Mary's musical instruction in Dresden?" That is the attitude of all of those hundreds of letters which flood the social secretary of a great society hostess.

Most of these requests were, of course, ungratified. Now and then, however, Mrs. Cuttle was moved to respond. One such instance was the purchase of some lace sent her by an invalid in the South.

"Make her out a check for twenty-five dollars," commanded she when she heard this letter. "Of course, Mrs. Pembie," she added ruefully, "you know I have no more use for those lace things than I have for a toy Noah's ark. Heavens! To think anybody should think I was rich!"

One appeal stands out like a reef from all the sea of such correspondence. It came just after the Watteau ball and it read as follows:

My dear Mrs. Cuttle: If you have all that money to spend on champagne and nymphs and fancy-dress costumes, I should like you to send me a seven-passenger automobile. I shouldn't so much care for myself, but my parents are old and they've never even been inside an automobile. Perhaps you could send us one of your last year's cars.

P. S. I am particularly anxious for a seven-passenger automobile because we want to take our friends.

Mrs. Cuttle chuckled over this letter. Its sweeping and confident tone pleased her much more than the justifiable requests of many others.

"I just wish I could send that girl an automobile," she said to me. "If I had any money now I certainly should do it. Seven-passenger, if you please! Now there's something in that girl. She's got spirit. Most of these people would have asked for a runabout and then said they wanted it because grandma had the gout and couldn't get to church."

Mrs. Cuttle was a lichen fastened tight to the rocks of New York and Newport. Very seldom did she go abroad, and only once did she plant those entertainments of hers in the sandy soil of an alien spot. This one exception was the occasion of a month's stay in Washington.

Home Sweet Home by Ten o'Clock

In the national capital we rented a large house. From this base our campaign started with an enormous official reception to which came more than eight hundred of the one thousand invited guests. This was followed up by a brilliant series of dinners and receptions distinguished one and all by a trait which had been steadily growing in Mrs. Cuttle's character ever since I first came to her. This was her anxiety to get through with these plays which she so thoroughly delighted to plan.

For instance, it was only ten o'clock in the evening of her first big dinner when, drawing me aside, she said: "Tell the orchestra to play Home, Sweet Home. I've had enough of these people."

"But," I remonstrated, "you can't do that. Remember, this is not Newport and New York. Everybody is watching you here. Everybody is going to criticize you."

With great reluctance she extended the time limit to half-past ten. On another occasion, however, she was not so lenient. This time her impatience got the better of her in the face of a dogged appetite.

The appetite belonged to her guest of honor, the man who was destined within the year to high office. This gentleman had been brought up in the tradition that a dinner was something that you eat. Consequently when Mrs. Cuttle threw the fish on the film he acted just as though it were not a motion-picture dinner. When two minutes later Mrs. Cuttle signed impatiently for the footmen to remove the course this guest of honor was still attacking his whitebait with an unhurried fork.

Mrs. Cuttle looked at him and fumed. At last, becoming conscious of her scrutiny, he glanced up.

"Oh, you're not going to take it away from me yet," pleaded he. "Give me just one minute more."

The hostess tapped her foot nervously. "Very well then," said she, "I'll give you just one minute."

Quite unruffled by this ultimatum, the statesman proceeded with the whitebait. At last Mrs. Cuttle could stand it no longer.

"Oh," said she, "it's no wonder you are so fat!"

The great man threw back his head and laughed his jolliest laugh. It was his favorite story for many weeks to come. He, like many another, found a very refreshing quality in Mrs. Cuttle's unmasked emotions.

Mrs. Cuttle was now a woman in middle life. Her hair was still dark; her figure, through the morning walk which she invariably took, had kept its broad, strong-muscled lines, and the daily ministrations of the masseuse had held the skin of her face smooth and tight as a grape. Yet you could not say that the great society leader looked young.

Growing Old in Society

Mrs. Cuttle had lived among dinners and house parties and balls. And now both body and face seemed to have hardened with the swift iciness of the life. Only the eyes, straining out from the forced smoothness of the cheeks, seemed to look fearfully at some far point.

Where was she peering? The answer was easy. It was there in that grove of old society dames who, exiled from the more youthful amusements, fumble with the whist cards at a table by themselves, and manage to keep alive by those crumbs of gossip which fall from the platters of those still young enough to be gossiped about. This is the end of every society woman's desire, and Mrs. Cuttle began to feel the way darken about her.

The fact that she was growing old was brought home to her in various ways. One day Undine Plutenberg, meeting her at the Casino at Newport, said from under her half-closed lids: "I suppose you're going to Mrs. Skiley Lark's luncheon next week?" The Lark, by the way, was now happily nested.

The great society leader looked stunned. She had not even heard of Mrs. Lark's luncheon—she who used to whip up the cream of Newport to a rigid thickness of gayety.

"Why, no," she stammered at length, "I didn't know she was giving one."

At that moment who would not have felt sorry for Mrs. Cuttle? It was the first letter of the writing on the wall—the writing which said: "Mrs. Cuttle, you belong to the older set."

The next week Mrs. Skiley Lark called upon Mrs. Cuttle and asked her to a luncheon for the following Thursday.

"Just a few of mother's friends," explained the young hostess blithely.

This was too much. It was like rubbing an open wound with a Turkish towel.

"Mother's friends—ugh!" shivered Mrs. Cuttle. "If there's just one thing I don't want to be it's a 'mother's friend.' And next it will be grandmother's. Heavens, how I hate the thought of growing old, Mrs. Pemberton. I can just see myself with three plumes nodding from my head, like old Madame Schlafknabe's, and with three chins trickling down. Won't it be dreadful; to sit around and play bridge and turn your good ear and quaver: 'Did you make it spades?' Spades! It will be all spades—just one long round of spades. Not a heart or a diamond to cheer you up."

There could be no doubt about it either. In these days Mrs. Cuttle was being set aside. To be sure, her Newport season was as brilliant as ever. She still gave the same great pageants and she was of course always included in everybody's big affairs. Yet one after another of the young groups dropped Mrs. Cuttle from the more intimate festivities.

"Nowadays," said Mrs. Cuttle to me one day, "when a young man is introduced to me he looks scared as a boy when he meets his arithmetic teacher. It's a sure sign, Mrs. Pemberton when a young man measures the distance to the door as he is being introduced."

Meanwhile, what had become of Mrs. Cuttle's set, the brilliant group which I had first found assembled amid the dusky red hangings of the country house by the Hudson? As a general rule, these were drifting along with Mrs. Cuttle to the inevitable place by the pantry door of life. Miss Juanita Douglas was still of ambiguous age and definite social purpose. Mr. Jules Cambartin always continued at the height of his career as professional bachelor. The Armington Squibbs lapsed gently into grandparenthood.

As for Miss Veronica Grey, she married young Stephen Faircope in the autumn following the Watteau ball. Her mother and all her set mourned the wayward fancy which would depart from debt-racked English acres to settle on an obscure young architect. Yet the marriage was by no means a social failure. Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey saw to that. This noted society matron had, in fact, that tepidity of manner which always indicates a will stronger than the highest ideals and firmest resolves of other people. Her daughter had not married a desirable young man. Very well then! The only course open to a society matron was to make him desirable. And Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey did it.

Through her influence, Mr. Stephen Faircope became a fashionable and highly paid architect. His investments were all prosperous, and as a result Miss Veronica never lost her place in society.

The two of them came often to Mrs. Cuttle's place on the Hudson, and once ten years afterward I had a long talk with Stephen Faircope. By this time the powerful swinging figure had grown much stouter. Even golf at the most fashionable country club in New York had not been able to keep down certain encroachments on his latter waistcoat buttons. His blue eyes had lost, I thought, something of the old fearlessness. In its place there had crept an unmistakable look—the nervous desire to get out of one place into another.

These eyes met mine rather sadly as he sat that day in my little gold sitting room at The Torrents.

Obeying the Voice of Neptune

"Strange," said he abruptly, "I was thinking to-day of what I had told you that night of the Watteau ball—that Veronica was a mermaid and that I was the pebbly shore. I thought then, you see, that she was coming to my element out of her element. Heavens, what conceit! It doesn't work that way. What chance has the pebbly shore got against the mighty ocean—the great big hungry ocean that doubles its white fists over the stones and throws them out a thousand miles?"

He picked up a paper cutter from the desk—strange to say, it happened to be a figure of Neptune—and ran his square white fingers over the edge.

"Ah yes, the god of the sea!" mused he with a rueful smile. "He's got me, Mrs. Pemberton, hard and fast. I'm pulled far out, and every day I get a new little layer of brine—that's the standards of Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey settling down on me, flake by flake, just as they have for years on Veronica. Now, I'm—well, I'm pickled," cried he, rising and walking up and down the room. "Look at me," said he, stopping suddenly in front of me, "I'm a successful man, Mrs. Pemberton. I build lovely things—for even the salt deposit has not yet eaten into my love of my work. But I'm always thinking of the money that I'm going to get for them. And meanwhile my poor little tightened-up heart is asking for such prizes, is torn by such regrets! I feel a twinge of pain if Mrs. Sudbroke Brown does not include us in one of her yachting trips. I have my eye fixed on a third motor. I scramble with all my might to seem as stupid as Mr. Eustace Staringarter really is. I get into a panic if Veronica doesn't have as many and as beautiful gowns as Mrs. Skiley Lark. I'm just ——"

At this moment he saw the figure of his wife standing out in the grounds patiently listening to Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle's loving description of a new tree. The tenderest light came into his eyes, a light that made

me think of the gallant boy whom I had met years ago.

"She's worth it," he said. "I wouldn't have had it any other way." He got up abruptly and walked away. At the door he stopped and looked back at me. "Only," said he solemnly, "I didn't save her, Mrs. Pemberton. I just got to be her fellow captive."

"Stephen," called Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey from the library. "Stephen, come here."

"The voice of Neptune," said the man. "She's reminding me that the Silvers are here, and that they're going to build a new town house and I'd better hang round."

But though Miss Veronica Grey stayed, there were others more deciduous. Mrs. Norman Digly—pretty little Mrs. Digly—withdrew more and more from the set in order to peck at new creeds and old religions. As for Mrs. Stephen Harcourt, the end of this coquettish beauty was swift and dramatic.

One day at The Torrents that polite and meager man who was Mrs. Harcourt's husband walked into the reception room late after luncheon. There was a pathetic look in the pale eyes, his scarf was awry and his hat had been old several seasons ago.

Seeing this straw hat lying on the marble Renaissance table of the reception hall, I said to Parrins: "Whose hat is that?" I really thought it belonged to our useful man.

"Why, that's Mr. Harcourt's, madam," said Parrins, and his eyes met mine in sorrowful recognition of a fact.

The fact was the divorce proceedings which Mrs. Harcourt instituted several weeks afterward. In the face of all objections she married a man whose income wasn't one quarter Mr. Harcourt's. And Mrs. Cuttle never forgave her.

Time and again after that the former intimate called up the house and tried to speak with Mrs. Cuttle. All in vain. I, who had firm instructions from the great leader, always parried the request.

"She's out" or "Sorry, but she's in her bath now" were my invariable responses, and in reply the former Mrs. Harcourt would say: "It's all right, Mrs. Pemberton. I understand what that means."

Mrs. Cuttle frequently talked over the affair with me. "It was abominable the way she treated Steve Harcourt—nice chap as ever breathed," she used to say. "It isn't that she's poor now—that doesn't make any difference."

Well, perhaps this was true in Mrs. Cuttle's case, for beneath all her eccentricities was a rock-ribbed fidelity to her friends. But as to the others in society who banished Mrs. Harcourt, there was always a little imp of doubt grinning behind the curtain of virtuous condemnation. If she had married ten millions, would she now be sitting alone on the veranda of her little country home? It is a question that may be answered only by those authorities familiar with the controlling emotions of the fashionable world.

Moses Supplants Popocatepetl

As to Popocatepetl, the small Mexican spaniel who followed out the lines of his national destiny by being always a center of alarm and uneasiness, he died of a fashionable dog malady, and his place was filled by Moses, a tiny skein of white wool with eyes like little pink grapes. Moses was not afraid of Mrs. Cuttle. Every day when she was expected back from her walk he would run and curl himself up in the rug between the two lordly footmen and wait there for her coming. As a result, Mrs. Cuttle loved Moses.

All this time Mrs. Cuttle realized dimly that she was growing old. Yet it was not until one day at the Newport Casino that something changed her whole attitude. After that it was with her as it was with Chesterfield when the great arbiter of fashion wrote from his exile: "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we do not want it known."

On this day Mrs. Cuttle entered the familiar pavilion with her usual firm tread. Her oaklike figure now as always made her seem very much taller than she really was. To-day more than ever she gave you that sense of having invaded the room. Even so, there was something different about her.

Mr. Eustace Staringarter, the center of a group which ruffled at her coming, saw the something.

"Hm," said he, "the old lady's breaking," and his voice reached the ears of Mrs. Cuttle.

Old lady! Breaking! The words seared Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle. That night at her big dinner the diamonds seemed to weigh heavily upon her, and she ordered the orchestra to play its farewell strains long before the most of her guests found the thought of home sweet or even palatable.

Left alone in her drawing-room Mrs. Cuttle sat down wearily on one of the little white-fluted chairs. A copy of The Gadfly lay on the table near by and she listlessly turned its pages.

"Anything in about us?" I asked.

"No, nothing," said she.

Even The Gadfly had failed of late to honor us with its usual sting—an ominous sign indeed!

She fixed her eyes on the open window.

"What is it, Mrs. Pemberton?" said she suddenly.

"What is what?" asked I.

"Why, this us," said she dreamily, "this thing that goes about with us, that makes us know we're ourselves and not somebody else?"

Mrs. Cutting groping among the tangled skeins of existence for the secret of the individual soul, Mrs. Cuttle echoing here on her velvet carpet above the upturned pages of The Gadfly the poignant cry of every poet and philosopher—this picture will always be to me the most impressive in all society's long gallery.

The Dimming of a Social Light

Ever since I had been with her, Mrs. Cuttle had been in the habit of giving a great Christmas celebration for the families of the men employed on her husband's country estate. The beginning of November we found out from the superintendent the names and ages of the children of all the workmen. Then in the neighboring town we bought for each child a suit, a book and a toy. For weeks Mrs. Cuttle and I were busy selecting gifts and wrapping up the parcels which on Christmas Day were placed beneath an enormous tree in the center of the coach-house. Here under the eyes of Mrs. Cuttle and her friends the hundred or more small beneficiaries, many of whom had trudged miles over the mountains to claim their rich store of holiday bounty, enjoyed their Christmas cheer.

Into these preparations Mrs. Cuttle always put the same abounding energy which she devoted to her great entertainments—a fact proving that it was not destination but motion which Mrs. Cuttle sought, and that in any domain of life she would have risen to eminence. Now in later years, however, it seemed to me that she gave to this work a more vitalizing sympathy with the objects.

Her later years swept her, too, toward a greater interest in the church. One Sunday morning, however, found her rebellious.

"I don't see why I should go to church," said she, sitting in the living room of her house at The Torrents. "I have nothing to be thankful for."

"Oh, don't say that, Sadie," spoke the big man from the chair. "I feel that I have a great deal to be thankful for."

"What?" asked his wife petulantly.

"Well, for one thing," replied he, "I have you, and I feel that I have you more than for many years."

And this was so.

True, Mrs. Cuttle continued to be known for her magnificent entertainments. But one felt that in these was reflected the attitude of the great English dandy whom I have quoted, and that though "dead" she "did not want it known." She went on with the old life merely because she knew no other channels into which she might direct that restless vitality. The constant spinning was mechanical—a mere reminiscence of the impulse which had set her into motion.

My experience in the great household tapers into one sharp flame of memory. We are alone in the country place on the Hudson, and evening after evening Mr. and Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle sit opposite each other at the cribbage table. The two great fires burn cozily amid the heavy folds of the crimson draperies. And every now and then the little white dog on Mrs. Cuttle's lap opens his eyes to assure himself that she is there.

"Your play," says Mrs. Cuttle.

It is thus I like to remember the great society leader—a child who, tired out from her play, has come back home to rest.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles giving the autobiography of a social secretary

EMPIRE

TOURABOUT $1145

6 CYLINDER —— 4 PASSENGER

TO find a roadster to compare with this Superior EMPIRE Four-passenger Tourabout you must look to cars several hundred dollars higher in price. We doubt if in any car at any price you will find a roadster with such roominess—we know there is none more attractive in appearance.

The individual front seats, with wide aisleway between for easy entrance to rear compartment, and the extreme width of the rear seat to accommodate two passengers with real comfort, are points that merit your consideration. Dust-proof compartment at rear gives luggage-carrying facilities you will appreciate in general touring.

The chassis is the sturdy EMPIRE six, with Continental motor. This Model is now being shown by the EMPIRE dealer in your territory.

4 Cylinder Touring Car . $ 960.00
6 Cylinder Touring Car . 1125.00

Empire Automobile Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Comfort You've Always Longed for!

At a Price That's Easy To Pay!

YOU'VE always wanted a great big luxurious easy chair—one that you could read, rest or "snooze" in—one that relaxed and rejuvenated your tired body and nerves—one that supported your limbs—one that allowed you to recline at any angle—in short, you've **always wanted a Royal!**

Now is your chance to buy one at a liberal price saving!

Just clip out the coupon, take it to your local dealer; and it helps you to save $8.00 on either of the remarkable chairs illustrated. A special offer we now make to further introduce the famous

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

—Known as the "World's Easiest Easy Chairs." A finger pressure on the patented Push Button **as you sit in the chair,** instantly adjusts the back to any desired angle and locks it there until you again "push the button."

The Leg Rest forms a comfortable support for the limbs and is out of sight when not in use. Every part simple, silent—guaranteed trouble-proof. Artistic, stylish, durable. Hundreds of handsome styles. All prices.

Coupon Good for $1.00

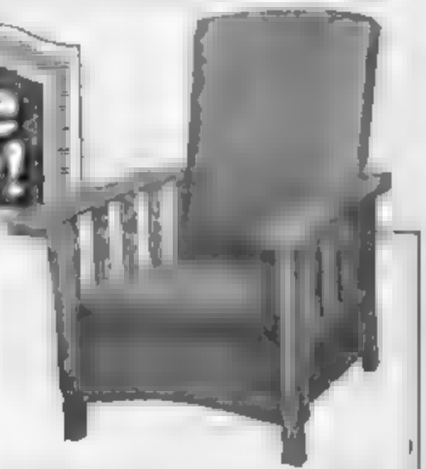
Your dealer will accept coupon as $1.00 applying it as such on the price of either of the SPECIALS which have been reduced $7.00 for this Offer. Total saving $8.00

Send for FREE Book

—describing attractive line of Royal Easy Chairs including the SPECIALS. With booklet we'll send name of nearest dealer selling Royals.

All Royals are guaranteed. To be sure of getting the original and most comfortable chair, see that Royal is stamped on the Push Button

Royal Chair Co.
Sturgis, Mich.



No. 2 Special A low, deep, den chair—in Fumed Oak, Spanish Leatherette cover only. Fitted with Push Button Leg Rest and brass [illegible]. Regular value $[illegible] Now $[illegible] Regular price $15.75 ($3.00 extra Denver and West)

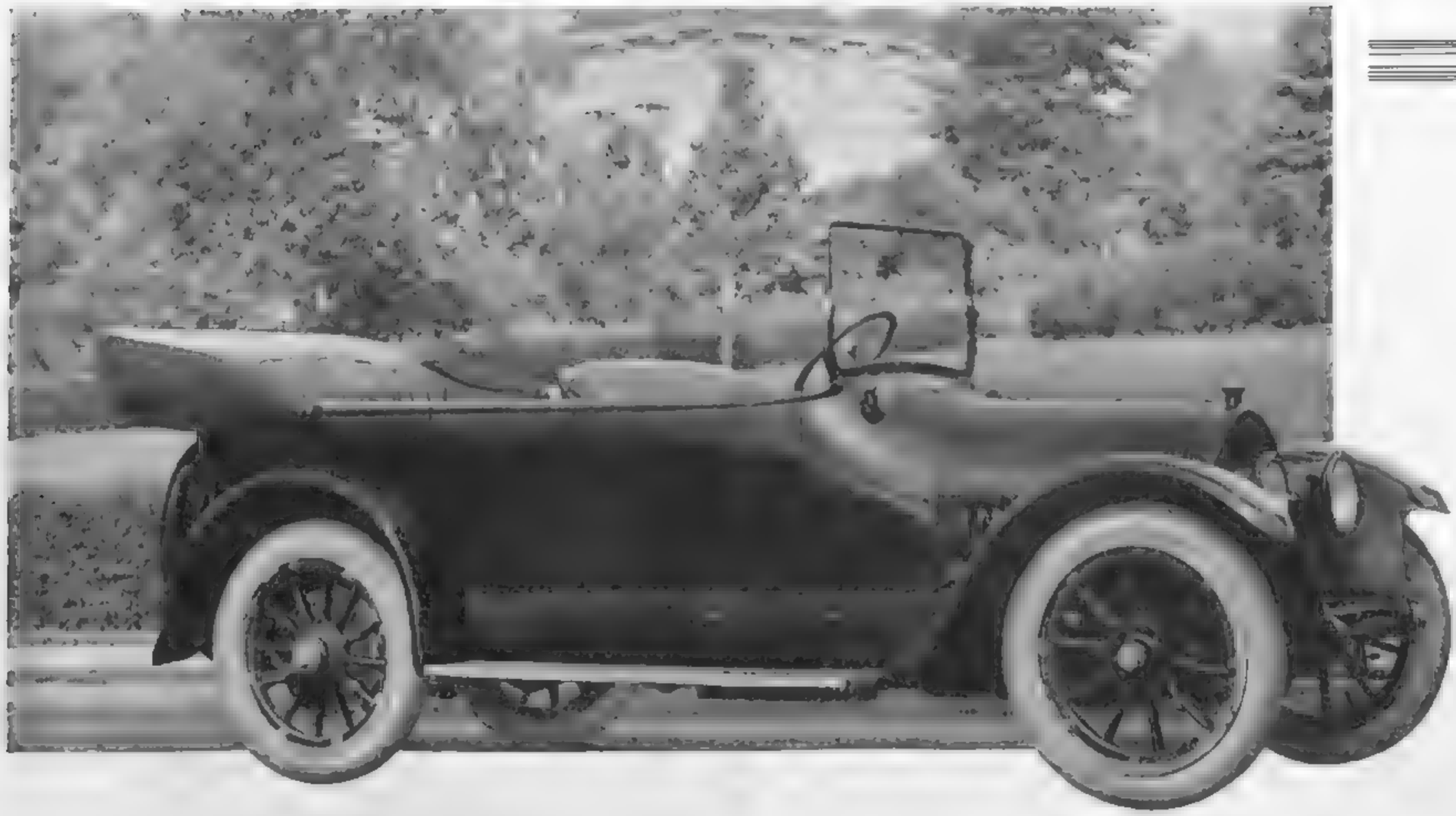
No. 1 Special [illegible]

Take this Coupon to Dealer

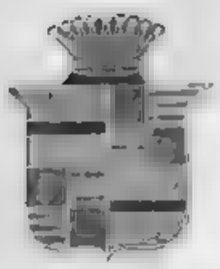
ROYAL CHAIR CO
900 Chicago St., Sturgis, Mich

Gentlemen:—In consideration of $1.00 allowed on SPECIAL No. 1, No. 2, sold under date of [illegible] please credit us to [illegible] with $1.00 as per agreement.

Dealer's Sig [illegible]



The Coming of The



Specifications in Brief

ENGINE—Eight cylinder V-type, High-speed, High-efficiency. HORSE POWER—S. A. E. rating 31.25, actual, more than 60. COOLING—Water RADIATOR—Cadillac tubular and plate type IGNITION, STARTING, LIGHTING—Cadillac-Delco, improved system. LUBRICATION — Automatic pressure feed. CARBURETOR—Cadillac. CLUTCH—Multiple disc, dry plate type. TRANSMISSION—Selective type sliding gear, three speeds forward and reverse. AXLES—Rear, Cadillac Timken, full floating Timken bearings: Spiral type bevel driving gears Front axle, I-drop forged, I beam DRIVE—Tubular shaft BRAKES—One internal and one external brake direct on wheels, 17 inch x 2½ inch drums. STEERING GEAR—Cadillac patented worm and worm gear sector type, 18 inch steering wheel hinged to facilitate entrance FRAME—Channel section WHEELS—Wood artillery type, Timken bearings fitted with demountable rims for straight side tires TIRES—36 x 4½ WHEEL BASE—125 and 134 inches TREAD—56 inches (Option 61 inches) SPRINGS—Front semi-elliptic rear, three quarter platform CONTROL—Center control GASOLINE SYSTEM—Twenty gallon tank with gauge at rear STANDARD EQUIPMENT—Cadillac one man top, windshield full lamp equipment Gabriel Snubbers, Clock Warner Autometer, Electric horn, Power tire pump, Foot rail Robe rail License tag holders Tire carrier Tool box with locks Set of tools; Tire repair kit, Handy lamp. Universal key fitting tool box, ignition and lighting switch, and tire lock.

THERE is one thought in connection with the coming of this new Cadillac which we would like you to grasp at once.

With the advent of this car, the Cadillac "Eight" enters upon its third successive season, with no radical change in the basic principles of its design.

This is perhaps the first time such a thing has happened in motor car development, and you will quickly see its significance as applied to the Cadillac.

Quite properly, we believe, the world has always looked to the Cadillac Company for advanced ideas, improved practice and progressive principles.

The fact, therefore, that the Cadillac car has proven itself beyond the need of radical change is, in itself, too impressive and too illuminating to call for comment.

It does not by any manner of means imply that the Cadillac process of refinement had come to a conclusion.

In a multitude of ways, this is a better, finer Cadillac than any which has preceded it—the subject of unremitting research and scientific betterment in scores of details.

What the absence of radical change really means is that the underlying principles of Cadillac V-type eight-cylinder construction have been proven fundamentally sound by the performance of 31,000 cars.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.

Cadillac Standard of the World

New Cadillac

It means that the Cadillac Company, with resources at its command—probably superior to those possessed by any other motor car plant in the world—has arrived at the deliberate judgment that the *kind* of a motor car which it is now building represents a higher degree of efficiency than any other in existence.

It means that this is the joint judgment of every expert mind associated with this Company. It expresses the judgment of 31,000 owners who cannot conceive of any respect in which Cadillac principles could be changed to their advantage.

The new Cadillac conforms to the finest Cadillac traditions, down to the least and last of details—and it advances them still more closely toward perfection.

It is a beautiful car to look upon.

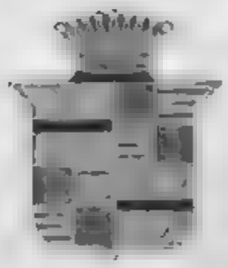
The superior riding qualities, with which you are familiar, are enhanced and intensified.

The driving ease of last year and the year before, accentuated by the longer wheel base of the new car, is more marked than ever.

It is doubtful if motoring can give rise to a situation which can successfully challenge Cadillac powers.

The old feeling that it is folly to seek further—the old sense of security that the Cadillac represents the uttermost in a motor car—will come over you more strongly than ever.

We are serenely confident of the exhilaration and enthusiasm which you will experience on the occasion of your first ride in this unusual car.



Body Styles and Prices

The Type-55 Cadillac will be available with a complete variety of body styles, as follows:—

Open cars, 125 inch wheelbase; Seven Passenger with disappearing auxiliary seats $2080. Four Passenger Phaeton $2080. Two Passenger Roadster with two passenger disappearing rumble seat $2080. Four Passenger Clover Leaf Roadster $2080.

Convertible styles, 125 inch wheelbase: Seven Passenger with Cadillac body (Springfield type). (Price to be announced later.) Four Passenger Victoria (convertible) $2550.

Enclosed cars, 125 inch wheelbase; Four Passenger Coupé $2800. Five Passenger Brougham $2950.

Enclosed cars, 132 inch wheelbase; Seven Passenger Limousine $3600. Seven Passenger Landaulet $3750. Seven Passenger Imperial $3750. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit. Prices are subject to advance without notice.

DETROIT - MICHIGAN

Cadillac Standard of the World

No. 14 of a series

PLAY THE "SELLING GAME THE SAFEST WAY KNOWN

Selling goods—either from the "inside" or on the "outside" —is the most fascinating "game" on earth —when played *right*.

And the *right* way is the simple, systematic way. Every sale should first be handled from entry through to delivery by the swiftest, surest system possible

Second, each sale should be so recorded and analyzed that it helps to barometer the trend of the business, serving as both guide and warning to keep the sales machinery under full sail.

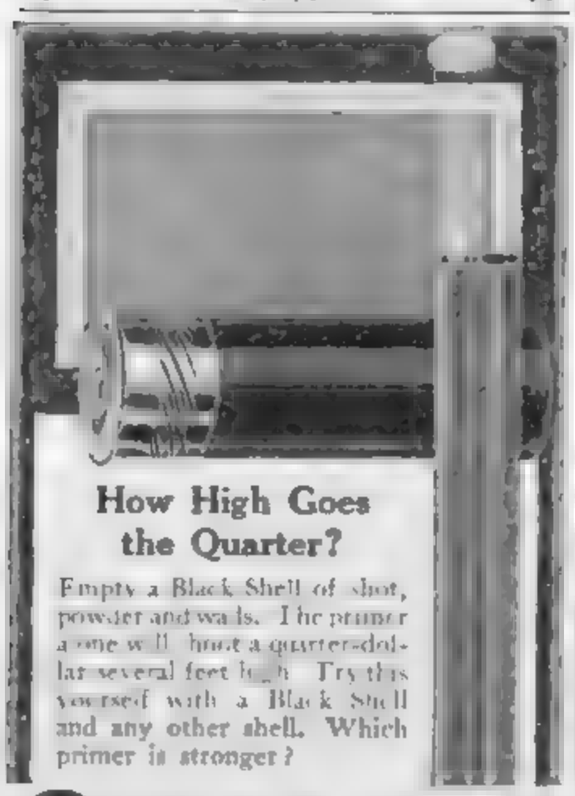
BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

will "ginger up" your sales record system, checking the simplicity and efficiency of your name register, sales order blanks (including orders, shipping, acknowledgment, packers, salesman's and other copies), route reports, expense reports, retail sales tickets, delivery records (bills of lading, city receipts or bill, charge and delivery), charging records, including recapitulation sheets for the sales journal, and return and claim records, credit memos, sales ledgers, statements, etc.

Twenty-eight years' experience with more than 200,000 firms enables Baker-Vawter Company to offer you the "cream" of the best methods ever devised. You can play the "selling game" the safest way known with Baker Vawter merchandise.

Costs nothing to investigate. Write for a Baker-Vawter Salesman. There's no obligation.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
Originators and Manufacturers 826
Loose-Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment
Benton Harbor, Mich. [Address either] Holyoke, Mass.
Sales offices in 42 cities—salesmen everywhere



How High Goes the Quarter?

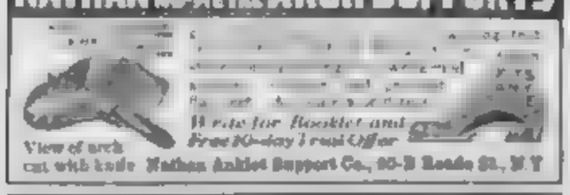
Empty a Black Shell of shot, powder and wads. The primer alone will hurl a quarter-dollar several feet high. Try this yourself with a Black Shell and any other shell. Which primer is stronger?

US THE BLACK SHELLS
Smokeless and Black Powders

Ask your dealer for information about other tests and how to obtain free shells for testing. If he cannot tell you, have him write us for details.

United States Cartridge Co.
2381 Trinity Bldg. New York

NATHAN ELECTRIC ARCH SUPPORTS



Write for Booklet and Free 30-day Trial Offer

View of arch cut with knife Nathan Anklet Support Co., 30-B Reade St., N.Y.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for Free opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 6)

how they was just putting up the cable building at Houston Street when Ben left in '92, and wasn't the old Everett House a good place for lunch, and did the other one remember Barnum's museum at Broadway and Ann, and Niblo's Garden was still there when Ben was, and a lot of fascinating memories like that. The New Yorker didn't relax much at first and got distinctly nervous when he saw the costly food and heard Ben order vintage champagne which he always picks out by the price on the wine list. I could see him plain as day wondering just what kind of crooks we could be, what our game was and how soon we'd spring it on him—or would we mebbe stick him for the dinner check? He didn't have a bit good time at first so us four others kind of left Ben to fawn upon him and enjoyed ourselves in our own way.

It was all quite elevating or vicious, what with the orchestra and the singers and the dancing and the waiters with vitality still unimpaired. And New York has improved a lot, I'll say that. The time I was there before they wouldn't let a lady smoke except in the very lowest table d'hôtes of the underworld at sixty cents with wine. And now the only one in the whole room that didn't light a cigarette from time to time was a nervous dame in a high-necked black silk and a hat that was never made farther east than Altoona, that looked like she might be taking notes for a club paper on the attractions or iniquities of a great metropolis. Jeff Tuttle was fascinated by the dancing; he called it the "tangle" and some of it did look like that. And he claimed to be shocked by the flagrant way women opened up little silver boxes and applied the paints, oils and putty in full view of the audience. He said he'd just as lief see a woman take out a manicure set and do her nails in public, and I assured him he probably would see it if he come down again next year, the way things was going—him talking that way that had had his white tie done in the open lobby; but men are such. Jake Berger just looked around kindly and didn't open his head till near the end of the meal. I thought he wasn't noticing anything at all till the orchestra put on a shadow number with dim purple lights.

"You'll notice they do that," says Jake, "whenever a lot of these people are ready to pay their checks. It saves fights because no one can see if they're added right or not." That was pretty gabby for Jake. Then I listened again to Ben and his little pet. They was talking their way up the Bowery from Atlantic Garden and over to Harry Hill's place which it seemed the New Yorker didn't remember, and Ben then recalled an old leper with gray whiskers and a skullcap that kept a drugstore in Bleecker Street when Ben was a kid, and spent most of his time watering down the sidewalk in front of his place with a hose so that ladies going by would have to raise their skirts out of the wet. His eyes was quite dim as he recalled these sacred boyhood memories.

The New Yorker had unbent a mite like he was going to see the mad adventure through at all costs, though still plainly worried about the dinner check. Ben now said that they two ought to found a New York club. He said there was all other kinds of clubs here—Ohio clubs and Southern clubs and Nebraska societies and Michigan circles and so on—that give large dinners every year, so why shouldn't there be a New York club; maybe they could scare up three or four others that was born here if they advertised. It would of course be the smallest club in the city, or in the whole world for that matter. The New Yorker was kind of cold toward this. It must of sounded like the scheme to get money out of him that he'd been expecting all along. Then the waiter brought the check, during another shadow number with red and purple lights, and this lad pulled out a change purse and said in a feeble voice that he supposed we was all paying share and share alike and would the waiter kindly figure out what his share was. Ben didn't even hear him. He peeled a large bill off a roll that made his new suit a bad fit in one place and he left a five on the plate when the change come. The watchful New Yorker now made his first full-hearted speech of the evening. He said that Ben was foolish not to of added up the check to see if it was right, and that a half dollar tip would of been ample for the waiter. Ben pretended not to hear this either, and started again on the dear old times. I says to myself I guess this one is a real New Yorker, all right.

Lon Price now says what's the matter with going to some corking good show, because nothing artistic has come to Red Gap since the Parisian Blonde Widows over a year ago and he's eager for entertainment. Ben says: "Fine! And here's the wise boy that will steer us right. I bet he knows every show in town."

The New Yorker says he does and has just the play in mind for us, one that he had meant to see himself this very night because it has been indorsed by the drama league of which he is a regular member. Well, that sounded important, so Ben says: "What did I tell you? Ain't we lucky to have a good old New Yorker to put us right on shows our first night out. We might have wasted our evening on a dead one."

So we're all delighted and go out and get in a couple of taxicabs, Ben and this city man going in the first one. When ours gets to the theater Ben is paying the driver while the New Yorker feebly protests that he ought to pay his half of the bill, but Ben don't hear him, and don't hear him again when he wants to pay for his own seat in the theater. I got my first suspicion of this guy right there; for a genuine New Yorker he was too darned conscientious about paying his mere share of everything. You can say lots of things about New Yorkers, but all that I've ever met have been keenly and instantly sensitive to the presence of a determined buyer. Still I didn't think so much about it at that moment. This one looked the part all right, with his slim clothes and his natty cloth hat and the thin gold cigarette case held gracefully open. Then we get into the theater. Of course Ben had bought a box, that being the only place, he says, that a gentleman can set, owing to the skimpy notions of the theater-seat builders. And we was all prepared for a merry evening at this entertainment which the wise New Yorker would be sure to know was a good one.

But that curtain hadn't been up three minutes before I get my next shock of disbelief about this well-known clubman. You know what a good play means in New York: a rattling musical comedy with lively songs, a tenor naval lieutenant in a white uniform, some real funny comedians and a lot of girls without their stockings on, and so forth. Anyone that thinks of a play in New York thinks of that, don't he? And what do we get here and now? Why, we get a gruesome thing about a ruined home with the owner going bankrupt over the telephone that's connected with Wall Street, and a fluffy wife that has a magnetic gentleman friend in a dress suit, and a lady crook that has had husband in her toils, only he sees it all now, and tears and strangulations and divorce, and a faithful old butler that suffers keenly and would go on doing it without a cent of wages if he could only bring everyone together again, and a shot up in the bathroom or somewhere and gripping moments, and so forth. I want to tell you we was all painfully shocked by this break of the knowing New Yorker. We could hardly believe it was true during the first act. Jeff Tuttle kept wanting to know when the girls was coming on, and didn't they have a muscle dancer in the piece. Ben himself was highly embarrassed and even suspicious for a minute. He looks at the New Yorker sharply and says ain't that a crocheted necktie he's wearing, and the New Yorker says it is, and was made for him by his aunt. But Ben ain't got the heart to question him any further. He puts away his base suspicions and tries to get the New Yorker to tell us all about what a good play this is so we'll feel more entertained. So the lad tells us the leading woman is a sterling actress of legitimate methods—all too hard to find in this day of sensationalism—and the play is a triumph of advanced realism written by a serious student of the drama that is trying to save our stage from commercial degradation. He explained a lot about the lesson of the play. Near as I could make out the lesson was that divorce, nowadays, is darned near as uncertain as marriage itself.

"The husband," explains the lad kindly, "is suspected by his wife to have been leading a double life, though of course he was never guilty of more than an indiscretion ——"

Jake Berger here exploded rudely into speech again. "That wife is leading a double chin," says Jake.

"Say, people," says Lon Price, "mebbe it ain't too late to go to a show this evening."

But the curtain went up for the second act and nobody had the nerve to escape. There continued to be low murmurs of rebellion, just the same, and we all lost track of this here infamy that was occurring on the stage.

"I'm sure going to beat it in one minute," says Jeff Tuttle, "if one of 'em don't exclaim 'Oh, girls, here comes the little dancer!'"

"I know a black-face turn that could put this show on its feet," says Lon Price, "and that Waldo in the sport suit ain't any real reason why wives leave home—you can't tell me!"

"I dare say this leading woman needs a better vehicle," says the New Yorker in a hoarse whisper.

"I dare say it too," says Jeff Tuttle in a still hoarser whisper. "A better vehicle! She needs a motor truck, and I'd order one quick if I thought she'd take it."

Of course this was not refined of Jeff. The New Yorker winced and loyal Ben glares at all of us that has been muttering so we had to set there till the curtain went down on the ruined home where all was lost save honor—and looking like that would have to go too in the next act. But Ben saw it wasn't safe to push us any further, so he now said this powerful play was too powerful for a bunch of lowbrows like us, and we all rushed out into the open air. Everybody cheered up a lot when we got there—seeing the nice orderly street traffic without a gripping moment in it. Lon Price said it was too late to go to a theater, so what could we do to pass the time till morning? Ben says he has a grand idea and we can carry it out fine with this New York man to guide us. His grand idea is that we all go down on the Bowery and visit tough dives where the foul creatures of the underworld consort and crime happens every minute or two. We was still mad enough about that play to like the idea. A good legitimate murder would of done wonders for our drooping spirits. So Ben puts it up to the New Yorker and he says yes, he knows a vicious resort on the Bowery, but we'd ought to have a detective from central office along to protect us from assault. Ben says not at all—no detective—unless the joints has toughened up a lot since he used to infest 'em, and we all said we'd take a chance, so again we was in taxicabs. Us four in the second cab was now highly cynical about Ben's New Yorker. The general feeling was that he would sink the ship sooner or later.

Then we reach the dive he has picked out, a very dismal dive with a room back of the bar that had a few tables and a piano in it and a sweet-singing waiter. He was singing a song about home and mother that in mem-o-ree he seemed to see, when we got to our table. A very gloomy and respectable haunt of vice it was, indeed. There was about a dozen male and female creatures of the underworld present sadly enjoying this here ballad and scowling at us for talking when we come in.

Jake Berger ordered, though finding you couldn't get stingers here and having to take two miner's inches of red whisky, and the New Yorker began to warn us in low tones that we was surrounded by danger on every hand—that we'd better pour our drink on the floor because it would be drugged, after which we would be robbed if not murdered and thrown out into the alley where we would then be arrested by grafting policemen. Even Ben was shocked by this warning. He asks the New Yorker again if he is sure he was born in the old town, and the lad says honest he was, and has been living right here all these years in the same house he was born in. Ben is persuaded by these words and gives the singing waiter a five and tells him to try and lighten the gloom with a few crimes of violence or something. The New Yorker continued to set stiff in his chair, one hand on his watch and one on the pocket where his change purse was that he'd tried to pay his share of the taxicabs out of.

The gloom-stricken piano-player now rattled off some ragtime and the depraved denizens about us got sadly up and danced

(Continued on Page 40)

WHEREVER representative Americans gather—for sport or business—Firestone Tires predominate. For originality of design and reliable performance, for safety with speed and economical going—all who demand the highest standards of travel look for the "Word of Honor," the name "Firestone."

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, O.—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Firestone Tires

LOUIS FANCHER

Make Good Things Energizing

Pancakes

Why not make pancakes energizing, by using Quaker Oats? They will then supply folks phosphorus and lecithin, so needed and so rare.

Folks will like them just as well—perhaps better than without oats. And they'll get a good which other pancakes lack.

Cookies

Why not make cookies out of Quaker Oats? It will make these much-liked wafers a vim-creating food.

Quaker Oats cookies taste better than flour cookies. They are rich in elements which other cookies lack. Why not make these tempting pick-ups beneficial to the boy?

Cereals

Why lavish cream and sugar on foods that don't deserve them? If you serve a cereal only once a day, why not make that serving count?

Consider food values—human needs—in these foods that people like best. Make them more than tempting dainties. Make them Quaker Oats conveyors.

Quaker Oats

The Energizing Luxury

Nature gives to oats a flavor other cereals lack. Apparently she does this to make oats inviting. For she stores the grains with energy, with needed minerals and with food for growth.

We can't improve on Nature. But we pick out her choicest grains. In Quaker Oats we use the queen grains only—the finest one-third of the oats.

We roll them into large, white, luscious flakes. Thus we get from Nature's oats a multiplied delight.

Many grain-made dainties are most delicious when made of Quaker Oats. And their value as foods may be doubled.

But use this premier grade.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

A $2.50 Aluminum Cooker

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send $1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this steel cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to United States and Canada. We supply only one cooker to a family. Address

The Quaker Oats Company, 1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago

(1167)

(Continued from Page 38)

to it. Say, it was the most formal and sedate dancing you ever see, with these gunmen holding their guilty partners off at arms' length and their faces all drawn down in lines of misery. They looked like they might be a bunch of strict Presbyterians that had resolved to throw all moral teaching to the winds for one purple moment, let come what might. I want to tell you these depraved creatures of the underworld was darned near as depressing as that play had been. Even the second round of drinks didn't liven us up none because the waiter threw down his cigarette and sung another tearful song. This one was about a traveling man going into a gilded cabaret and ordering a port wine and a fair young girl come out to sing in short skirts that he recognized to be his boyhood's sweetheart, Nell; so he sent a waiter to ask her if she had forgot the song she once did sing at her dear old mother's knee, or knees, and she hadn't forgot it and proved she hadn't, because the chorus was Nearer My God to Thee sung to ragtime; then the traveling man said she must be good and pure, so come on let's leave this place and they'd be wed.

Yes, sir; that's what Ben had got for his five, so this time he give the waiter a twenty not to sing any more at all. The New Yorker was horrified at the sight of a man giving away money, but it was well spent and we begun to cheer up a little. Ben told his valuable find about the time his dog team win the All Alaska Sweepstake race, two hundred and six miles from Nome to Candle and back, the time being 76 hours 16 minutes and 28 seconds, and showed him the picture of his lead dog pasted in the back of his watch. And Jake Berger got real gabby at last and told the story about the old musher going up the White Horse trail in a blizzard and meeting the Bishop, only he didn't know it was the Bishop. And the Bishop says "How's the trail back of you, my friend?" and the old musher just swore with the utmost profanity for three straight minutes. Then he says to the Bishop "And what's it like back of you?" and the Bishop says "Just like that!" Jake here got embarrassed from talking so much and ordered another round of this squirrel poison we was getting, and Jeff Tuttle begun his imitation of the Sioux squaw with a harelip reciting Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night.

It was a pretty severe ordeal for the rest of us, but we was ready to endure much if it would make this low den seem more homelike. Only when Jeff got about halfway through, the singing waiter comes up, greatly shocked, and says none of that in here because they run an orderly place, and we been talking too loud anyway. This waiter had a skull exactly like a picture of one in a book I got that was dug up after three hundred thousand years and the scientific world wouldn't ever agree whether it was an early man or a late ape. I decided I didn't care to linger in a place where a being with a head like this could pass on my diversions and offenses and I made a move to go. Jeff Tuttle says to this waiter: "Fie, fie upon you, Roscoe! We shall go to some respectable place where we can loosen up without being called for it." The waiter said he was sorry, but the Bowery wasn't Broadway. And the New Yorker whispered that it was just as well because we was lucky to get out of this dive with our lives and property and even after that this anthropoid waiter come hurrying out to the taxis after us with my fur piece and my solid gold vanity box that I'd left behind on a chair. This was a bitter blow to all of us after we'd been led to hope for outrages of an illegal character. The New Yorker was certainly making a misdeal every time he got the cards. None of us trusted him any more, though Ben was still loyal and sensitive about him, like he was an only child and from birth had not been like other children.

The lad now wanted to steer us into an Allied bazaar that would still be open, because he'd promised to sell twenty tickets to it and still had 'em untouched. But we shut down firmly on this. Even Ben was firm. He said the last bazaar he'd survived was their big church fair in Nome that lasted two nights and one day and the champagne booth alone took in six thousand dollars, and even the beer booth took in something like twelve hundred, and he didn't feel equal to another affair like that just yet. So we landed uptown at a very swell joint full of tables and orchestras around a dancing floor and more palms—which is the national flower of New York—and about eighty or a hundred slightly inebriated débutantes and well-known Broadway social favorites and their gentlemen friends. Here everything seemed satisfactory at last, except to the New Yorker, who said that the prices would be something shameful. However, no one was paying any attention to him by now. None of us but Ben cared a hoot where he was born and most of us was sorry he had been.

Jake Berger bought a table for ten dollars, which was seven more than it had ever cost the owner, and Ben ordered stuff for us, including a vintage champagne that the price of stuck out far enough beyond other prices on the wine list, and a porterhouse steak, family style, for himself, and everything seemed on a sane and rational basis again. It looked as if we might have a little enjoyment during the evening after all. It was a good lively place, with all these brilliant society people mingling up in the dance in a way that would of got 'em thrown out of that gangsters' haunt on the Bowery. Lon Price said he'd never witnessed so many human shoulder blades in his whole history, and Jeff Tuttle sent off a lot of picture cards of this here ballroom or saloon that a waiter give him. The one he sent Egbert Floud showed the floor full of beautiful reckless women in the dance and prominent society matrons drinking highballs, and Jeff wrote on it: "This is my room; wish you was here." Jeff was getting right into the spirit of this Bohemian night life; you could tell that. Lon Price also. In ten minutes Lon had made the acquaintance of a New York social leader at the next table and was dancing with her in an ardent or ribald manner before Ben had finished his steak.

I now noticed that the New Yorker was looking at his gun-metal watch about every two minutes with an expression of alarm. Jake Berger noticed it, too, and again leaned heavily on the conversation. "Not keeping you up, are we?" says Jake. And this continual watch business must of been getting on Ben's nerves, too, for now, having fought his steak to a finish, he says to his little guest that they two should put up their watches and match coins for 'em. The New Yorker was suspicious right off and looked Ben's watch over very carefully when Ben handed it to him. It was one of these thin gold ones that can be had any place for a hundred dollars and up. You could just see that New Yorker saying to himself "So this is their game, is it?" But he works his nerve up to take a chance and gets a two-bit piece out of his change purse and they match. Ben wins the first time, which was to of settled it, but Ben says right quick that of course he had meant the best two out of three, which the New Yorker doesn't dispute for a minute, and they match again and Ben wins that, too, so there's nothing to do but take the New Yorker's watch away from him. He takes it carefully off a leather fob with a gilt acorn on it and hands it slowly to Ben. It was one of these extra superior dollar watches that cost three dollars. The New Yorker looked very stung indeed. You could hear him saying to himself "Serves me right for gambling with a stranger!" Ben feels these suspicions and is hurt by 'em, so he says to Jeff, just to show the New Yorker he's an honest sport, that he'll stake his two watches against Jeff's solid silver watch that he won in a bucking contest in 1890. Jeff says he's on; so they match and Ben wins again, now having three watches. Then Lon Price comes back from cavorting with this amiable jade of the younger dancing set at the next table and Ben makes him put up his gold seven-jeweled hunting-case watch against the three and Ben wins again, now having four watches.

Lon says "Easy come, easy go!" and moves over to the next table again to help out with the silver bucket of champagne he's ordered, taking Jeff Tuttle with him to present to his old friends that he's known for all of twenty minutes. The New Yorker is now more suspicious than ever of Ben; his wan beauty is marred by a very cynical smile and his hair has come unglued in a couple of places. Ben, very sensitive to these suspicions of his new pal, then calls on Jake Berger to match his watch against the four. Jake takes out his split-second repeater and him and Ben match coins, and this time Ben is lucky enough to lose, thereby showing his dear old New Yorker that he ain't a crook after all. But the New Yorker still looks very shrewd and robbed and begins to gulp the champagne in a greedy

(Continued on Page 42)

JOHNS-MANVILLE
SERVICE
to fuel users

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

SERVES MORE PEOPLE IN MORE WAYS THAN ANY OTHER INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

Saving the Nation's Coal Pile and Your Fuel Bill

Wasted heat means wasted coal and the heat that radiates from uncovered pipes is just as much wasted as unburned coal that drops through your grate bars.

Heat Insulation is the Science that saves the coal pile in your cellar and in the yards of the smallest or largest industrial institutions by *covering* the heat-carrying pipes and heat-generating boilers and furnaces.

Johns-Manville have developed this science in their years of experience and investigations—have produced a covering for every purpose that not only effects the greatest saving but materially adds to the capacity of the equipment.

Wherever coal is burned J-M Coverings conserve the heat at its source and throughout its transmission. They cover the steam pipes of lighting plants, factories, steel mills, commercial buildings, the heating plant in your basement, whether steam, hot water or air, and even the boiler of your kitchen range.

Every uncovered heat-carrying pipe or container means a loss and a waste of coal—power and money—because there is a J-M Insulation bearing the J-M trade mark that will cover it. Under ordinary conditions a J-M Insulation will save its cost in one year's operation.

J-M Insulations are applied if you desire by our own workmen anywhere in the country. They are carried in stock at all J-M Branches and by Hardware and Mill Supply Dealers everywhere.

Insulations for High, Medium and Low Pressure Steam. For hot water and hot air lines. For cold water, ice water, brine and ammonia. Also sheets, blocks and cements for all classes of service.

■ ■ ■

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 292 Madison Avenue, New York City

THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED

Recall to Mr. Clark on the 26th

Your printer won't charge you very much for this little bit of printing at the top of your carbon copy sheets. *See form below.*

It is a mechanical device that takes the place of memory, and you can save your mind for really important work. *See form below.*

Have a little "recall" line on your carbons. Instruct the file clerk to keep a special file for "recall letters," and return these letters to you on the date you want them to come back.

A letter comes in asking for information that cannot be given until after the directors' meeting next month.

You acknowledge the letter, mark the carbon for recall on the day after the meeting, and send it to the file.

It's off your desk in the meantime. So are any others like it. You don't have to remember—you won't be allowed to forget.

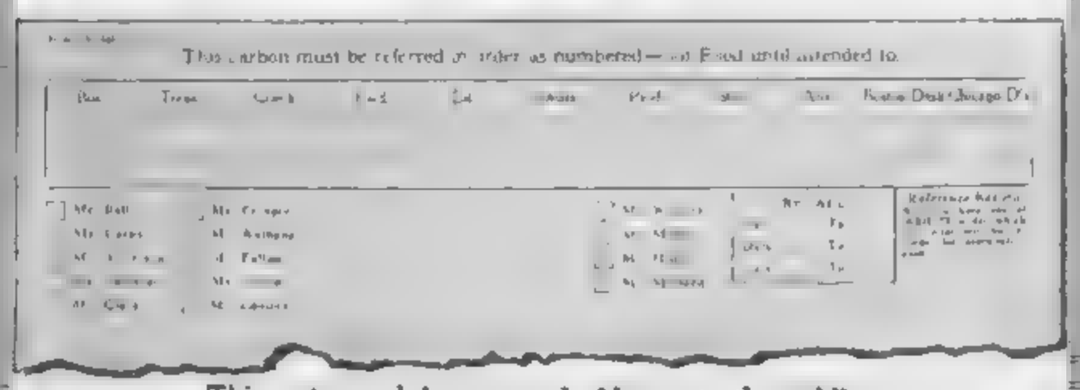
Your printer can show you from his Hammermill Bond Portfolios many forms that can save you lots of time, and reduce the percentage of errors and oversights among your employees.

There is a Hammermill Bond Portfolio for every kind of business, and most printers have a complete set of these Portfolios. Any printer can get a set and any business man may have free the Portfolio that applies to his particular business.

The Hammermill Portfolios are made up of suggested forms and blanks gleaned from the systems of large business houses who have wisely standardized their printing by having it all done on Hammermill Bond. This makes for economy and convenience.

Ready supplies of Hammermill Bond are available to printers. Our agents in all important centers keep large stocks ready for instant call. A job of printing on Hammermill Bond, on white or any of the 12 colors, can usually be delivered without delay.

Hammermill Bond is "The Utility Business Paper," suitable for practically all forms of business printing. It comes in three finishes—Bond, Ripple and Linen. ***Send for Your Portfolio.***



This watermark is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"THE UTILITY BUSINESS PAPER"

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

(Continued from Page 40)

manner. You can hear him calling Jake a confederate. Jake sees it plain enough, that the lad thinks he's been high-graded, so he calls over our waiter and crowds all five watches onto him. "Take these home to the little ones," says Jake, and dismisses the matter from his mind by putting a wineglass up to his ear and listening into it with a rapt expression that shows he's hearing the ocean up on Alaska's rock-bound coast.

The New Yorker is a mite puzzled by this, but I can see it don't take him long to figure out that the waiter is also a confederate. Anyway he's been robbed of his watch forever and falls to the champagne again very eager and moody. It was plain he didn't know what a high-powered drink he was trifling with. And Ben was moody, too, by now. He quit recalling old times and sacred memories to the New Yorker. If the latter had tried to break up the party by leaving at this point I guess Ben would of let him go. But he didn't try; he just set there soggily drinking champagne to drown the memory of his lost watch. And pretty soon Ben has to order another quart of this twelve-dollar beverage. The New Yorker keeps right on with the new bottle, daring it to do its worst and it does; he was soon speaking out of a dense fog when he spoke at all.

With his old pal falling into this absent mood Ben throws off his own depression and mingles a bit with the table of old New York families where Lon Price is now paying the checks. They was the real New Yorkers; they'd never had a moment's distrust of Lon after he ordered the first time and told the waiter to keep the glasses brimming. Jeff Tuttle was now dancing in an extreme manner with a haggard society bud aged thirty-five, and only Jake and me was left at our table. We didn't count the New Yorker any longer; he was merely raising his glass to his lips at regular intervals. He moved something like an automatic chess-player I once see. The time passed rapidly for a couple hours more, with Jake Berger keeping up his ceaseless chatter as usual. He did speak once, though, after an hour's silence. He said in an audible tone that the New Yorker was a human hangnail, no matter where he was born.

And so the golden moments flitted by, with me watching the crazy crowd, until they begun to fall away and the waiters was piling chairs on the naked tables at the back of the room. Then with some difficulty we wrenched Ben and Lon and Jeff from the next table and got out into the crisp air of dawn. The New Yorker was now sunk deep in a trance and just stood where he was put, with his hat on the wrong way. The other boys had cheered up a lot owing to their late social career. Jeff Tuttle said it was all nonsense about its being hard to break into New York society, because look what he'd done in one brief evening without trying—and he flashed three cards on which telephone numbers is written in dainty feminine hands. He said if a modest and retiring stranger like himself could do that much, just think what an out-and-out social climber might achieve!

Right then I was ready to call it an absorbing and instructive evening and get to bed. But no! Ben Sutton, at sight of his now dazed New Yorker, has resumed his brooding and suddenly announces that we must all make a pilgrimage to West Ninth Street and romantically view his old home which his father told him to get out of twenty-five years ago, and which we can observe by the first tender rays of dawn. He says he has been having precious illusions shattered all evening, but this will be a holy moment that nothing can queer—not even a born New Yorker that hasn't made the grade and is at this moment so vitrified that he'd be a mere glass crash if some one pushed him over.

I didn't want to go a bit. I could see that Jeff Tuttle would soon begin dragging a hip, and the streets at that hour was no place for Lon Price, with his naturally daring nature emphasized, as it were, from drinking this here imprisoned laughter of the man that owned the joint we had just left. But Ben was pleading in a broken voice for one sight of the old home with its boyhood memories clustering about its modest front and I was afraid he'd get to crying, so I give in wearily and we was once more encased in taxicabs and on our way to the sacred scene. Ben had quite an argument with the drivers when he give 'em the address. They kept telling him there wasn't a thing open down there, but he finally got his aim understood. The New Yorker's petrified remains was carefully tucked into the cab with Ben.

And Ben suffered another cruel blow at the end of the ride. He climbed out of the cab in a reverent manner, hoping to be overcome by the sight of the cherished old home. And what did he find? He just couldn't believe it at first. The dear old house had completely disappeared and in its place was a granite office building eighteen stories high. Ben just stood off and looked up at it, too overcome for words. Up near the top a monster brass sign in writing caught the silver light of dawn. The sign sprawled clear across the building and said PANTS EXCLUSIVELY. Still above this was the firm's name in the same medium—looking like a couple of them hard-lettered towns that get evacuated up in Poland.

Poor stricken Ben looked in silence a long time. We all felt his suffering and kept silent too. Even Jeff Tuttle kept still—who all the way down had been singing about old Bill Bailey who played the Ukelele in Honolulu Town. It was a solemn moment. After a few more minutes of silent grief Ben drew himself together and walked off without saying a word. I thought walking would be a good idea for all of us, especially Lon and Jeff, so Jake paid the taxi drivers and we followed on foot after the chief mourner. The fragile New Yorker had been exhumed and placed in an upright position, and he walked, too, when he understood what was wanted of him. He didn't say a word, just did what was told him like one of these boys that the professor hypnotizes on the stage. I herded the bunch along about half a block back of Ben, feeling it was delicate to let him wallow alone in his emotions.

We got over to Broadway, turned up that and worked on through that dinky little grass plot they call a square, kind of aimless like and wondering where Ben in his grief would lead us. The day was well begun by this time and the passing cars was full of very quiet people on their way to early work. Jake Berger said they'd pay for it sooner or later, burning the candle at both ends—dancing all night and going right off to work.

Then up a little way we catch sight of a regular old-fashioned horse-car going crosstown. Ben has stopped this and is talking excitedly to the driver, so we hurry up and find he's trying to buy the car from the driver. Yes, sir; he says it's the last remnant of New York when it was little and old and he wants to take it back to Nome as a souvenir. Anybody might of thought he'd been drinking. He's got his roll out and wants to pay for the car right there. The driver is a cold-looking old boy with gray chin whiskers showing between his cap and his comforter, and he's indignantly telling Ben it can't be done. By the time we get there the conductor has come around and wants to know what they're losing all this time for. He also says they can't sell Ben the car and says further that we'd all better go home and sleep it off, so Ben hands 'em each a ten spot, the driver lets off his brake and the old ark rattles on while Ben's eyes is suffused with a suspicious moisture, as they say.

Ben now says we must stand right on this corner to watch these cars go by—about once every hour. We argued with him whilst we shivered in the bracing winelike air, but Ben was stubborn. We might of been there yet if something hadn't diverted him from this evil design. It was a string of about fifty Italians that just then come out of a subway entrance. They very plainly belonged to the lower or laboring classes, and I judged they was meant for work on the up-and-down street we stood on, that being already torn up recklessly till it looked like most other streets. They stood around talking in a delirious or Italian manner till their foreman unlocks a couple of big piano boxes. Out of these they take crowbars, adzes, shovels and other instruments of their calling. Ben Sutton has been standing there soddenly waiting for another dear old horse car to come by, but suddenly he takes notice of these bandits with the tools, and I see a sinister gleam come into his tired eyes. He assumes a businesslike air, struts over to the foreman of the bunch and has some quick words with him, with sweeping motions of the arm up and down the cross street where the horse-car run. After a minute of this I'm darned if the whole bunch didn't scatter out and begin to tear up the pavement along the car track on this cross street. Ben tripped back to us, looking cheerful once more.

(Concluded on Page 45)

THE CAR QUESTION As Affected by the Hudson Super-Six

The Super-Six invention, controlled by Hudson patents, gives an entirely new aspect to the motor car question. Heretofore numerous cars gave about like performance. The engine type was in dispute. Some leaders clung to Sixes, some to Eights and Twelves. Nothing was exclusive and no one type could prove its claim to supremacy.

Now a Ruler Comes

Now comes a startling invention, found in Hudson cars alone. At one bound it added 80 per cent to the efficiency of our finest Six.

That Super-Six we claim is monarch. If it is disputed, it is not in official tests.

In all sorts of performance the Super-Six has made new stock-car records. In speed—in hill-climbing—in quick acceleration—in a 24-hour endurance run—no stock car ever matched it.

Those are real tests of motor supremacy. They are made to prove capacity, flexibility, endurance. And the Super-Six has officially excelled in all.

Its Super-Beauty

Many a critical car buyer—while admitting the motor superiority of the Super-Six—has been influenced to buy because of its super-beauty.

Thousands will tell you that they see no car anywhere, at any price, that excels—rarely equals—it. Many a man, or woman, driving a car of another make, admits this Super-Six supremacy.

And comfort echoes beauty. Big, and roomy, ample driving space, deep upholstery, simply marvelous springs, and other highest grade accessories, are all here.

Will You Take Less?

Now the Hudson Super-Six—in its performance—stands against the field. Your question is, when you buy a fine car will you take that type or less? It is a question of blue blood. You may not care for the speed the Super-Six can develop. You rarely may need its full power. But don't you want ability—don't you want Supremacy—in the car that you buy to keep?

No Feats Like These Ever Before Performed

All made under American Automobile Association supervision by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7-passenger touring car.

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 sec.

One mile at the rate of 102.83 miles per hour.

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

Super-Six Is Permanent

Our engineers say they see no way of improving the Super-Six. They say that after a year of trying, after putting it to all the supreme tests, after watching 15,000 in the hands of owners.

So we have ordered materials to build twice as many as we already have built. So far as we can see, the Hudson Super-Six is a permanent model.

We are building 150 per day; deliveries are not delayed for two months as they sometimes have been in the past.

Phaeton, 7-passenger,	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger,	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	1775	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Now the Nation Prefers Neōlin to the Finest Leather Soles

Neōlin is rescuing the nation from the leather famine.

It is replacing poor leather in the soles of hundreds of thousands of pairs of shoes.

It is taking the place of the best leather and improving upon it, in other hundreds of thousands.

It has been welcomed by hundreds of the biggest and best shoe manufacturers in America as a splendid relief from a desperate situation.

It has been welcomed by thousands of shoe dealers as an escape from the embarrassment of inferior footwear, forced upon them by the famine in good leather.

It has been welcomed in a million or more homes as a positive assurance that every pair of shoes soled with Neōlin means complete comfort and entire satisfaction.

It is as great a boon to adults as to children—to men as to women—to boys as to girls.

It is a delight on new shoes, because of its pliability, its waterproof qualities and the fact that no shoes sold with it ever need to be broken in.

It is a delight when old shoes are re-soled with it by the repair man, because it confers upon the old shoe all the wear and all the comfort it gives to the new.

We doubt if any article of household wear, developed in the past hundred years, has conferred more widespread benefit.

Neōlin is the friend of all classes.

It confers style and distinction on the finest and most fashionable of shoes.

It gives exactly the same qualities to shoes of more moderate price.

It is a style-maker, a comfort-giver and an economizer, all in one.

The only drawback is our inability, working night and day, to catch up to the demand.

But splendid new buildings and equipment, which will more than quadruple the output, are rushing toward completion.

Then all America will be getting the supply of Neōlin-soled shoes it is so strenuously demanding.

Every Genuine Neōlin Sole Bears the Brand Neolin
the trade symbol of a quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(Concluded from Page 42)

"They wouldn't sell me the car," he says, "so I'm going to take back a bunch of the old rails. They'll be something to remind me of the dear dead past. Just think! I rode over those very rails when I was a tot."

We was all kind of took back at this, and I promptly warned Ben that we'd better beat it before we got pinched. But Ben is confident. He says no crime could be safer in New York than setting a bunch of Italians to tearing up a street-car track; that no one could ever possibly suspect it wasn't all right, though he might have to be underhanded to some extent in getting his souvenir rails hauled off. He said he had told the foreman that he was the contractor's brother and had been sent with this new order, and the foreman had naturally believed it, Ben looking like a rich contractor himself.

And there they was at work, busy as beavers, gouging up the very last remnant of little old New York when it was that. Ben rubbed his hands in ecstasy and pranced up and down watching 'em for awhile. Then he went over and told the foreman there'd be extra pay for all hands if they got a whole block tore up by noon, because this was a rush job. Hundreds of people was passing, mind you, including a policeman now and then, but no one took any notice of a sight so usual. All the same, the rest of us edged north about half a block, ready to make a quick getaway. Ben kept telling us we was foolishly scared. He offered to bet anyone in the party ten to one in thousands that he could switch his gang over to Broadway and have a block of that track up before anyone got wise. There was no takers.

Ben was now so pleased with himself and his little band of faithful workers that he even begun to feel kindly again toward his New Yorker who was still standing in one spot with glazed eyes. He goes up and tries to engage him in conversation, but the lad can't hear any more than he can see. Ben's efforts, however, finally start him to muttering something. He says it over and over to himself and at last we make out what it is. He is saying: "I'd like to buy a little drink for the party m'self."

"The poor creature is delirious," says Jake Berger.

But Ben slaps him on the back and tells him he's a good sport and he'll give him a couple of these rails to take to his old New York home; he says they can be crossed over the mantel and will look very quaint. The lad kind of shivered under Ben's hearty blow and seemed to struggle out of his trance for a minute. His eyes unglazed and he looks around and says how did he get here and where is it? Ben tells him he's among friends and that they two are the only born New Yorkers left in the world, and so on, when the lad reaches into the pocket of his natty topcoat for a handkerchief and pulls out with it a string of funny little tickets—about two feet of 'em. Ben grabs these up with a strange look in his eyes.

"Bridge tickets!" he yells. Then he grabs his born New Yorker by the shoulders and shakes him still further out of dreamland.

"What street in New York is your old home on?" he demands savagely. The lad blinks his fishy eyes and fixes his hat on that Ben has shook loose.

"Cranberry Street," says he.

"Cranberry Street! Hell, that's Brooklyn, and you claimed New York," says Ben, shaking the hat loose again.

"Greater New York," says the lad pathetically, and pulled his hat firmly down over his ears.

Ben looked at the impostor with horror in his eyes. "Brooklyn!" he muttered—"the city of the unburied dead! So that was the secret of your strange behavior? And me warming you in my bosom, you viper!"

But the crook couldn't hear him again, having lapsed into his trance and become entirely rigid and foolish. In the cold light of day his face now looked like a plaster cast of itself. Ben turned to us with a hunted look. "Blow after blow has fallen upon me to-night," he says tearfully, "but this is the most cruel of all. I can't believe in anything after this. I can't even believe those street-car rails are the originals. Probably they were put down week before last."

"Then let's get out of this quick," I says to him. "We been exposing ourselves to arrest here long enough for a bit of false sentiment on your part."

"I'll gladly go," says Ben, "but wait one second." He stealthily approaches the Greater New Yorker and shivers him to wakefulness with another hearty wallop on the back. "Listen carefully," says Ben as the lad struggles out of his personal fog: "Do you see those workmen tearing up that car track?"

"Yes, I see it," says the lad distinctly. "I've often seen it."

"Very well. Listen to me and remember your life may hang on it: You go over there and stand right by them till they get that track up and don't you let anyone stop them. Do you hear? Stand right there and make them work, and if a policeman or anyone tries to make trouble you soak him. Remember! I'm leaving those men in your charge. I shall hold you personally responsible for them."

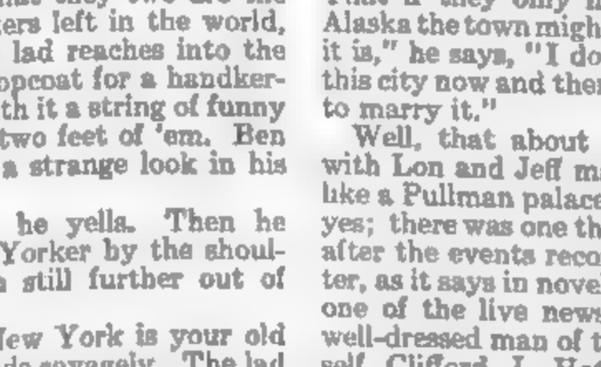
The lad don't say a word but begins to walk in a brittle manner toward the laborers. We saw him stop and point a threatening finger at them, then instantly freeze once more. It was our last look at him. We got everybody on a northbound car with some trouble. Lon Price had gone to sleep standing up and Jeff Tuttle, who was now looking like the society burglar after a tough night's work at his trade, was getting turbulent and thirsty. He didn't want to ride on a common street car. "I want a tashicrab," he says, "and I want to go back to that Louis Chateau room and dance the tangle." But we persuaded him and got safe up to a restaurant on Sixth Avenue where breakfast was had by all without further adventure. Jeff strongly objected to this restaurant at first, though, because he couldn't hear an orchestra in it. He said he couldn't eat his breakfast without an orchestra. He did, however, ordering apple pie and ice cream and a gin fizz to come. Lon Price was soon sleeping like a tired child over his ham and eggs, and Jeff went night-night, too, before his second gin fizz arrived.

Ben ordered a porterhouse steak, family style, consuming it in a moody rage like a man that has been ground-sluiced at every turn. He said he felt like ending it all, and sometimes wished he'd been in the cab that plunged into one of the forty-foot holes in Broadway a couple of nights before. Jake Berger had ordered catfish and waffles, with a glass of Invalid port. He burst into speech once more too. He said the nights in New York were too short to get much done. That if they only had nights as long as Alaska the town might become famous. "As it is," he says, "I don't mind flirting with this city now and then, but I wouldn't want to marry it."

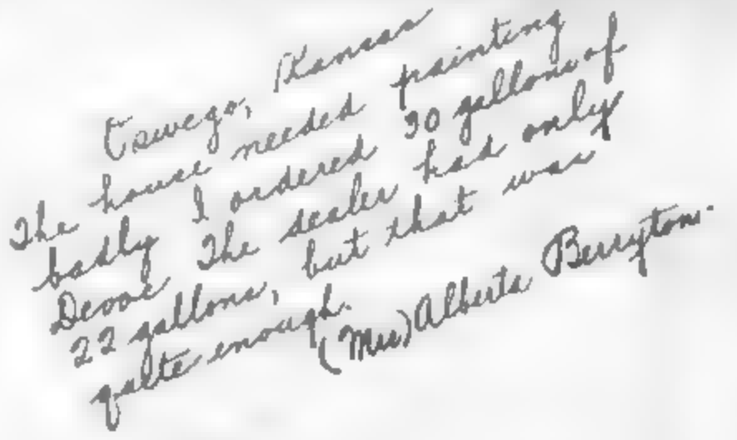
Well, that about finished the evening, with Lon and Jeff making the room sound like a Pullman palace car at midnight. Oh, yes; there was one thing more: On the day after the events recorded in the last chapter, as it says in novels, there was a piece in one of the live newspapers telling that a well-dressed man of thirty-five calling himself Clifford J. Hotchkiss and giving a Brooklyn address was picked up in a dazed condition by Patrolman Cohen, who had found him attempting to direct the operations of a gang of workmen engaged in repairing a crosstown car track. He had been sent to the detention ward of Bellevue to await examination as to his sanity, though insisting that he was the victim of a gang of footpads who had plied him with liquor and robbed him of his watch. I showed the piece to Ben Sutton and Ben sent him up a pillow of forget-me-nots with "Rest" spelled on it—without the sender's card.

No; not a word in it about the street-car track being wrongfully tore up. I guess it was like Ben said: no one ever would find out about that in New York.

Mylands! Here it is already long past ten-thirty and I got to be on the job when them hayers start to-morrow. A body would think I hadn't a care on earth when I get started on anecdotes of my past.



YOU will like the new 200%-stretch Ridgeweave elastic of which some of the serviceable
PARIS GARTERS
are now made.
This elastic stretches around the largest legs comfortably; fits the thinnest legs securely.
25 and 50 cents
To prevent any possibility of error, look on the back of the shield for the name PARIS when you buy.
A. Stein & Co.
Makers
Children's Hickory Garters
Chicago New York
PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you


Corvego, Kansas
The house needed painting badly I ordered 30 gallons of Devoe. The dealer had only 22 gallons, but that was quite enough.
(Mrs) Alberta Burgton.

Vernosite
The Long-Life Spar Varnish. Will not blister or turn white. Dries dust free in 10 hours. Best varnish for all work exposed to weather. Recommended for woodwork on yachts, front doors, bathrooms and stables

Marble Floor Finish
The best varnish for linoleums and floors. Preserves the natural color of hard and soft wood; made to resist the wear and tear which it will necessarily receive on a floor.

When you paint with DEVOE you save paint money—fewer gallons to buy; you save labor money—fewer gallons to spread; you get a better looking paint job—pure paint; and it will be a longer time before you need to paint again.

DEVOE

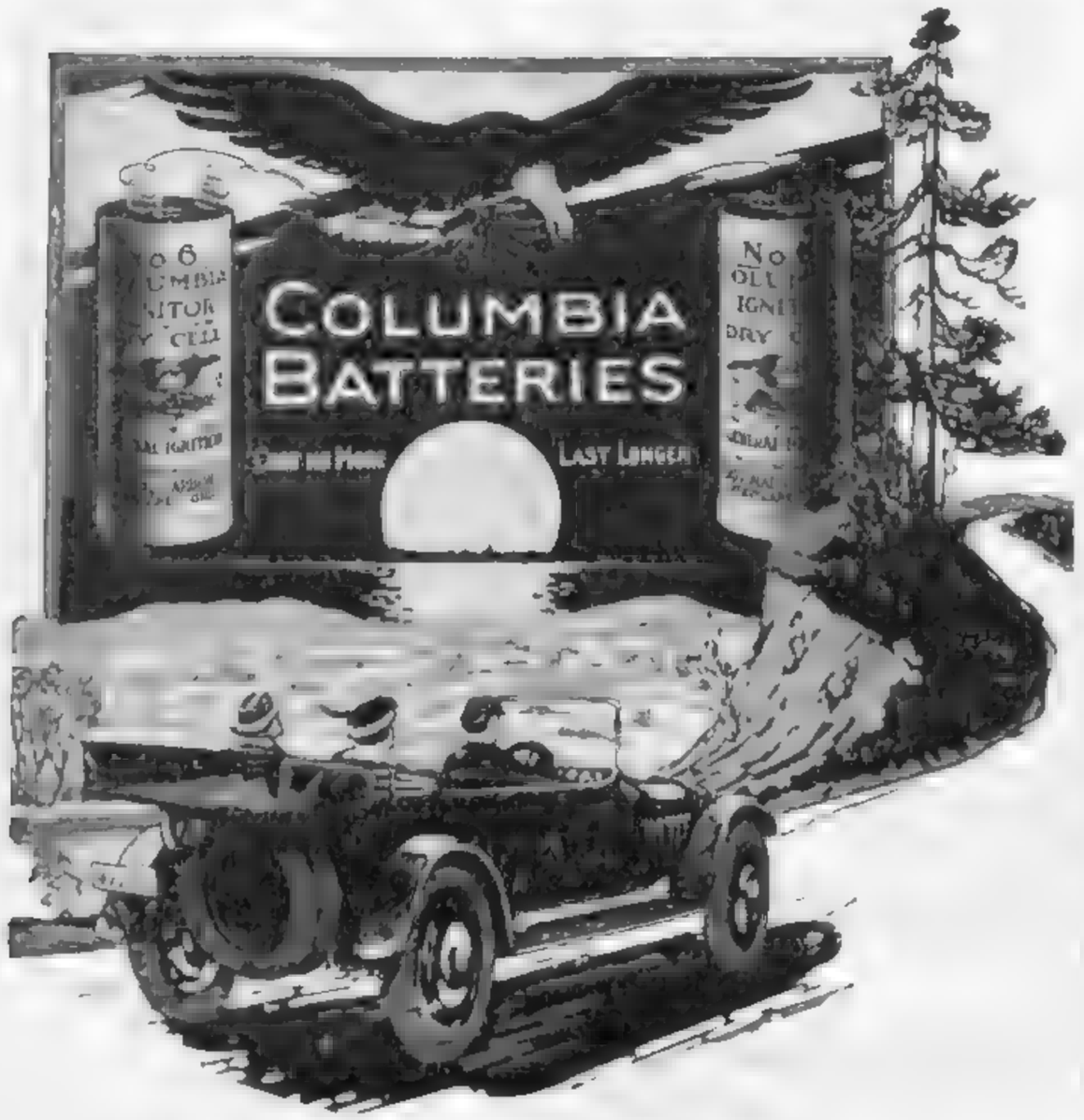
The oldest manufacturing concern in the United States. Founded in New York 1754

F. W. DEVOE & C. T. RAYNOLDS CO.
New York
DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO.
Chicago

PAINT DEVOE PAINT

Send for Color Cards and other suggestions that will help you beautify your home. Write your name and address in the margin and mail to us today.

Columbia Batteries



You're Using COLUMBIAS Already

Your batteries are hidden away. You've given them no thought. If they're doing their work and doing it well, you'll probably find *they're Columbias.*

They're faithful. Long-lived. Dependable. They've 27 years of experience behind them.

Then, why buy batteries except by name? Make sure of service. Call for Columbias. Our name's on every battery to protect you.

On request: Convenient Fahnestock Spring-Clip Binding Posts at no extra cost.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada, Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, 365 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ont

SUCH A LITTLE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 18)

always hungry; so the burden of entertainment fell on Drentha, who shirked nothing.

"I'll tell you what we'll do after dinner," she proposed when the repast neared its close. "We'll play Rabbits. Did you ever play Rabbits, Mr. Senlac?"

Mr. Senlac said he did not know how. Nothing in him responded especially to the subtle suggestion.

"And he doesn't want to learn," said Irene quickly.

"Oh, but I do!" he declared. "I insist on being taught. How do you play it?"

Drentha clapped her hands.

"There! You see! I shall just love to teach you. As soon as we're through dinner we'll go into the sitting room, turn out the lamp and begin."

"There are always the candles, you know," reminded Irene in very real disgust. Then she added, looking at the man for the first time: "I do wish you wouldn't do it."

The man laughed in her face.

"But I shall. Why shouldn't I? I shall enjoy it of all things."

Directly they were in the sitting room, Drentha extinguished the lamp. The candles, however, as Irene had said, still burned on chimney piece and piano, giving a quaint, weird air to the room.

"Now," Drentha directed, "we all kneel on the floor." And she went to her knees as she spoke.

The candlelight seemed to accentuate Irene's pallor.

"This is so silly!" she said as she knelt.

Senlac twitched up his trousers as he joined the others.

"What do we do next?" he asked.

"We spread out our hands—so," instructed Drentha, illustrating. "Our little fingers must touch and form a circle."

The circle was completed in an instant.

"Now we begin," she went on solemnly. And, turning, she whispered to Nora: "Do you know Rabbits?"

Nora, thus interrogated, shook her head. "No," she breathed mournfully. Then she applied her lips to Irene's ear and repeated the mystic question. Irene, too, answered in the negative and passed the query on to Senlac. He answered "No," like the rest, and passed the question back to its original propounder.

There followed two seconds and a half of breathless pause. Then Drentha, with an air of great surprise, rose, saying:

"Why, as none of us know Rabbits, of course we can't play."

It took fully five seconds more for the situation to come quite home to the visitor. When, however, it eventually reached his understanding he started to his feet in the realest kind of wrath.

"Well, of all the infernal silly nonsense!" he stormed, and strode out of the room.

"I don't blame him," moaned Irene, who was for the third time that day on the verge of tears. "I do wish you'd have more consideration, Drentha. The idea of playing Rabbits with that man—and on this night! It's too awful."

"I don't think we should have played it to-night," said Nora gravely. "I think it would be better if we all went to bed." And she moved toward the door.

"Don't expect me in your room when I come up," Irene called after her.

Drentha was contrite.

"Mr. Senlac is out there on the lawn, walking up and down," she said, returning from a glance through the window. "I'm so sorry if I was thoughtless. I was trying to act as though I didn't know what had happened."

"It's useless for anyone to try to act anything in this house," Irene told her. "The house is too little to pretend in."

When the girls had kissed her and gone upstairs she sat for some time alone in the dim candlelight, her head resting on her hand. She was very miserable. She was very tired and she was very troubled. Presently Senlac came in and found her there.

"Where are they now?" he asked in a neutral tone.

"Gone to bed—thank heaven!" she answered.

"There's a new moon. Let us get out of this beastly place and go for a walk. I must have more air."

"We can't go far. I'm too tired."

"We won't go far."

She rose as though tons were on her shoulders and dragged herself to the open, Senlac leading. When they had passed through the gate and were on the road, the fair crescent new moon sailing ahead of them, he said:

"I heard, you know. I understand that you told them you refused me."

"For pity's sake, don't talk about it," she cautioned. "Ten to one, Seraphina is behind the hedge."

He laughed shortly.

"I feel like hiring an aëroplane. I never have been so watched before. And I never so wanted to be completely alone with a woman in my life."

"I know," she said very simply. "It's maddening. But, believe me, it is not us; it's the situation. It's the littleness of the house."

After a moment he said:

"That was a ghastly blunder of mine to-day."

"Which?"

"The kiss."

"Oh, I thought you meant your loss of temper this morning. Heavens! What ages it has been since morning! I feel as though I'd lived a year since then."

"Yes," he agreed. "I feel as though I'd been intimate with Seraphina and Bill, and those two omnipresent young ladies, for ten years at least. Is it possible I came only yesterday? It seems incredible."

Irene sighed wearily.

"Yes; you came only yesterday," she said heavily.

"They were surprised when you told them; weren't they?" She nodded assent. "I suppose to their order of imagination we've seemed in love."

"I suppose so. And you can't very much blame them. They've overheard so much and you have been very silly!"

"But such simple speeches—I haven't really made love to you at all."

"Oh, I know it. I've had real love made to me. I know the difference."

He didn't altogether like that.

"By the other man, I suppose. The one you love—desperately."

"There isn't any other man," she confessed. "I don't love any man—desperately. I simply thought to add to the interest by making you the least bit jealous."

He pretended not to hear her.

"I said I hadn't really made love to you. I know the difference too."

She only sighed. He laid a hand on her arm; but she shook it off.

"I can walk more easily alone, thank you," she said.

He very calmly acquiesced.

"But tell me, what is the matter?" he questioned. "You look so used up. You've looked like a ghost ever since—ever since tea time."

"I'm tired," she answered promptly. "And I'm tired most of all of lying and explaining. I'll be glad when you go. You overheard me say that; and I mean it."

"And I told you I was going to-morrow, early." There was a little pause. "I'll be glad to go, myself. I have the distinct feeling that I have made a mess of things; and yet, for the life of me, I can't see what I've done. There must be a screw loose somewhere. But where? What?"

"I think it was the false start," said Irene, her voice very low and rather plaintive. "We shouldn't have joked about serious things as we did yesterday coming back from Caricastle. We planted bad seeds in our subconscious selves."

"What serious things did we joke about? I don't remember."

"We joked about love and being in love. And we shouldn't have done it. We ought to have more respect—more reverence for such things."

There was another pause. Then he said:

"I fancy you're right. But I'm such a misanthrope, you see."

"But you shouldn't be a misanthrope. The world is too good and life is too lovely to sneer at. You see, with all our company trials this summer, no one ever sounded a note of deliberate deception in the house until you came. You and I met on an openly false basis. The whole atmosphere here is so good and pure and sweet we could only play false by outraging all that was good about us and within us. We have done it; our better selves have revolted. And now there is rage and lack of self-control and trouble."

"You mean that if I wasn't free to take the consequences I shouldn't have come,"

(Continued on Page 49)

RICORO
Saratoga Size

6 CENTS
(one of many sizes)

This is sensational—*but it's true*—and you can *prove it* for Six Cents in any UNITED CIGAR STORE

"If *smokers* knew as much as *we* do about RICORO—the 'self-made' cigar—there would be such a rush of RICORO customers that you would have to fight your way into a UNITED CIGAR STORE to buy one," said one of our directors—and he was right. Read the story here.

The simple truth about RICORO—the "self-made" cigar—is so sensational that, in telling it, we may be accused of overstatement.

So many things are called the "greatest in the world," the "best in the world," etc., that these words have lost much of their meaning. The man who calls his product the greatest or best in the world *-even though he be telling the truth*—is quite likely to be accused of boasting. The public takes his statement 'with a grain of salt."

THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS

The success of the UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY is based solely upon public confidence. That confidence is worth so much to us that we cannot afford to sacrifice any part of it by telling you something which *sounds* exaggerated *-even though it be the truth.*

BIGGER VALUES—BETTER SERVICE

We have told our public in the past about many extraordinary values. The public has responded—and it never has been disappointed. The values were there. *The* UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY *has built the largest business of its kind in the world by giving bigger values and better service.*

THIS SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

We now have, in this RICORO Cigar, a value so much greater than any we have offered before, that to tell the mere truth about it may sound like overstatement. But we are going to risk it—and here it is: RICORO—*in our judgment as cigar experts*—is one of the three greatest cigar values in the world today. (We shall tell you about the other two later.)

We know this sounds too good to be true about a cigar selling at from Six Cents to Two for a Quarter, but we have considered our words carefully, and we are stating only the simple truth as we see it from the standpoint of men who have spent their entire lives in the cigar business—and who handle more cigars than anybody else *ever* handled.

THE PROOF IS EASY

Now you have the truth about RICORO, as we see it. We have risked saying sensational things about it—because RICORO is a sensational cigar. It *must be* a great cigar to live up to our claims for it and the best proof of our confidence in RICORO is that we are not afraid to have you try the cigar after reading what we say about it.

No doubt you have read such statements before, and in some cases have found them untrue. *But you have an easy way of finding out the truth in this case.*

INVEST SIX OR SEVEN CENTS AT OUR RISK

Invest Six Cents—or Seven—in one RICORO the next time you see a UNITED CIGAR STORE. You need not invest the price of a box, although you would be safe in doing so, because we will refund your money in full or exchange the cigars on request, cheerfully and without question, whether you buy one or two cigars, or a box. *No transaction with the* UNITED CIGAR STORES *is complete until the customer is satisfied.*

RICORO MUST MAKE GOOD

We stake our future relations with you upon your first trial of RICORO. No matter *what price* you are accustomed to paying for cigars—we make no exceptions. RICORO *must* please you or the loss is ours. And RICORO *will* please you. It will do more than that—it will surprise and delight you.

HOW RICORO EARNED ITS NAME

We call RICORO the "self-made" cigar because it made its own way in the world on merit alone before we decided to get behind it and push. RICORO reached a sale of a million a week—fifty-two millions a year—before we advertised it at all. It is a real "self-made" success.

RICORO is an *extra mild, imported* cigar, made to our order in Porto Rico, and will cost you from Six Cents to Two for a Quarter, depending upon the size you prefer. RICORO is made in a dozen shapes and sizes, to please all tastes. The quality in all is the same. There is also the RICORO Infanta—a "little cigar"—at Fifteen Cents for a box of ten. Take your choice—at our risk—and remember that you have a surprise awaiting you.

THANK YOU.

United Cigar Stores Company

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES — EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK

TO OTHER CIGAR DEALERS: Owing to the great demand for UNITED CIGAR STORE Service in towns and cities where we have no stores, we have perfected an AGENCY PLAN, whereby one reliable retail dealer in any town or city where we are not represented may handle our cigars. Such dealers are invited to apply for Agencies, stating amount of business they do, references, etc. *United methods will teach you how to increase your business and your profits by serving the public better.* Address:

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, Agency Department, 44 West 16th St., New York

CIGARS UNITED

MAIL ORDERS: This advertisement is not intended to foster a mail-order business. We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service. If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Address mail orders to

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, at nearest city named below:

New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg. San Francisco, 555 Howard St.

JOHANNES SEMBACH
World's Leading German Tenor

From Photo © Mishkin

DE PACHMANN
World's Supreme Chopin Interpreter

Ancient Zenke and Nakeres, Forerunners of the Military Band.

TWO more of the greatest artists in their respective fields are now making Columbia Double-Disc Records *exclusively.*

De Pachmann, Chopin's most brilliant interpreter, and Sembach, the greatest of German tenors, together with Godowsky, Hofmann, Ysaye, Casals, Fremstad, Nielsen and scores of other foremost singers and instrumentalists, pay supreme tribute to the power, perfection and purity of Columbia reproductions.

Hearing is believing—to hear the records by these leading artists is to *know* why Columbia Records are supreme.

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month

Columbia
Double-Disc
Records

Columbia Grafonola
Price $200
Prices in Canada plus duty

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Note the Notes

(Continued from Page 46)

he said slowly. "That is what you mean—isn't it?"

"That is just what I mean. And if I wasn't willing to take any chances I shouldn't have let you come."

He seemed suddenly to brighten.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "As a matter of fact, though, we did fall in love—you and I. And—why, there is no bar between us!"

But she failed to echo his changed tone.

"In reality I suppose not; but, ethically speaking, there are a good many—a good many bars that we have raised ourselves."

"Things that you don't like in me, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"What, for instance? My temper?"

She paused to weigh her answer—paused so long that an inarticulate grunt of annoyance burst involuntarily from him. It was dark, and the dark holds a curious mental ether that is wonderfully clarifying or blackens to obscurity with its own lack of color.

"No; not your temper," she said then. "A temper is always a definite thing, with which one may grapple. What I don't like about you, I think, is your object in coming."

"My object in coming? What do you know about my object in coming?"

"Nothing, I suppose; yet it seems to me you must have come because you were tired and wanted fresh amusement."

"Is there anything so villainous in that?"

"No; not at all. Only the manner of the amusement was wrong."

"You think I came down deliberately to flirt with you?"

She did not answer, walking on at his side in silence.

"That is what you think?" he insisted.

She was still silent.

"You do think that?"

They came out now to where a silvered heath spread before them—all mist and pale moonlight.

"Why don't you answer me?" he questioned. "I think you might be sincere with me."

"Do you want me to be sincere?" she asked at length.

"I certainly do."

"Well, then, I'm sure you came down here to flirt with me, because"—she paused and drew a sharp little breath—"because I judge you by myself."

Senlac heard her with a distinct shock. Frankness, even when craved and begged for, invariably carries with it an element of the unexpected.

"I was tired, too, you see," Irene went on. "I'd provided an agreeable home atmosphere for the most motley herd that ever poured through the smallest country house in the kingdom for eight long-drawn, endless weeks; and I wanted somebody to take care of me for a little while. I wanted to talk in these woods with a creature that was neither foreign nor feminine—nor wishing that I was somebody else. I wanted to be amused. I'd cooked and catered, and kept Seraphina in good temper ever since the summer began; and I was perishing for a change. That is the whole truth."

Now, indeed, there was silence. Each was thinking—thinking hard.

"I assume that almost anything that wasn't foreign or feminine, or in love with somebody else, would have done," said the man eventually, with some bitterness; though he was conscious of an odd oppression in his chest which, had he but realized it, was an earnest sign of more good within him than he ever hitherto had given himself credit for.

"It is of no use to say that," she rejoined. "It was you who came. Facts are facts."

"And then, after all, instead of amusing you I've made such a mess of it!" He tried to laugh, but failed to manage it successfully. "All I can do now," he went on, "I have done. I've let you represent me as rejected and broken-hearted. That is my final reparation. It's the only amends I can make."

"I don't know that telling more lies will help any," said Irene. "I think I prefer to go back to the truth now. After you have gone to-morrow I believe I'll tell them what is true."

"You mean ——"

"Exactly what has been," she answered: "How two persons, who should have known better, played with fire. Then I shall go down on my knees and beg their pardon."

"Seraphina's? And Bill's?" he asked with a smile.

"I believe I am strong enough to ask Seraphina's too."

"But not Bill's! Oh, I'm sure, not Bill's," he laughed. Then, quite unrebuked, he laid hold of her arm, and his voice softened to a caress: "My very dear and wholly unreasonable child," he crooned, "but why? Why should you?"

"Because even Seraphina thinks me perfect and I want to justify her belief."

With her arm still held close to him, they went on across the heath, while the new moon sank lower and lower.

"I don't like your doing that," Senlac persisted. "It's belittling; and it seems to me quixotic."

"But it's right," she countered.

"If I had really asked you to marry me you would not have told them? You would have kept still?"

"Probably."

"Isn't it odd?" he said meditatively—"the course that explains a lie satisfactorily is just that which the truth would never take."

"Perhaps they all know that," she suggested.

"And we're not deceiving them at all?"

"I wonder if we really are."

He gripped her arm still more tightly.

"Why—why," he faltered with a fresh rush of emotion, "if we're deceiving no one—if everybody is sure we're in love—then—don't you see?—it's all true; and I—why, of course—I—I'm in earnest. You will—you must—marry me!"

She drew a long, deep breath and burst into tears.

"No—no—no!" she cried frantically, and by an effort of strength released herself from his grasp. "No—no!"

Her hand was groping for something, and he placed a handkerchief in it; but when she had tried to dry her tears, only to stammer, "Oh, this is dreadful—this is the worst of all—this is the hardest of all!" she broke out sobbing afresh.

The man beside her could not speak. The silvered mist seemed broken into little red waves before his eyes and their lines heaved with her sobs. After a long while, when they had turned and were some distance on the way toward home, he said:

"At all events, we are on a basis of reality now. We are done with playing—done with lying. Whatever we feel, we feel honestly."

But at this she said earnestly:

"Yes, but now I wish we were playing again. I can't bear to think of any real heartache in that little house. It's too little to hold pain. It was meant for happiness."

When they were back in it he took his candle immediately and went upstairs. And after a little, Irene followed. The door to the girls' room was ajar.

"Do come in," Nora called softly; but Irene continued to her own room and shut herself in.

"She's as used up as he is," Drentha whispered to Nora.

"Why in the world don't they tell each other the truth and be done with it?" Nora whispered in turn.

"That's what I'd like to know," Drentha whispered back.

XII

NEVER was there a more perfect early autumn morning than that set for George Senlac's departure. Again Irene came down early, and again she faced courageously that all-meaning smile of Seraphina's. Again she arranged the breakfast table, cut the roses, and standing by the sitting-room window wondered where in all those intersecting lines of hedgerows Bill had lain in ambush on the preceding afternoon. And as she wondered she smiled a little. For some reason she was less depressed than on the night before. Anyone could see that.

There was no such change in her guest, however. Senlac, when he came down, as he did presently, looked quite as tired as had his hostess on the day preceding.

"Didn't you sleep well?" she asked sympathetically as they shook hands in perfunctory morning greeting.

"Of course not," he answered shortly.

They sat down to breakfast alone.

"What time are you going?" she asked as he uncovered the bacon and she put the eggs into the kettle.

"As soon as ever I can. I don't wish to trespass a minute longer than can be helped."

She poured the tea in silence. After a little while he asked:

A Midnight Call

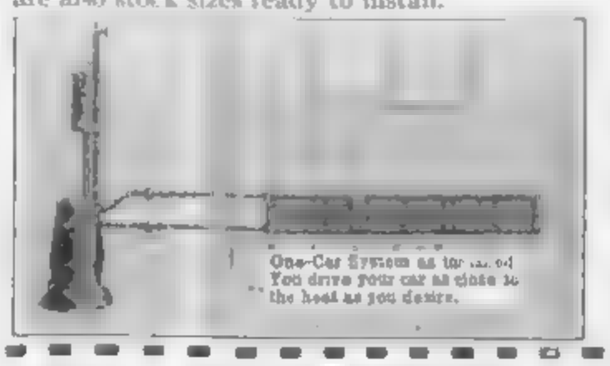
His car all ready for the Doctor to start.

It takes him but a minute night and morning to look after his "WASCO" garage hot-water system.
Heat where he needs it—directly in front of his automobile—held steady and constant by our simple

WASCO GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM READY-TO-SET-UP

Automatic Regulator

This positive regulator with this simple system, all cut ready to install, could not be furnished for this price but for the fact that we make them in stock sizes and in large quantities. The one car garage "WASCO" System just fits the average one-car private garage, and there are two, three, four, five and six-car systems at proportionately low prices because they are also stock sizes ready to install.



Any handy man can install the "WASCO" System and it will more than save its cost by heating your garage safely. Approved by fire chiefs and insurance men. Protects you against frozen batteries and radiators, cold engine, delay in starting and other inconveniences.

FREE Illustrated Catalog

Ask For Trial Guarantee

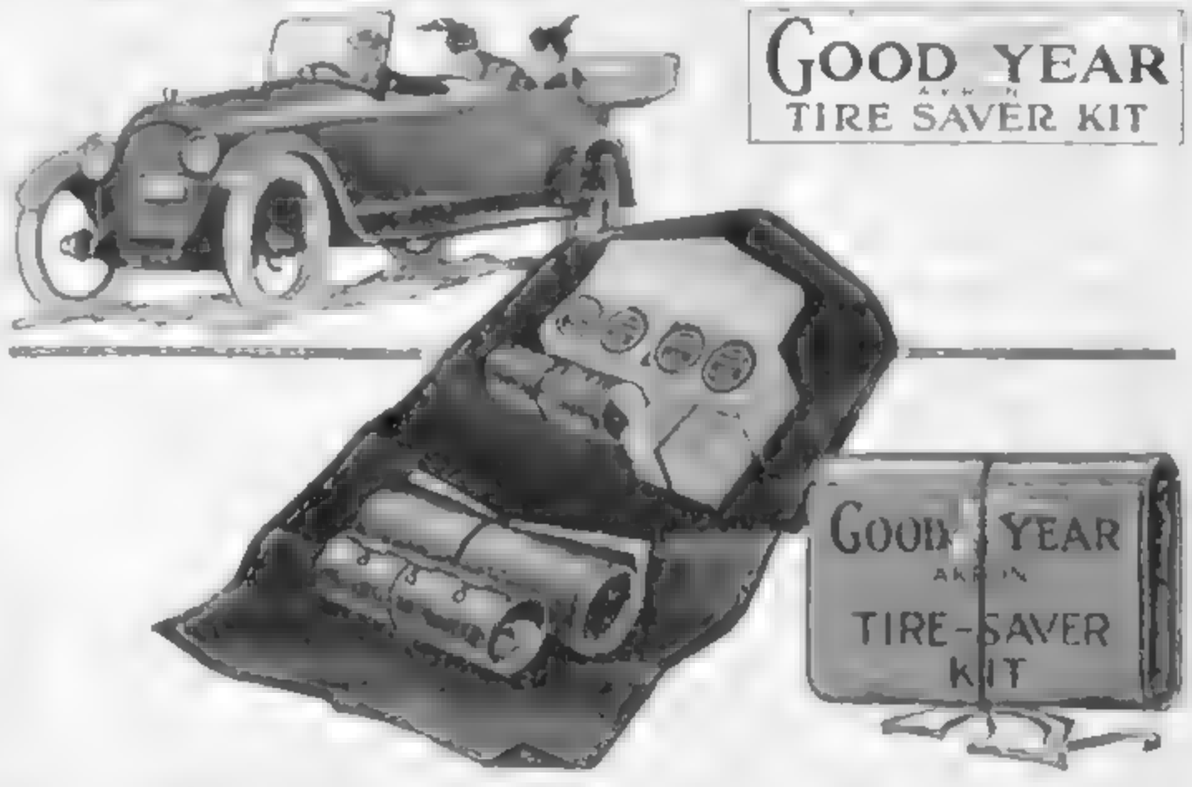
Write at once and take advantage of the August and September price for one-car system, F O B Syracuse, N Y. Warehouses in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Des Moines.

$35

Write now and save money

Address Home Office Only

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. CO., Inc.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Accident Insurance for Your Tires

YOU'LL feel a new sense of tire security when you have a Goodyear Tire Saver Kit in your car.

You'll know you are prepared, and that a tire mishap will mean at most but a short delay.

For the Goodyear Tire Saver Kit contains inside and outside patches to use in case of blowouts; self-cure patches, cement, and friction tape to care for punctures.

French talc to use if you must replace a tube; an air gauge to tell you when the tire is properly inflated; tire putty to seal tread cuts and prevent dirt and water from ruining the fabric.

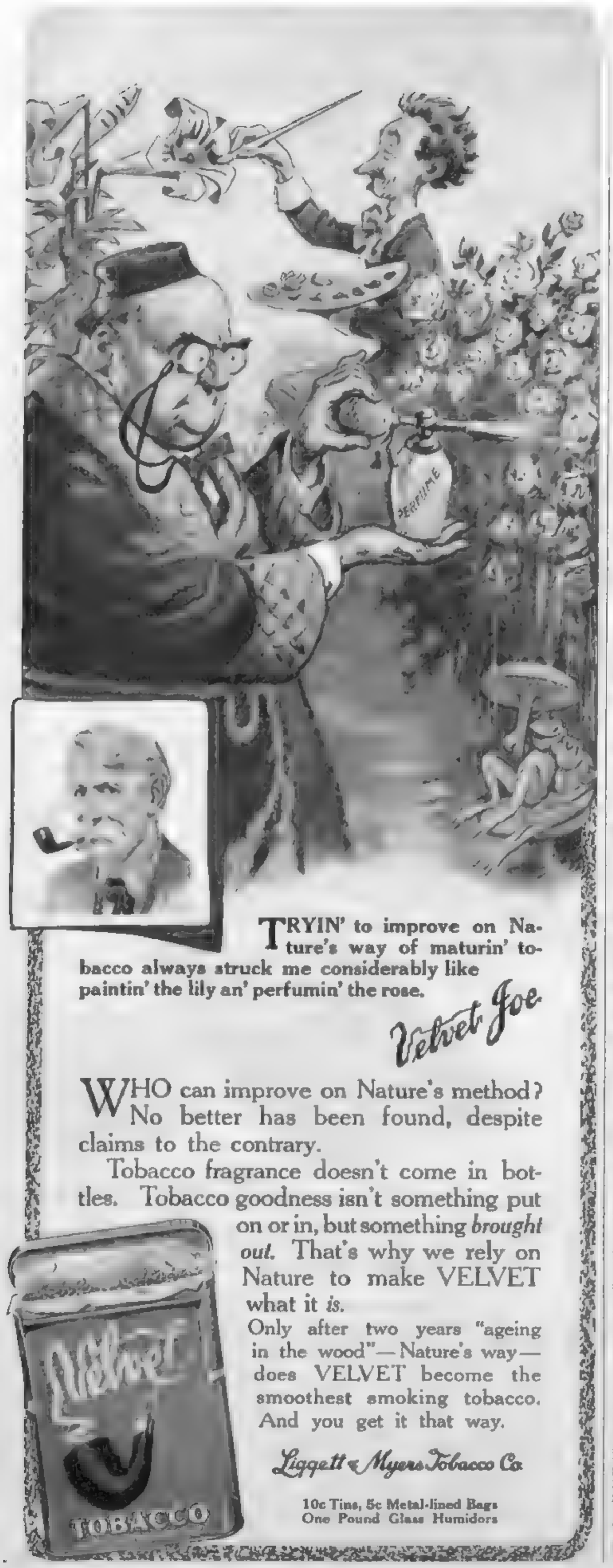
You are always ready to make road repairs; so that you can reach home or a service station for permanent repairs that will add many miles of tire service.

Just remember to ask for a Goodyear Tire Saver Kit the next time you visit a tire service station, or stop for gasoline.

For 3 and 3½ inch tires, $3.50; 4 and 4½ inch tires, $3.75; 5 and 5½ inch tires, $4.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



TRYIN' to improve on Nature's way of maturin' tobacco always struck me considerably like paintin' the lily an' perfumin' the rose.

Velvet Joe

WHO can improve on Nature's method? No better has been found, despite claims to the contrary.

Tobacco fragrance doesn't come in bottles. Tobacco goodness isn't something put on or in, but something *brought out.* That's why we rely on Nature to make VELVET what it *is.*

Only after two years "ageing in the wood"—Nature's way—does VELVET become the smoothest smoking tobacco. And you get it that way.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins, 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

"Where are the young ladies?"

"Dressing."

"What did they say last night?"

"Nothing. I didn't go in there."

"And Seraphina—where is she?"

"Upstairs, making your bed."

"And the gardener?"

"He doesn't come to-day."

"And Bill?"

"He doesn't come until eleven o'clock."

"What will he do then? Trim more hedges, I suppose."

"No; he's going to take Seraphina to town. I've given her a holiday."

"To celebrate my going, I suppose."

"If you like to put it that way—yes."

"And the girls? Are they going to celebrate too?"

"Yes; I'm going to send them off somewhere. I want to be entirely alone in the house. It seems as though my brain would turn with more talk and overhearing and explaining. I must be alone for a little."

"It's been a great bore having me, I know," he began; but she lifted a hand in warning.

"Sh-h!" she cautioned. "It's still such a little house. Better not attempt to express your feelings."

"Oh, I don't care," he came back. "I feel like going into the hall and yelling. My nerves are on end too. I'm half crazed too."

"But you mustn't," she commanded. "You have the easy part anyway. You are going to get away to peace; but I'll be cannonaded continually about all this. I do wish you'd never come down here." But she smiled as she spoke.

"Things would never have worked out in London," he said.

"Do you call them worked out now?"

"After a fashion."

For one second she forgot all, lifted her eyes to his, and shot a laughing glance into them. Instantly he pushed back his chair. But then she knew his purpose and was alarmed.

"No—no!" she cried quickly. "Remember! You must not! You really must not. Eat your breakfast. All folly is *vorbei*, as the Germans say. Don't forget that."

"Nothing can ever be altogether *vorbei* so long as we are both alive," he said. Then he rose, went over and closed the dining-room door, and came back and sat down.

"That won't do at all!" Irene objected. She rose, went over and opened the dining-room door, and came back and sat down.

"The eggs?" he said shortly.

As Irene was taking them from the kettle Drentha and Nora entered.

"What a lovely morning!" they exclaimed in chorus.

It was very trying to witness their placid joy, considering the circumstances. Irene and Senlac relapsed into silence. When, after a while, they left the room, Drentha observed:

"If she did refuse him, how is it they still like to be alone together?"

"I don't understand any of it," returned Nora. Then, making a discovery: "Oh, see how much bacon is left! And neither of them took any toast."

Drentha looked into the teapot.

"Why, it's full!" she announced solemnly. "If they can't either of them eat they'll be happy in the end, I feel sure."

Meantime Irene was sitting in the blue armchair in the sitting room and Senlac was standing by the piano.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked.

"I don't know." Her hands were clasped in her lap.

"In London?"

"I don't know when I shall be in London."

He came a step nearer and said very solemnly:

"Do you know you're horribly cruel and unjust to me?"

"Why?"

"You haven't given me a reason. A man has a right to know why he is refused."

She pressed her hands closer together.

"Granted that I came to scoff and remained to pray," he pursued, "at any rate, the praying should buy some serious consideration. It may be true that I am bitter, hard, careless, brutal; but I am not insincere—now—nor do I deserve to be regarded as hopelessly lost to all finer feeling." He paused. "Then why do you refuse me hope?" he concluded.

Her eyes were lowered on her hands, which moved a bit. Her lips did not move.

"Will you give me no reason?" he begged.

Then she leaned forward and, avoiding his gaze, bent her own into the empty grate.

"Do you really want the truth?" she asked.

"I really do."

"It will hurt!"

"I don't mind."

"Well, then," she said quietly, her position and gaze unchanged, "it is because I think you are stupid."

He started.

"Stupid!" he repeated in astonishment.

"Yes."

"You mean that?"

"It is what I think and it is why I refuse you."

He moved to the window, looked out over the meadows, and drew a long breath.

"No one has ever said that to me before," he murmured.

She rose from her chair.

"You wanted the truth—and that is the truth. To me you seem stupid. You may never strike another woman so, but that is the way you strike me." She moved toward the door. "I am going to my room to write a letter, which I will ask you to post in Caricastle. I suppose you must pack. We'll meet again—just to say good-by."

His face was deeply flushed; his lips were quivering. He looked toward her appealingly. But yesterday was vivid in the minds of both, and the moment passed.

When Senlac came down an hour later Irene met him at the foot of the stairs and gave him two letters. She was smiling just a little as she said:

"One is for you to open after you are on the train."

"Thank you," he returned, a little constrainedly. "I shall think of you reveling in peace here. When do they all go?"

"As soon as you do. Bill is in the kitchen, waiting to carry down your things. He is going to drive to Elfdene, you know, and Seraphina is going with him. If you don't feel like walking, and can put up with the conveyance, he'll drive you too."

"I think I should prefer to walk," he told her. "There's ample time, isn't there?"

"Oh, ample."

"I don't suppose you'd care to walk with me?"

"No; I shouldn't. There's only one thing I want, and that's rest. I walked more yesterday than on any previous day of my life."

"And the girls?" he asked. "Where are they?"

"On the veranda, waiting to say good-by."

He said good-by to her there, pressing her hand warmly and looking unutterable things. Three minutes later he was walking down the road—the road that was so crowded with memories.

The train pulled out from the Elfdene station. What a world of things had happened in the forty-odd hours since that other train pulled in! He threw his hat into the rack, lighted his pipe and, snugly ensconced in a corner of the carriage, drew a long, deep breath and took out his letter.

It was a very thin letter; he saw that. He opened it with undeniable curiosity and drew out the inclosure. There were just six lines and they ran thus:

Oh, you are so very, very stupid—so very, very, very stupid! The foundation of nothing good can be laid down in falsehood; so I had to keep the word I gave you that first day and say no—even when you really asked me seriously.

The train made one stop between Elfdene and Caricastle. There Senlac got down and arranged for a motor car and a cross-country rush. When he lifted the knocker of the little house Irene herself came to the door. They went into the sitting room hand in hand.

"Have we actually got it alone—to ourselves?" he asked then.

After a while—a long, tumultuous while—she answered simply:

"Yes."

"That's a great change from 'No,'" he said, laughing.

"Yes," she agreed; "there's all the difference in the world between them—the difference between falsehood and truth."

Both his arms were about her then, and he was holding her very close.

"The difference between misery and bliss!" he added; and when he kissed her there was no one to overhear and no one to see.

(THE END)

Gaskets of Goodyearite
Insure Against Blow-outs
GOODYEARITE
THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER

Gaskets of Goodyear*ite* Insure Against Blow-outs

Are you running the risk of a pipe-line blow-out which may cost you several thousand dollars?

A faulty gasket in your plant might do it any day—just a hidden inferiority which could be removed for a few cents.

Suppose you call in the engineer and talk it over with him.

Perhaps he is already using Goodyear*ite* Packing. If he is, you are safeguarded against the remotest chance of packing disaster.

Perhaps, on the other hand, he may happen never to have used Goodyear*ite*.

Perhaps he believes sincerely that he is using the best packing money can buy.

In that event you may be courting a blow-out and a shutdown with all its delay and disaster.

Just to give you an idea of the importance of good packing our engineers have figured that if a single gasket were to blow out in the Goodyear plant, our loss might be more than $1400 an hour.

Packing, to be safe, must be super-safe like Goodyear*ite*.

Like Goodyear*ite*, it should be able to withstand temperatures and pressures far beyond any practical need—yes, fifty times as great as it will ever be called upon to endure in actual service.

That's precisely the way Goodyear*ite* is tested and proven—not once, but repeatedly. Not in one kind of test, but in every kind our engineers can devise.

We test Goodyear*ite* alongside other packings. We subject both to the same torrid temperature, the same high pressures.

Invariably, Goodyear*ite* survives, where the others crumble and blow out.

The same result in oil and acid and alkali tests. Goodyear*ite* resists the powerful fluids which soon eat away inferior packings.

Such packing is real plant insurance—procurable at a paltry cost per gasket, but capable of averting serious delay and loss.

Send to us for a sample sheet of Goodyear*ite* and try it in your own plant, under your own conditions.

Buy Goodyear*ite* from Mill Supply, Hardware and Plumber's Supplies Dealers and Steam Fitters. You pay no extra premium for Goodyear*ite* insurance. Sheets of various thicknesses, 36x36 and 36x144 inches. Write us if you are unable to get it.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

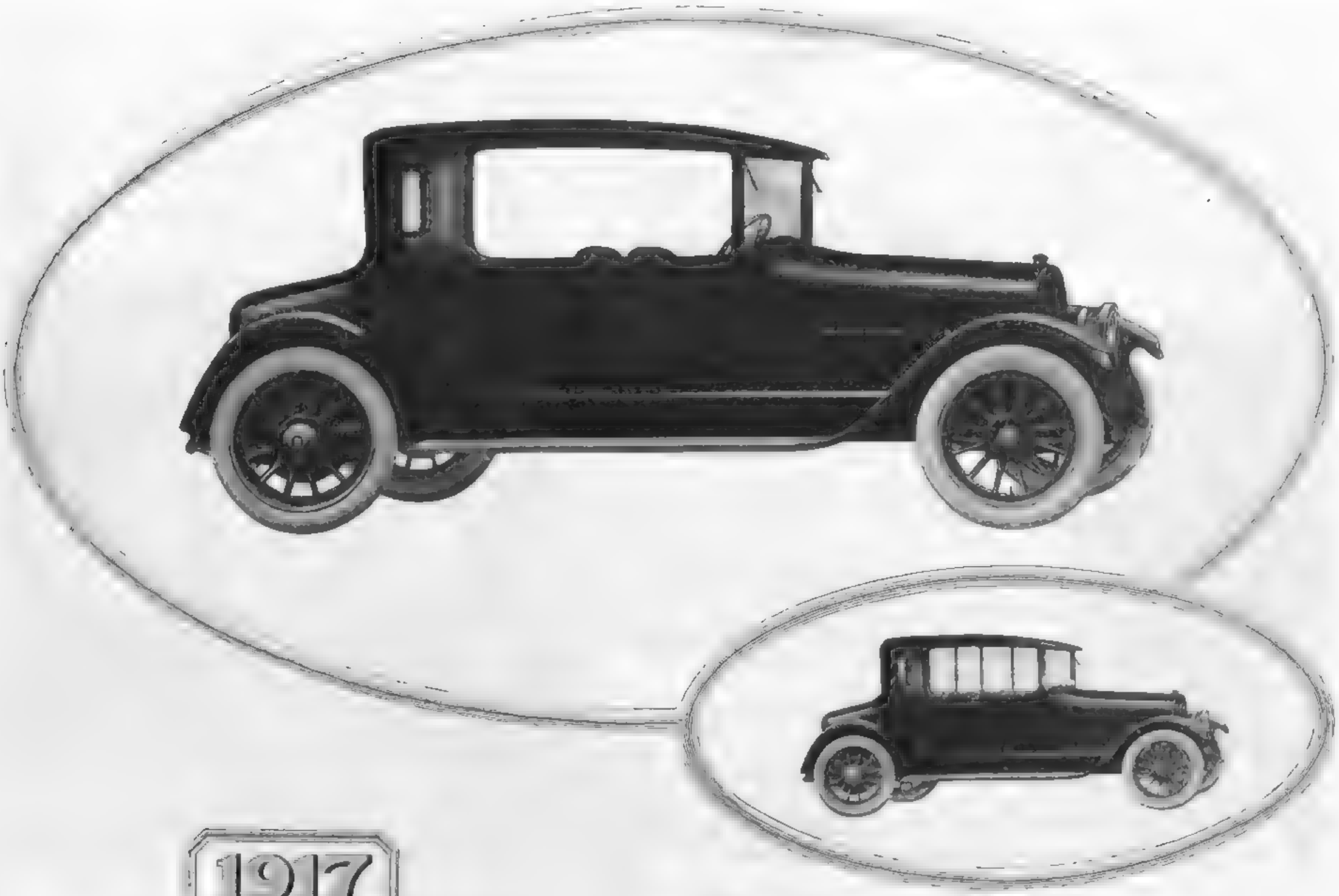
A Book Every Engineer Should Have

The Goodyear Encyclopedia of Mechanical Goods makes specific recommendations covering the use of Goodyear*ite*, and Goodyear Belts, Valves and Hose, in mills, mines, factories, elevators, oil fields, quarries, etc., etc. Based on practical knowledge and experience, it is valuable in any industry as a reference book. Write for it—specifying the particular field or industry in which you are interested.

GOODYEAR*ITE*

· PACKING · BELTING · HOSE · VALVES ·

GOODYEAR



1917

Cole 8

Cole-Springfield Body

Made in Springfield, Mass.

The Latest—a Combined Open and Closed 4-Passenger Car

Summer or winter; rain or shine; for every occasion; in every emergency, this exclusive four-passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé is eminently suited for practical use.

It gives you an open and a closed car in one—both instantly available for use at all times.

The Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé seats four in perfect comfort. A wide aisleway between the front seats gives access to the rear compartment which easily accommodates two.

As open or closed it is smart, symmetrical and essentially distinctive.

One minute you have an open car, ready for a spin on a country road—

The next, a graceful, luxurious closed car, suitable for an evening function or use in the worst of weather.

The transition is easily made without even alighting from the car.

Just remove the windows. That's all. It can be done in a few minutes.

When the car is open all windows are removed and entirely concealed. Closed, they fit as snugly and perfectly as those of a permanently closed car.

Such all-weather comfort; such assurance of protection; such exceptional conveniences are afforded by no other type of body. The Cole is the first Eight to announce its adoption of the Springfield type all-year-'round body.

With this superb four-passenger body mounted on the mechanically perfect Cole Eight chassis, you are master of any situation that may arise at any time on any road.

Make immediate arrangements with the Cole dealer for a demonstration.

Take the ladies with you.

Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé	$2195
Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcdan	$2195
Cole-Springfield Towncar	$2495
7 Passenger Cole Touring Car	$1595
4 Passenger Cole Tuxedo Roadster	$1595

All prices f. o. b. factory

Cole Motor Car Company, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT

(Continued from Page 15)

own helplessness and purposed not to risk his dignity longer in a controversy where the captain had the advantage. Gladys had just as evidently resolved to accept the course her former suitor had laid down.

"And now, chief," the captain of the Argol said to his coadjutor in nursing the ship along, "we're edging up as far north as I'm going. No need of bucking the Japan Current. But we're due for bad weather."

"She's straining now," the engineer replied. "And my crew are fussing. Just so long as the men think we're in the usual steamer track, and the weather keeps reasonably good, I think there'll be no trouble. But if word once gets about that the Argol is striking north and away from the lanes, I'm afraid the crew will be coming to you with a demand to turn back to San Francisco. And they'll have the best of the argument on their side!"

Manners nodded.

"So far as the usual arguments go," he admitted. "The steamer is ill-laden, unseaworthy, leaking, and liable to break up in a gale of wind. But that doesn't alter the fact that you and I expect to keep right along on our course for Tsugaru Strait and Vladivostok."

The engineer pursed his pallid lips.

"Of course!" he said. "But when it comes down to expectations I'll expect my machines to quit within a week. The boilers aren't fit to carry sixty pounds this minute. Loaded as she is, the Argol won't make headway in a heavy sea without a good hundred and twenty on the gauge. It can't be done, sir."

Manners swept one lean hand across the chart pinned before them.

"Easterly weather," he announced. "Take your choice. It seems that most anything goes up here this time of year. Of course we may get a good slant right into the Strait."

"Pray for it!" snapped the chief.

Whether Steele Manners did really address himself to a Higher Power or not, he thought it best to interview the great head of his line. He was received in grim silence.

"We're now thirteen hundred miles offshore," the captain of the Argol said easily. "Still three thousand to go. It has been put up to me, as commander of this vessel, that it is unwise to risk the voyage farther."

Hastings Power looked him squarely in the eye.

"Obey your orders!"

Manners nodded.

"I am doing so. But whether the crew will obey mine is another question."

"Make 'em!" said Power.

"This is hardly your office ashore," the other reminded him, keeping his temper beautifully. "What I hope to do is to show you the exact state of affairs. When you thoroughly understand the situation, then you can give your commands. And I'll obey them so far as is humanly possible."

"I never argue," said Power.

"Evidently," was the reply. "If you had been willing to listen you might have saved yourself a good many million dollars, your prestige as a successful business man, and your daughter's life. All are at stake this minute."

Hastings Power forgot that he was a self-made man and found comfort in recalling his breeding.

"I don't think you understand the duty of a master of one of my vessels, captain," he said civilly. "I thoroughly sympathize with your apparent feeling that matters are going wrong. Allow me to reassure you. I am perfectly satisfied with the way things are going."

Manners looked at him coolly.

"Doesn't it impress you when I tell you that the odds against your ever seeing New York City again, or reading a newspaper, or lunching at a club, are so tremendous that nobody would risk a penny on your chance? Are you aware that every man in a position of responsibility on board this ship knows that any hour may bring the end?"

"Not a bit!" Power returned, lighting a cigar.

The other turned and caught the somewhat amused glance of Gladys Power.

"Now why," he thought to himself, "is she entertained by this?"

The girl answered his unspoken question a moment later when she stopped him on his way back to the bridge.

"The bluff was fine," she told him. "You acted the part of a scared professional as well as could possibly be expected. But you ought to know that father is an experienced man. He's been in this business more than twenty years. Do you imagine for a minute he doesn't see through your scheme?"

"Do you?" he asked in a voice of wonder.

"Certainly! You're going to make out that the Argol is sinking under foot. Then, when you've completely convinced my father that all is lost, you'll display magnificent ability and get the ship into port." She smiled.

Manners stared over her head, his face expressionless. His mind was working quickly. He realized his own exact plight. No matter what happened now, he would be to blame. It struck him as a proper caprice of destiny that he should so perfectly understand Hastings Power and his daughter, and their attitude in such an affair as this, simply because four years before he himself would have been capable of precisely the same stupidity.

Well! He squared his shoulders. If this was the way it was all going to end he might as well resign himself now to losing Gladys. He looked down into her face. She was the most desirable thing in the world. And she would never understand! Nev ——

The Argol's deck amidships burst upward like an exploding tire, and a huge cottony cloud of steam mushroomed out, blanketed the whole vessel an instant, and then was swept away by the wind. A quick glance showed that no actual material damage had been done above the engine-room. But there was a sound from below, a gathering tumult that was cracked through by a plangent and shrill crying which would not stop.

Manners drew Gladys backward till she stood in the shelter of the deckhouse.

"Sorry," he said quietly. "Excuse me a moment."

He had been gone five minutes when Hastings Power arrived before her, panting.

"The engines have stopped," he said. "Why?"

She explained that a burst of steam had come up from the engine-room skylights and that Captain Manners had left her to go and see what the trouble was.

"Trouble?" repeated Power with a cynical grimace. "I'll have to attend to these men myself. Holden must have been crazy to send this fellow here!"

The magnate departed, awkwardly trying to balance himself to the long, uneasy pitch and roll of the steamer, now fast losing all headway and wallowing slowly into the trough of the sea. Gladys did not move till a brief command, given in a husky voice, made her swing round. She saw a huddle of men come out of a small doorway, bearing among them a limp form. Before she could move they had reached her. None of them glanced at her; but they moved slowly, staggering on. She saw the blackened face of the man they carried. He was dead.

"Only six killed," a voice said at her side.

"How?" she asked, hardly recognizing her own voice.

"Boiler. Too bad! Lucky they didn't all go."

"What was the matter?" she demanded.

Manners looked at her soberly.

"The matter, my dear young woman, is that your father won't argue. Briefly, he sent a rotten ship to sea. Six men dead already."

A second lifeless form was borne by and she forced herself to glance down at the mutilated face. When she looked up she saw Manners had forgotten her. He was busily engaged with a grimy, harsh-voiced man whom she didn't recognize. This individual seemed to be saying something very distinctly which she was unable to understand. Manners' face was still expressionless, a little pallid under its weathering. When the man had finished she saw him turn away with a slight gesture of finality.

What was it these two had settled so swiftly?

She was to know half an hour later when Steele Manners confronted her father and would listen to nothing but a complete confession of his own discretion in the matter.

"I'm not arguing with you," the captain of the Argol said. "I'm stating certain facts. This steamer is in such shape that

Kokomo Tires Are Full-Size, Always!

LONG-LIFE
Kokomo
BICYCLE TIRES

THERE is no "skimping" in the making of KOKOMO Bicycle Tires. Every KOKOMO Tire is *full-size—always.*

Kokomo Bicycle Tires thus hold a *maximum* air-volume—which means *easier riding.* They *fit* and *hug* the rim, so that no dirt can work in between the tire and rim. This means *longer life* for the tire.

Good dealers, everywhere, sell KOKOMO Tires. From the high-priced Kokomo EVERLASTER and Kokomo KORD, at $5 each, down to Kokomo OXFORD, at $2.50 each, you get a wonderful return in service, comfort and convenience for the price you pay. Buy a pair of KOKOMO Tires today and learn *how good* a bicycle tire really *can* be!

RIDE A BICYCLE!
Bicycling is healthful and exhilarating. And, more so, with KOKOMO Tires.

KOKOMO RUBBER CO.
Kokomo, Ind.

A leader for more than twenty years

"I Have Ended Corns Forever"

Our chief chemist, years ago, came to us and said:

"I have found a way to wipe out corns forever."

We doubted it, as you do. But he had studied corns 25 years, so we tested his invention.

We supplied it to doctors, to hospitals, to experts on corns. One application ended 91 per cent of the corns. All the rest disappeared after two or three applications.

So we adopted his discovery, and called the treatment Blue-jay.

Since then, this gentle wax, applied in a plaster, has ended 70 million corns.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. It stops the pain instantly. You never think of the corn after that.

In 48 hours the corn disappears, without soreness.

New corns may come if you wear tight shoes. But they never can pain you if you use Blue-jay. And they never can stay.

So Blue-jay means freedom from corns. It has brought that to millions and it will to you.

Quit the harsh, uncertain methods and try this one once.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

H.A.L. TWELVE

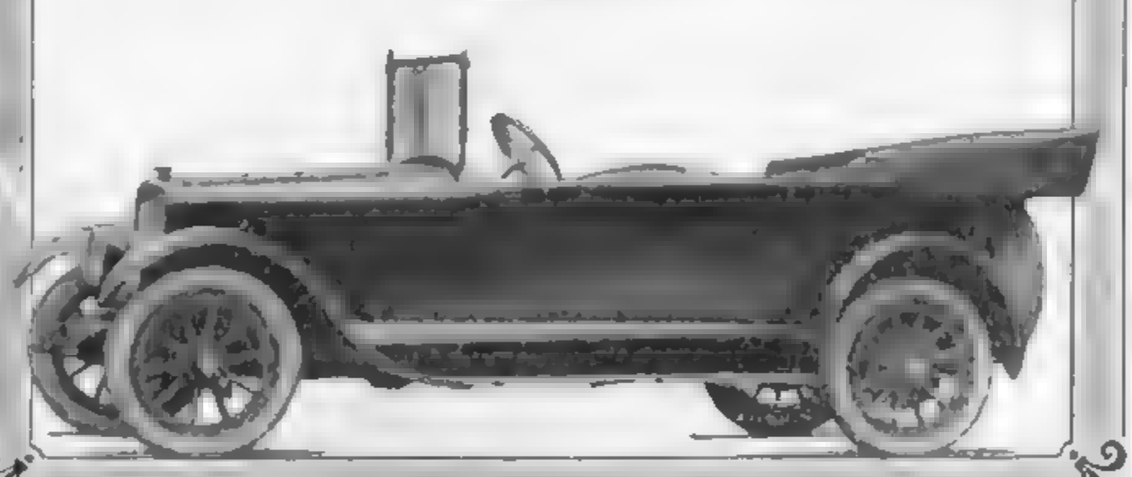
The H.A.L. Twelve

THE apparent fact that the "H. A. L. TWELVE" is designed, primarily, to realize the fullest measure of motoring comfort will impress you.

The long wheelbase and deep, wide seats, luxuriously upholstered, provide comfortable roominess for the seven passengers. The spring suspension gives you a floating motion on the roughest roads. The vast power and flexibility are easily controlled and shifting of gears is virtually never necessary. You will find, upon inspection, that the "H. A. L. TWELVE" is a car with all the character, worth and merit that have been claimed for it.

Twelve Cylinders, Seven Passenger Touring Car
Price $2100 f. o. b. Cleveland
Roadster, $2100 f. o. b. Cleveland
Wheelbase 135 inches

The H. A. Lozier Company
Cleveland, Ohio



R&M

Flag the Heat

Don't let the heat wreck your summer days. Flag it with a Robbins & Myers Fan. Then, "line clear" for cool breezes any hour of the day or night—least operating expense—days of efficiency instead of languor.

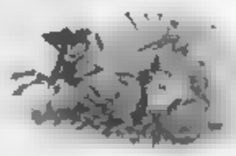
Twenty years' experience wrought into every Robbins & Myers Fan.

Strong and serviceable in every part. All types and styles: ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, stationary—direct or alternating current.

Look for the R & M flag on the fan you buy. There, flag the heat.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.
Springfield, Ohio
Branches and [illegible]

Robbins & Myers Fans



Murphy's
UNIVERNISH

An Exceptional Varnish for FLOORS

Murphy Varnish Company {NEWARK AND CHICAGO
Franklin Murphy, jr., President

she may break up under us at any moment. The weather is getting worse. It is impossible to continue this voyage. Even if I were willing—which I am not—the crew would refuse duty. There is only one thing to do, sir."

"Go on to Vladivostok!" snapped Power.

"Turn back to San Francisco?" suggested Gladys.

"Neither," Manners said firmly. "We have, maybe, twenty-four hours in which to save this ship. The nearest land is one hundred and eighty miles north of us—an island with a small harbor. By good luck and hard work we may be able to get the Argol and her cargo into that harbor. Our only chance!"

For the first time in his business life Hastings Power knew that the only way to accomplish his own will was to convince this strangely obdurate young sea-captain by argument. He silenced Gladys with a gesture and proved within three minutes that unless the Argol—"my ship"—arrived at the Russian port within nineteen days the destiny of many nations would be definitely sealed:

"We carry munitions worth ten million dollars in America and three times that sum when landed on Russian soil. This is the first of an order that will total well above two hundred millions. The bulk of that great order has been bought by me and is en route to tidewater. My credit is tied up completely in the success of this first voyage. If the Argol doesn't succeed in landing her cargo on time my whole contract is void. I lose all my wealth and my prestige. Hastings Power has never argued; he has arranged and done things. That is why a hard-pressed nation gave me this contract and risked its success on my doing what I promised. All other considerations aside, the Argol must arrive safely!"

Manners neither smiled nor frowned. He, too, waved Gladys—who was on the verge of speech—into silence. His words were brief and clear:

"This vessel is leaking at a dozen places. Not less than four plates have buckled, due to the cutting of the beams that should have taken the strain. The boilers are practically out of commission. We have already lost six firemen dead and six more badly hurt. In the best of weather we might survive another forty-eight hours. We are far out of the steamer lanes. Our wireless is worthless. The plain fact of the matter is, Mr. Power, you loaded your business and your personal honor and your daughter on a vessel that had been condemned by your own trusted men. They tried to tell the truth and you said you wouldn't argue. You try to argue with me—and the ship is sinking."

The chief officer thrust a worried countenance in at the door. Manners caught his glance and said quietly:

"Swing out the boats and provision them. We're running for the tail of the Aleutians. We'll make it if the sea doesn't get up."

The mate vanished and they heard his cheerful call to the crew to be about their task. There followed the thump of chocks being kicked out, the creak of fall blocks, the dull impact of the boats swinging against the rail.

Hastings Power looked at Steele Manners with eyes that seemed seared by despair. He rose and tried to speak. He found no words, wiped his dry lips with a shaking hand, and stumbled out of the cabin.

"You are killing him!" Gladys whispered.

Manners glanced at her and shook his head.

"I suppose you are convinced that this is no pretense of mine?"

"I saw the dead men!" she muttered. "But father is right. Everything he has and is depends on the Argol's reaching port."

"We'll reach one port before to-morrow afternoon," he returned. "And whether that is on the sea bottom or in Aleut Harbor is up to me. I must be about my business."

He left, and the slow darkness came at last and found the Argol struggling northward, each hour sinking her deeper into the cold sea and dragging her more powerfully downward. All night Hastings Power sat silently in his cabin, staring at the wall. Gladys walked the slippery deck and prayed. Her world was breaking up and she felt the helplessness of a stranger, of a feeble and ignorant alien, surrounded by tremendous dangers and invisible perils. The man she had once spurned as a weakling held her fate in his hands.

Dawn came and the Argol still nosed into a sea without a horizon. Noon—and still there was nothing but sky and water. Late afternoon—and she saw Manners and the chief speaking earnestly together, glancing now and again into the dull heavens.

"What is the matter, chief?" she demanded, catching the engineer as he hurried back to his post.

"Matter, ma'am?" he croaked. "We're still sixty miles offshore and my boilers rotting under my eyes."

He disappeared, leaving behind him an odor of soot and oil.

Gladys felt that she must know the worst. She went up the bridge ladder and took her stand beside Manners, who was peering into the north as if he perceived a goal unseen by others.

"Steele!" she said softly.

He turned and smiled.

"Gladys!"

"Shall we get there?" she asked simply.

He nodded.

"Sure! We've got to! I promised Holden that the Argol should arrive. I didn't say where. But he understood. We shan't be reported missing."

"And what then?" she went on. "Nothing will help—will save papa—but getting this cargo to Vladivostok."

"Do you happen to know what is the latest date allowed?" he inquired.

"Thirty days from yesterday," she said. "He told me. He had the Argol sail in plenty of time."

Manners seemed to ruminate on this, occasionally glancing into the standard compass. Presently he lifted his binocular from the rack and handed it to her.

"See it?" he asked.

She adjusted the glass and there leaped up before her eyes the long, craggy backbone of an island dead ahead on the sea line.

"The harbor is just round that easterly point," he told her. "Shallow. Just the place for the tired old Argol to settle down and rest her weary bones."

"Do many ships call there?" she demanded.

"None—except an occasional whaler, or a cruiser after seal poachers."

"Then what good will it do us?"

She lifted her clouded eyes to his. He flushed at the expression of helplessness in them.

"Plenty!" he assured her. "Don't say a word to anyone. But I think maybe I can save your father his contract and his hundred millions."

The Argol settled into the gray sand of the little harbor at midnight. The final blast of her great whistle echoed among the rocks and died lugubriously in the darkness of the sea. No sound answered her.

"We're alone," Manners said briskly. "Now for the real work!"

"But this—isn't this the end?" Gladys demanded.

"Only the beginning," Manners promised her, and fell into consultation with the chief engineer and the wireless operator.

Four days thereafter the captain of the Argol contemplated the work of himself and his crew. The aërials of a wireless station stood starkly out against the sky and a powerful dynamo hummed in a shed below it.

"Son," said Manners, "we've built you a five-kw. station. Get busy! Call the Coast. Tell 'em we're here."

He turned to Hastings Power, who stood on the damp rocks and stared miserably out over the sea below them.

"You can talk to your office, sir. Good thing—these war munitions. Dug out the material for this station without half trying. Now use it."

Power flushed.

"Too late!" he murmured. "No vessel. Couldn't unload and reload that stuff in time—even if a ship came."

Manners bent over the operator and shoved a bit of paper before him.

"When you get done talking to the Coast," he said, "see if that steamer is round. If she answers I have a message for her."

In due time the operator reported to Mr. Power that he had been able to raise San Francisco and report the situation of the Argol.

"Strictly in code to the office," he added. "Captain Manners ordered me to keep the matter a secret. Nobody else will understand it." He grinned. "And everybody for two thousand miles round is yelling to know what station this is."

"All right!" said the great Power, and seemed oblivious to the present.

Gladys sought Manners in haste.

"Steele," she told him, "something is very wrong with papa. He won't answer. He doesn't take any interest in things. He won't even send a message to the office."

Manners nodded soberly.

"Exactly. I understand. He's all adrift. Thinks nothing matters any more. But ——"

He drew her aside and whispered.

Next morning the tremendous bulk of the White Northern blocked the entrance of the little harbor where the Argol lay with her pumps going to keep the cargo dry. Her launch came in and Manners met her commander. They spoke curtly and to the point.

In the afternoon Hastings Power emerged from his cabin and stared at the men bustling about the Argol's decks, at the booms swinging above the open hatches, at the small boats darting to and fro in the bay, at the huge bulk of the steamship that lay a cable's length away.

"Gladys!" he called. She came quickly, her eyes shining. "What does it mean?" he inquired.

"It means that Steele Manners got hold of that steamer by wireless and brought her in here to load your munitions and take them to Vladivostok," she told him.

"But ——" He stopped and looked down. "But what about the Argol?"

"Steele told me the steamer wouldn't be worth raising and taking back to San Francisco," she said.

He rose and straightened himself up.

"Steele Manners has done very well indeed!" he announced with apparently a complete recovery of his old self. "I had better go and see to the final arrangements. We shall leave here day after to-morrow. They must have the cargo transferred by then. We'll leave Manners here to attend to the Argol."

Gladys watched her father stride down the deck and call the steward and give him an order. Presently she saw a small boat come round to the accommodation ladder. In this Hastings Power embarked and was rowed away to the White Northern. An hour later an officer from that vessel arrived with a brief note to her telling her to bring her belongings and leave the Argol.

"The boat will wait for you, miss," said the messenger.

Gladys nodded and went slowly to her cabin. There she sat down and glanced about her. She made no effort to pick up her things. To the hastening maid she merely shook her head. Then she went on deck again—the deck that never was to lift and dip and soar to the send of the sea any more; which was to sink lower and lower into the silt of the little harbor when the masters were done and the servant useless.

She came to the break above the forward hatches and saw Manners down there, cap on back of head, directing the swinging out of a huge, long, heavy case which taxed the strength of the singing hoist.

Presently, as she looked, Manners glanced over his shoulder, smiled and nodded. She motioned for him. He supervised the depositing of the case in the boat alongside and then came unhurriedly.

"Steele," she said quietly, "papa has moved over to the White Northern. He has sent for me to quit the Argol."

"And a very good thing," he assented.

"But he says you are to stay and take the Argol back to San Francisco while we go on to Siberia." She watched his face.

"Can't he understand that this packet has made its last voyage?" he responded sharply. "It'll be luck if we clear the lower hold before she finally breaks in two. Even with mud under her keel, she's straining. And we daren't spend time in unloading carefully."

"He won't argue the matter," she said.

Manners laughed shortly.

"I see. Well, if the White Northern sails without me I'm stuck here for months—maybe a year. You understand, don't you, that my crew sails on the other ship?"

"But papa ——"

"Your father won't have a word to say. Neither he nor any other man can force three hundred men to maroon themselves on this rock at his command." He laughed again. "Of course, if he asks me, as captain, to stay by the wreck, I'll probably stay."

"I know he means for you to," she said.

"Then you and I say good-by for the last time," Manners responded curtly. "Your boat is waiting? You will find yourself quite comfortable on the White Northern."

"But you'll come over—before we sail—Steele?" she murmured.

"Not I!" he answered promptly. "I'm busy here."

She still lingered.

"I wanted you to know," she began slowly, "that I was so pleased to find you such a man! You've improved a lot! And you haven't grown coarse either. I like that about you."

"You do, do you?" said Manners grimly. "Thanks!"

"When you get back to America I'm sure father will be glad to get you a position in New York again," she continued, glancing at him with a faint smile. "After all, I know you long for the old life and being with gentlemen of your own class. I think you've earned it. You have a right to call yourself a self-made man. But one can't exist like this all one's life, can one?"

"Like what?" he rasped.

"Like—well, like the captain of the Argol, Steele. It doesn't really amount to much, does it?" She paused. "And you would come back to us with the prestige of having made good with—with the world."

"Would I?" he demanded sardonically. "Would I make good with what you call the world—which means in this case other skippers and sailormen and engineers and skilled professionals—to quit it all and go back to live on the sufferance of my little money? So you think I've done enough to quit, do you? I deserve to be taken back to the inside circle dominated by Hastings Power and his lovely daughter? Thanks! Not for me! I've tasted the true sweets of making good with myself, and the praise of Hastings Power or the kind words of his daughter don't seem to count any more."

She looked at him curiously.

"How rude! You're positively scandalous, Steele! I don't count any more?"

His face twisted painfully.

"You do. I'm sorry for it. I thought of you as a game, bully, sportsmanlike girl. I've wanted every hour of my life to make good in your sight. And now, when I have made good, you don't see it—don't understand—think I might go back to New York!"

"But what are you going to do, Steele?" she inquired with entire coolness.

He stared into her eyes till she felt the color mounting hotly to her temples.

"I?" he said huskily. "Well, the first thing I'm going to do is to see this old wreck clear of the last thing that belongs to Hastings Power. Then I'm going to forget him and his daughter-that-is. The girl-that-was I'm afraid I'll always have to remember."

Gladys Power lifted her chilled eyes to his.

"You had your chance," she said; "in fact, you have your chance! You call me sportsmanlike. All right! You've made good. We'll admit that. Now for your reward! Want it, Steele?"

The blood surged up in his lean face and she saw his arms twitch. But his eyes were steady on hers.

"Much obliged," he said distinctly. "Not asking for it."

She held out one slim hand.

"No? Shake hands, Steele. You are the biggest man I ever knew—or ever shall know."

He quivered a little, like a man settling himself for a blow.

"Good-by—is it, Gladys?"

They hesitated, looking at each other—the man restrained, fighting himself for control; the girl apart, demure, dreamy.

A small boat drove smartly up to the ladder below them. The cold tones of Hastings Power rose.

"Gladys!" he called. "You'll be late for dinner on the White Northern!"

She leaned over the rail and waved her hand. Then she turned to Manners quickly.

"Steele!" she said, her face flooded with color. "Hurry! Tell me to stay here—with you. I—I won't argue with you!"

"On—on the Argol?" he stammered.

"With you—alone!" she whispered passionately. "Always! Don't you understand, Steele?"

Hastings Power, forgotten, stood staring up at the rusty side of the wreck, his pallid face set in an expression of wonder.

Presently he saw his daughter's face again. She smiled down on him.

"Are you ready?" her father asked mildly, puzzled by he knew not what.

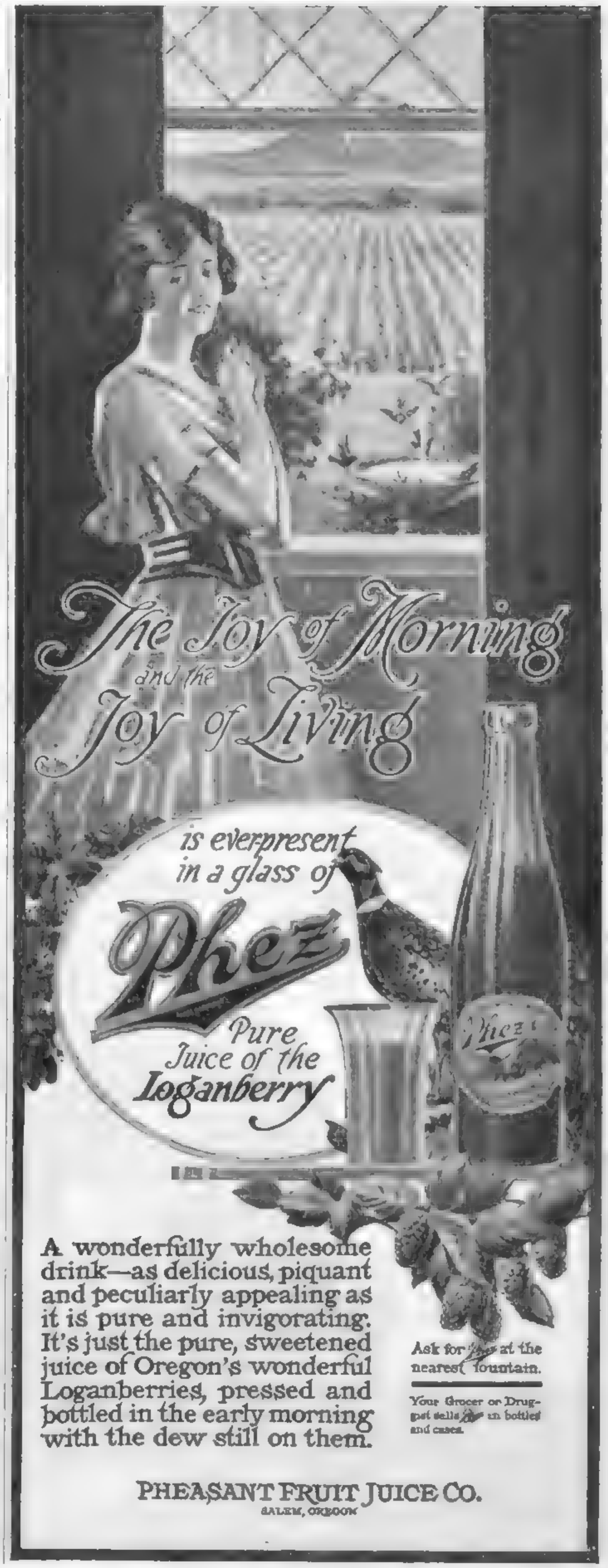
"Steele says I must stay here with him," she replied.

The magnate's face purpled.

"Steele? Says you must ——"

He leaped for the platform.

"I never argue, father," she said firmly, "with my future husband!"


The Joy of Morning
and the
Joy of Living
is ever-present
in a glass of
Phez
Pure
Juice of the
Loganberry
A wonderfully wholesome drink—as delicious, piquant and peculiarly appealing as it is pure and invigorating. It's just the pure, sweetened juice of Oregon's wonderful Loganberries, pressed and bottled in the early morning with the dew still on them.
Ask for Phez at the nearest fountain.
Your Grocer or Druggist sells Phez in bottles and cases.
PHEASANT FRUIT JUICE CO.
SALEM, OREGON

Black Cat
Reinforced Hosiery

Mother's Favorite For The Hard-Playing American Boy!

NO other country on earth can boast of sturdy, active little citizens in the making, like the strenuous young American who never takes a dare—who climbs—tumbles—jumps—crawls—skids on his knees—at the joyous age when wear and tear bothers not. Nowhere else are stockings subjected to the exacting tests they get from romping, roistering, American boyhood!

For over thirty years, American mothers have practically dispensed with darning baskets by buying their boys Black Cat—durable—lasting—the hosiery of three-ply service! Three-ply knees, made by knitting more threads of the yarn right into that particular part of the stocking, assure triple durability. Toes and heels, likewise reinforced, have extra threads woven into them. Black Cat Stockings—seamless—are a guard for youngsters' tender feet. And, because there's real stretch to them, the boy does not have to call for dad's or mother's help when he pulls them on. This same elasticity also ensures snug fit.

Black Cat Dye is Guaranteed Fast Color

Black Cat Hosiery is safe for children's feet. We are the only hosiery manufacturers in America making our own aniline dyes. We guarantee Black Cat Hosiery will neither crock nor fade.

Look for this picture in greatly enlarged size in 10,000 dealers' windows or on the movie screens. It will show you where to buy Black Cat. Ask, by name and number, for the styles shown below.

For Boys—25c and up

Style Nos. 18 and 10—Black light and medium weight fine thread ribbed stockings. Triple knee, reinforced toe, high spliced heel.

Style No. 90—Light weight, fine gauge lisle thread ribbed hose. Reinforced knee, heel, toe. Black or white. For girls everyday use or boys' dress wear.

Style Nos. 15 and 20—Heavy and medium weights famous as the Black Cat "Leather Stocking." Wears like leather. Black. Very elastic ribs. Triple knee and reinforced heel and toe.

For Girls—25c and up

Style No. 55—An extra fine gauge, light weight silk lisle ribbed hose. Made from finest quality of Sea Island mercerized yarns. Extra [illegible] lisle heels and toes. Black, Gold, Tan, Pink, Sky or White. Lustrous and dressy. Also suitable for boys' Sunday wear.

Black Cat Catalog of 214 Styles For All The Family—FREE!

CHICAGO-KENOSHA HOSIERY CO.
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Made in U. S. A. for Over 30 Years

1582

"Play Proof" Triple Reinforced Knees!

THE UNRELIABLE PUBLIC

(Continued from Page 12)

people, like yourself, who have bought Oriental rugs. Then he sends out circular letters, cleverly constructed, with red-ink side notes put in with a pen about the particular rugs apt to interest each individual addressed. In two days he has sold every one of those rugs—an extraordinary selling feat, but it is only the result of knowing his markets.

The game of selling is a game of minds. The department-store buyer is just as much a seller as a buyer, but in both capacities he must be a manipulator of human motives. I know a foxy old buyer of ready-to-wear garments who comes to New York often and is what is known as a house account—that is, he deals directly with the jobbers and manufacturers and not with traveling salesmen. One of his particular stunts is to get acquainted with the heads of these concerns. One day he stepped into the outer office of the president of a large establishment—a man he had never met.

"W'at's de nature of your business wid 'im?" demanded the young czar of the doormat, fingering the caller's card.

The buyer took the card and wrote on it: "The nature of my business is to consult you about a headache I got over at The Ketchem Suit and Waist Corporation."

The latter concern was a rival of this company, and the president came out of his seclusion, moved by curiosity. The two had a laugh together, which was the beginning of an acquaintance that has meant thousands of dollars to the buyer. Many times this buyer passes over the salesmen and does business with the head of the house, but it is not every man who has the aplomb to put such a thing through.

Buyers of this caliber are diplomatists, skilled in handling not only the sellers but the retail customers. A New York department store has a shoe buyer who lectures to his clerks on the art of putting you—without your realizing it—into just the right frame of mind to buy shoes. Somehow your feet appear to you to be smaller than they really are. And the fur buyer will make it seem the height of good sense for you to wear a black-fox skin round your neck on the twentieth of July.

Probably you never analyzed the impelling force that keeps you on the *qui vive* for the announcements of The Great National Department Store's events, but behind the scenes there are others who have been analyzing you.

There are buyers who belong to your country clubs, in order to study you and your social interests. They look you up in directories and bluebooks; they make tactful inquiries about you. They are laying foundations.

One of the keenest silk buyers in this country is, first of all, a close figurer on prices. For his special sales—usually held in May and November—he aims to get concessions so that he can sell at reduced prices and still make regular profits. Often he goes out of the beaten path and buys silk of suit-and-cloak makers, waist manufacturers and makers of dresses. These people frequently find themselves caught long on silk they cannot use, and are willing to sacrifice from fifteen to twenty-five per cent on the cost. As a regular thing, he buys of the silk manufacturers, but sometimes he goes out to the jobbers, who, in order to get the prestige of selling to him, will make a price ten per cent under that of the manufacturers themselves. If a man is known as an able buyer it is worth a good deal for the seller of silks to be able to say: "Hank Silkbuyer gets his goods of us."

The Genesis of the Silk Sale

He knows how to work both ends against the middle, as the saying is. Sometimes, when he goes into a silk house, a salesman will say to him:

"What can we do for you?"

"You can't do anything," he answers. "I'm bestowing favors, not asking them. I've got quite a bit of money, however, and if you have anything you'd like to sell me let me see what you can do!"

The salesman brings out taffeta, perhaps; but the buyer says he is more interested in messaline. If it happens to be messaline that is shown he wants to see taffeta. You can buy at lower prices when you don't wax enthusiastic over what is shown you. Perhaps the silk house refuses to make any concessions.

"Well," says Hank Silkbuyer, "I'll go along now, and you can think it over for a day or two. Let me know!"

When Hank has gone, the salesman takes the matter up with some higher authority, who takes it up with the boss. The boss thinks about it. He hates to see Hank get away, especially as he is the sort of buyer that means advertising for the house.

"Oh, let him have it at such-and-such a price!" the boss snaps. Then the public finds featured a special silk sale.

But Hank never beats down a salesman where the silk is to be made up. He knows that somehow the seller will take it out of him, and on goods in the piece he must follow the samples.

Another thing he does is to maintain an agreement with a high-grade manufacturer of silk garments, by which the manufacturer gets information as to fashions and the buyer is kept posted on silk-mill prices. In this way the buyer checks up on prices.

Hank Silkbuyer always gets, at half price, a quarter-yard sample of every piece he buys. These he lays out in the president's office—and they make a riot of color—then all the executives are called in and the silk is sold to them. Then every clerk in the store, at the regular meetings, hears something about those samples and sees them. Finally the clerks in the silks are given a spirited talk by Mr. Silkbuyer, who tells them just how he bought every piece and how much it is worth.

When Everybody Boosts

"In the selling game," he says, "the first thing is to sell to the sales people."

Everybody boosts, and a thousand pulling influences radiate from that store and drag in the crowds. In this store the big sales events are planned a year ahead. Past records enable the managers to anticipate the times of need for additional revenue. The merchandise office sets the amount of business that must be done by each department, and the buyers "saw wood." Far in advance of every sale a program is laid out for the various conferences, and all the items of the preparatory work are listed and checked off as they are put through. Then after the sale comes the analysis of results, from which lessons are drawn for the benefit of future sales.

There is a merchandise man in an interior city of seventy thousand people, who knows how to draw a crowd almost any time he goes about it. His friends on the inside call him Special-Sale Bill, and he has originated more kinds of special sales, I venture to say, than anybody else anywhere. He likes picturesque titles, such as Mystery, Option, Vacation, Mileage, Pay Envelope, Consolation, Surprise, I Should Worry, Fluster-Bluster, and Guess the Number Sales. His city is the center of an electric railway system, and he got up a series of Interurban Sales, designed to drag a lot of business away from the merchants of surrounding towns. Special cars were chartered, on a guaranty, and were wrapped with banners.

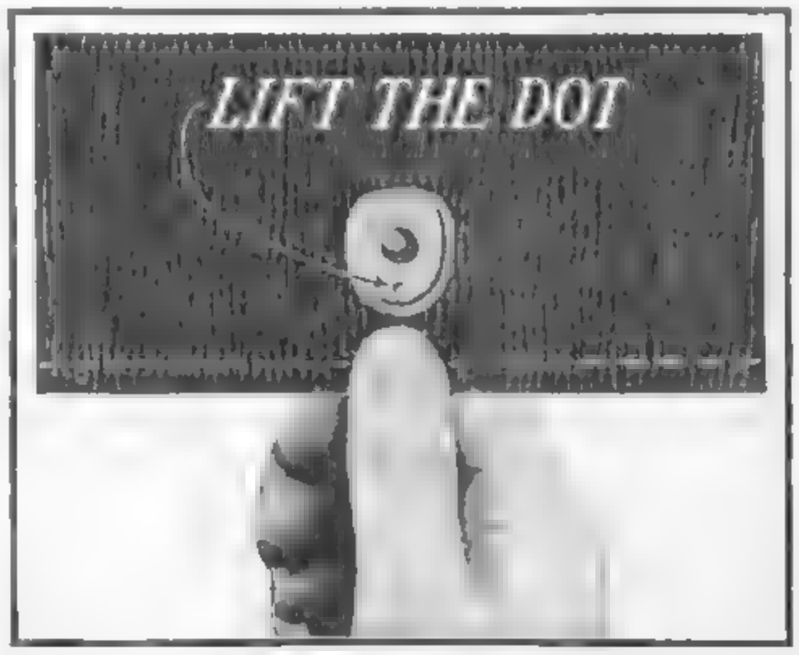
The first effect was an uprising of country merchants. One committee was headed by Elder Something-Or-Other, who owned a small department store.

"By cracky," he said as he shook his fist in his enemy's face, "if you don't call off this sale the whole bunch of us will start a competing store across the street from you, sir!"

"It's easy to start a store," retorted the merchandise man, "but it takes more than bluff to run it!"

There were eight protesting committees, with a fist fight or two that resulted in tremendous publicity for those Interurban Sales, although the main pulling force lay in shirt waists, at seventy-nine-cents-worth-a-dollar; petticoats, with embroidered ruffles, at eighty-one-cents-worth-one-dollar-ten; and low-neck nightdresses, tucked or embroidered, actually way below cost. The first day's sale brought in eight hundred extra customers—the second day's sale, thirteen hundred.

The real success of this merchandiser lies not so much in his spectacular methods as in the skillful financing back of them. For example, he fixes a required turnover for each department. Silks and velvets are expected to turn four times; jewelry, four times; men's furnishings, four and a half times; trimmings, four and a half; untrimmed



This is the 1917 Model "Lift the Dot" Fastener

This 1917 Model meets every requirement for fastening devices in the automobile and carriage trade. Simply lift from the side with the dot and it opens instantly and easily. Otherwise it is locked securely.

After "Lift the Dot" Fasteners were adopted by the United States Government for military equipment, years of experiments were devoted to making a type of this fastener for automobile uses to replace the old turn-button fastener. This 1917 Model, which is now ready for delivery, is the result. It has been improved and perfected. It is noiseless and foolproof. It cannot tear curtains. We guarantee it to be more efficient and durable than any other fastening device.

Best proof of "Lift the Dot" superiority is seen in the following list of cars which use this fastener:

Abbott-Detroit	Dorris	Locomobile	Pierce-Arrow
Alter	Enger	Marmon	Pilot
Apperson	Fiat	Mercer	Premier
Biddle	Franklin	Metz	Reo
Bour-Davis	Glide	Mitchell	Saxon
Brewster	Halladay	Moline-Knight	Simplex
Briscoe	Haynes	McFarlan	Standard
Buick	Hollier	National	Stanley
Cadillac	Hudson	Oakland	Stearns-Knight
Case	H. A. L.	Oldsmobile	Stephens
Chandler	Inter-State	Overland	Stewart
Cole	Jeffery	Packard	Stutz
Cunningham	King	Paige	Velie
Chalmers	KisselKar	Paterson	Westcott
Daniels	Kline Kar	Pathfinder	White
Detroit Electric	Lexington	Peerless	Winton

A large percentage of these cars use "Lift the Dot" Fasteners exclusively. They are used also on 29 Foreign cars, including Rolls-Royce, Peugeot, Argyll, Mercedes and F. I. A. T.

"Lift the Dot" Fasteners denote "tone" and are evidence of careful attention to details. They are extremely handsome in appearance and make curtains fit closely.

Announcement of Prize Awards

Some time ago we offered $2000 in prizes for the best new names suggested for this fastener. While the old name "Lift the Dot" will be retained, prizes have been awarded for best suggestions submitted.

The best name suggested was "LIFT THE DENT." This required no modification of design. As this name was suggested by four different car owners, the total of the first four prizes was divided equally among them as follows:

$475.00 to Frederick H Pierson, Syracuse, N. Y., Owner of a 1916 Franklin.

$475.00 to John G. Shearer, Boulder, Colorado, Owner of a Model Six Reo.

$475.00 to E. Stanhope, Hart, Michigan, Owner of a 1915 Reo.

$475.00 to E. K. Loveland, M. D., Watertown, Conn., Owner of a Franklin Roadster.

$100.00, the Fifth Prize, was awarded to L. E. Ash, Peoria, Illinois, owner of a KisselKar, for suggesting the name "DEVIL GRIP" Fastener. This involved the stamping of a small devil's head instead of a dot or dent upon the end of the fastener. To unlock, "*Raise the Devil.*"

When you purchase a new car, ask to have it equipped with "Lift the Dot" Fasteners. They are guaranteed for the life of the car. Booklet on request

Carr Fastener Company

CAMBRIDGE : : : : : MASS.

969 Woodward Avenue, Detroit

International Fasteners Ltd., Leicester, England

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

The dealers' sincere and implicit confidence in this car must have impressed you.

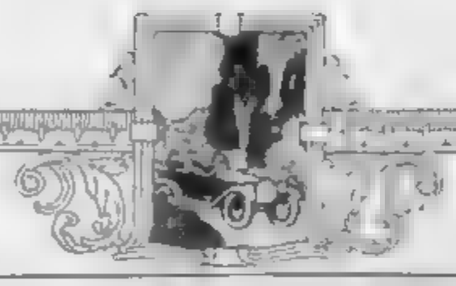
You will find this so wherever you go. All of Dodge Brothers dealers may not say the same thing about the car, but it is obvious that they think the same thing.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

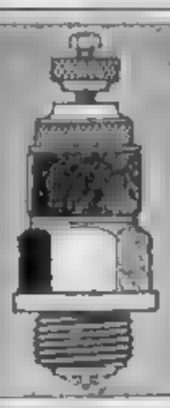
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



DU PONT FABRIKOID

RAYNTITE TOP MATERIAL

Single texture. Light and strong. Sheds water like a duck's back. Guaranteed one year against leaking, but built to last the life of the car. Any top maker can supply it.



HERZ

Adopted by U. S. Army and Navy

The Plug with the Unbreakable Stone Insulation

Longer, better service. Why? It's steel and stone, with an electrode of platinum-alloy that cannot burn away. Cleans itself, burning up the soot. Lasts three to four years, giving the kind of red hot spark that uses every atom of gas. Put in Herz Plugs and you'll have a new idea of motor efficiency! Ask for the famous "Bosch Mercedes" of Europe, also for the Pre-Mo-Tor for Ford Cars. HERZ & CO., 245 W. 55th St., New York

The Original Malted Milk

Nourishing
Delicious
Digestible

The powder dissolves in water. Needs no cooking — Keep it on hand.

Rich Milk, Malted grain extract in powder. For Infants, Invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers, and the aged.

The Original Food-Drink for all ages. More nourishing than tea, coffee, etc. In the home, or at Hotels and Cafés. Substitutes cost YOU Same Price.

hats, five; handkerchiefs, six; ribbons, six and a half; notions, seven; groceries, fourteen. The cost of clerk hire is set in a similar way. In coats and suits it cannot be more than four per cent of the sales; furs, three and a half; corsets, four; wash goods and flannels, five; women's and children's knit underwear, six; stationery, seven. Then each department must return a fixed average gross profit: Shoes, twenty-nine per cent on the sales; gloves, thirty; leather goods, thirty-two; upholstery, thirty-three; muslin underwear, thirty-five; ladies' suits, forty.

In like manner the various department expenses are laid out and held pretty close to the mark. Hence the special sales are conceived, planned and executed with a view to maintaining the proportions of the departments. In china, say, the number of clerks scheduled for March is three, each of whom is expected to sell at least seven hundred and thirty-five dollars in goods during the month; the per cent of returned goods must not be more than five; the per cent spent on advertising four and a half; the total department expense, fifteen and two-tenths; the net profit, eleven. All of these figures are based on the sales, not on the cost of the goods.

Now if something goes wrong with the lamp department and it falls pretty far short of the gait laid out for it, something must be done to stimulate lamps, even if the store has to go over into the sacred territory of old Elder Something-Or-Other and grab off some lamp customers. So it happened that the merchandise man told the elder to go chase himself round the block. The elder went home, instead, and hatched up a conspiracy with the town constable. The seating capacity of those interurban cars was fifty-five, and the constable got out his club and refused to allow passengers to fill up a car beyond that number. Up to this time a hundred and fifty or more shopping excursionists had been carried in each car.

News of this coup speedily reached the merchandise man, and he hiked off in his automobile to the scene of trouble. In an hour he had the constable's attention turned in another direction, and the special sale jumped back to proper proportions. This indicates that a merchandise manager must be full of resources. But seen from the inside the success of this store comes from an infinite attention to detail.

In another small-city department store a young all-round buyer also liked extravaganza methods, but he lacked the ability for laborious planning of detail. The town was on the shore of a large lake, and he got up a Gigantic Steamboat Sale. When the chartered vessel arrived on the opening day she carried just fifteen people, although she had a capacity of four hundred and an attractive coupon-fare scheme. The cause of the fiasco soon developed. In mailing the circulars the buyer had neglected to sort them by towns, and the postmaster, having an urgent three-day fishing date with some politicians, had let them lie undispatched. They were only circulars anyway!

Sales That are Frosts

The advertising and other preparations for the sale had cost three hundred dollars, and several extra sales people had been engaged. All this was a loss; but the big loss lay in the wrath of the people who didn't get that steamboat ride. To make amends, the heartsick young buyer induced his principals to repeat the excursion; but all he drew was a sample of human cussedness. The majority of the people in those outlying lake towns were so mad that they wouldn't come, and the sale was a frost.

Usually it is difficult to patch up any such failure in the original planning, but I know of an instance where a special-sale fizzle was turned into something of a success through a shrewd guess at psychology. A buyer bought six dozen porcelain-handle umbrellas at seventy-five cents apiece, and they were first put on sale in the regular way at a dollar and a half apiece. The people came round, fingered the goods, sniffed, and faded away. You've seen fish act that way. The fish may have their reasons — who knows? In this case, however, the reason was clear. The suspicious public was afraid it might drop those bargain umbrellas and break the beautiful handles. So the merchandise man said to the disconsolate buyer:

"Put 'em on sale at seventy-nine cents!"

But only six umbrellas were cleaned out in this way. It looked like a case of Jonah. The buyer told me he lay awake part of two nights before he got a real think coming his way, but this think was simplicity itself.

"I'll tell the people the truth about those umbrellas!" he said.

Then he advertised that the store had in stock sixty-odd lovely porcelain-handle umbrellas that could be broken if hit with a hammer or thrown violently to the pavement, but he added that there was not one chance in a hundred of this ever happening. The umbrellas, moreover, were unique and well worth double the money; splendid as gifts, he concluded. The price was raised to eighty-nine cents, and during the first hour twenty-eight were sold. In two days they were all cleaned out. This seems to show that the people like to hear the real truth and will sometimes forgive a store for shortcomings in merchandise. They generally object to having something put over on them.

Yet, such is the perversity of all of us, we often refuse to buy unless the store does put something over on us. There was a freshet last year that entered the basement of a department store and flooded a lot of underwear. The buyer advertised it the same day, at a reduced price, and this hit the public. They swarmed to the store, and those who got there first bought all the wet underwear. The slow ones were mightily disappointed. They looked at the nice dry garments upstairs, but wagged their heads and went away.

"Consarn 'em!" said the buyer. "If they want wet underclothes they can have 'em!"

Now I do not glorify trickery, nor do I hold up this store as typical of the really square and reliable merchandiser. But they lugged armfuls of goods to the basement and ducked them in muddy water, and the crowd upstairs took them and hollered for more.

Buyers Who Prefer to be Fooled

This buyer is a church deacon, and his conscience felt queer.

"What is your opinion as to the morals of that transaction?" he asked me, with evidence of penitence.

I pass the question on to you. At any rate he gave his customers what they wanted.

I wish to present for your consideration another special sale in which water figured; and it goes to increase the evidence that we, the people, are a curious lot.

There once was a shirt sale in a large store, and the buyer of the men's furnishings had spent fifteen hundred dollars on advertising. But it rained on the first day. Rain wouldn't keep you away from the theater, of course, but you couldn't think of buying a shirt in the rain; so the cost of that special sale was a dead loss.

"But you've got the shirts, anyway," I suggested to the buyer, to alleviate his melancholia a bit.

"Great Scott!" he replied. "I wish I didn't have them. The store is buried in shirts and it'll take months to work them off. Sure, folks have to buy shirts, but they are buying them now at some place where it didn't rain on the opening day of the sale.

"This buying business is a nerve-racking job, especially if the boss has indigestion. Two buyers in this store were fired because it rained. Say, look at my teeth! Half of them are gone from clinching them at the old man upstairs. He thinks it was my fault because it poured all that day. No, sir; you can't readvertise and revive a dead sale. There is nothing deader than a dead special. The bait gets stale and your slippery public is off after something fresh. That's a funny kink in human nature too. Talk about headaches!"

Yes, there are all sorts of kinks. Once a department store held a special sale of raincoats. It featured five-dollar raincoats in its windows, with a spray of water playing over them; but the buyer had his sales force coached to sell the bulk of the crowd fifteen-dollar coats, once they were lured inside. It didn't work, for the public said:

"What's the use of buying fifteen-dollar raincoats when the five-dollar kind will stand up under that spray?"

Afterward the sale was repeated, with fifteen-dollar mackintoshes under the spray in the window. Just as many coats were sold at this price as had gone at five dollars. The buyer, in the first sale, had not shrewdly gauged the buying power of his public. Running a department store is not so freaky as it might be, once the men in charge of it understand you and me and the rest of us!

O-SO-EZY CEDAR OIL POLISH

is recommended and supplied as standard equipment of each car, by

Abbott-Detroit	Jeffery
Briscoe	Maxwell
Buick	National
Chalmers	Oakland
Chevrolet	Oldsmobile
Detroit Electric	Overland
Detroiter	Paige-Detroit
Dixie	Reo
Empire	Ross Eight
Grant	Saxon
H. A. Lozier	Scripps-Booth
Haynes	Stutz
Hupmobile	Willys-Knight
Inter-State	Winton

All progressive hardware and automobile merchants sell O-SO-EZY.

In half-pint cans, 25 cents; pints, 50 cents; quarts, $1.00; half-gallons, $1.50; gallons, $2.50.

TO YOUR FRIENDS and neighbors, your motor car is as old as its finish.

Protect, clean and brighten this finish regularly with O-SO-EZY Cedar Oil Polish, and it will hold its gloss and luster for years.

Limit your care to an occasional wash, and the finest automobile finish ever applied cannot keep bright for more than 90 days.

None know this factor of rapid depreciation better than the automobile manufacturers. To protect their workmanship, reputation and future sales, they equip each new car with O-SO-EZY—the only polish that has stood up under their chemical and physical tests; the only one they can commend to you as a safe and sure antidote.

The advice of these experts is unprejudiced and authoritative. You cannot afford to disregard it.

If your car is new, keep it new with O-SO-EZY.

But, if neglect has hidden its finish under that oily, smoky film which soap, water or other cleansing agents do not remove, once over with O-SO-EZY will reveal beauties of gloss and luster the surface may not have shown in months.

Your car's finish is worth at least $100 in cash—twice as much in satisfaction.

Don't let your car grow prematurely old!

Use the same removing treatment on your piano, furniture, fine floors and all other waxed, varnished or enameled surfaces.

Use O-So-Ezy 50 times for $1.00

O-So-Ezy Products Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Enclosed is one dollar. Send me, postage prepaid, a quart can of O-So-Ezy Cedar Oil Polish—and your book, "Pride In Your Car."

O-SO-EZY PRODUCTS COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

50 8/10 Per Cent Will Have No Other Car

Hupmobile Owners who have discarded higher priced cars 24 2/10%
11,000 Owners vote Hupmobile efficiency 99%

THE business that endures is the sound, strong business, whose customers keep on coming back. Judged by that high standard, the Hupmobile shows a record that few, if any, can rival.

Figures just compiled from our service station statistics prove that it is unique in the number of those who repeat their orders from year to year.

No Other Car At Any Price

It is part of Hupmobile policy to keep in close contact with owners by our intensive system of service. This gives us invaluable information from a dozen different angles. Our fingers are on the pulse of public opinion. We know what people want, and how they are pleased.

If we have erred even a trifle, a danger signal is flashed to us from all parts of the country.

Incidentally, repeat sales tell us how many of our owners cannot be won away by any other car at any other price.

And the latest, freshest figures prove that high-price and low-price—four cylinders and multi-cylinders—are equally powerless to influence 50 8/10 per cent of our sales.

More than Half Keep On Buying

In other words, more than half of all Hupmobile owners keep on buying, year after year.

Stop and think of the powers of resistance—the superiorities—the Hupmobile must possess to hold these owners to their allegiance.

Millions of dollars are expended to tempt them away. The lure of a lower price on the one hand; confusing claims of multi-cylinder performance on the other.

Neither Price Nor Type Tempts Them

But the 50 per cent phalanx stands fast year after year. Convinced, in the one case, that a lower price cannot compensate for the loss of Hupmobile goodness.

Convinced, in the other case, that more cylinders can add nothing to that Hupmobile efficiency which eleven thousand owners have rated at 99 per cent. And convinced, in the last instance, that no other car can yield better performance.

Standard Hupmobile Performance

GOES to a speed of 25 miles an hour, from a stand, in 10 seconds.

Throttles to a man's walking pace, on high gear, without bucking or jerking.

Picks up, without gear change, instantly and smoothly.

Climbs the average low-gear hill, on high gear.

Pulls through sand and mud, on high gear.

Develops great pulling power on high gear.

Registers a minimum of vibration, at any speed, on any gear.

In the United States—Prices f. o. b. Detroit
5 Passenger Touring Car $1185 Roadster $1185 7 Passenger Touring Car $1340
In Canada—Prices f. o. b. Windsor
5 Passenger Touring Car $1650 Roadster $1650 7 Passenger Touring Car $1875

The Mark of Superior H *Motor Car Service*

What They Get In Performance

In high gear work, they see their Hupmobiles outdoing cars that have more cylinders, or cost more money.

In pulling power and quick getaway, they see nothing under another name that they do not have.

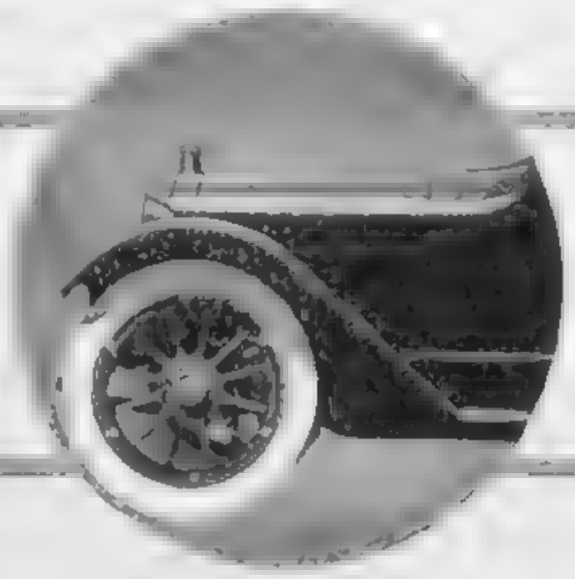
In flexibility, they find themselves relieved of gear-shifting to an amazing extent.

In smooth, steady motor action—in the effortless development of power, the swift response to the throttle—they believe they have the motor car maximum.

In the Hupmobile service system, they know they are getting more than any other car offers: expert inspection, adjustment and care each month for eight months by trained Hupmobile experts at Hupmobile service stations. A service they pay for with coupons which we supply ***free of cost.***

So they are content, this 50 per cent, to stake their preference on the Hupmobile.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan



Hupmobile

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

(Continued from Page 21)

Kingozi paused. He knew without Cazi Moto's whispered assurance that every shot had told. It was a simple bit of deduction, but to these simpler minds it seemed miraculous

"Why did you wish to kill me?" he demanded.

The Nubian, taken completely by surprise, began to chatter with fright:

"I did not wish to kill you, *bwana*. I wished to kill Mavrouki."

"That is a lie," said Kingozi equably. "Why should you wait for Mavrouki near my tent? Was Mavrouki my gun bearer, or even my cook, that he should come to my tent? Mavrouki was a porter, and if you wished to kill Mavrouki you would wait by the porter's camp."

He said these words slowly, without emphasis, in almost a detached manner. By the murmur he knew that this amazing reasoning had, as usual, struck the men with deep astonishment. The African native is a simple creature. He waited a full minute.

"Mavrouki wore a khaki coat. He and I were the only people of all the safari who had khaki coats. That is why in the darkness you mistook Mavrouki for me. That is why you killed Mavrouki."

He said this in a firm voice, as though making an indisputable statement. The buzz of low-voiced comment increased. This time he did not pause.

"Why did you wish to kill me?" he repeated.

But again he sensed the fact that Chaké had taken refuge in the dull stupidity that is an acknowledgment of defeat. He knew that he would get no more replies. After waiting a few moments he went on:

"You will not tell. Let it be so. And now listen; and you other safari men listen also: Because you have wished to kill me you shall have two hundred lashes with the *kiboko;* and then you shall be hanged."

A moment of horror was followed by a low murmur of comment. Not a man there but realized that the unfortunate Nubian would never live to be hanged. Kingozi's sentence was equivalent to death by torture.

He leaned forward in his chair, listening intently. He heard his victim's gasp, the mutter of the crowd. They passed him by. Then he sank back, a half smile on his lips. He had caught the rustle of silks, the indignant breathing of a woman. He knew that Bibi-ya-chui stood before him.

"But this is atrocious!" she cried. "This cannot go on!"

"It shall go on," he replied steadily. "Why not?"

"He is my man. I forbid it!"

"He is my man to punish when he attempts my life."

"I shall prevent this—this—oh, this outrage!"

"How?" he asked calmly.

She turned to the men and began to talk to them in Swahili, repeating emphatically what she had just said to Kingozi in English; uttering her commands. They were received in a dead silence.

"You have heard the *memsahib* speak, you men of the *memsahib's* safari," remarked Kingozi; then: "You, Jack, whom I made chief of *askaris*, you speak."

"What does the *bwana* say of this?" came Jack's deep voice after a moment.

"You have heard."

"What the *bwana* says is law."

"Does any man of you think differently? Speak!"

No voice answered. Kingozi turned to where he knew the Leopard Woman stood.

"You see?"

He heard only a choked sob of rage and impotence. After a minute he resumed:

"Do my command. Let three men, in turn, give the *kiboko*. You, Simba, see that they strike hard."

A faint clink of manacles indicated that the guards had laid hands on their victim.

"Wait!" cried the Leopard Woman in a strangled voice.

Kingozi raised his hand.

"You—you brute!" she cried. "You shall not do this! Chaké is not to blame! It is I—I, who speak. I ordered him to kill you. I alone should be punished!"

He drew a deep breath.

"I thought so," he said softly; then in Swahili: "These are my orders: Let this man be well guarded. Let him be treated well and given *potio* and meat. He shall be punished later. And now," he turned to Bibi-ya-chui in English again, "let us drop the excitement and the hysterics. Let us sit down calmly and discuss the matter. Perhaps you are now ready to tell me why you have lied to me; why you have concealed your possession of a secret map and other information; why you have deliberately delayed my march; and, above all, why you have refused to aid my blindness and have attempted to kill me."

xx

BUT she did not immediately answer this. She was on fire with a new thought.

"This is another of your—what you call—traps!" she cried. "You never intended to kill this man with the *kiboko!* You intended to make me speak—as I did!"

"That's as may be," he rejoined. "At least I should have tried how far he would have been faithful to you before telling what he knew—if you had not spoken."

"He is faithful to the death," she asseverated with passion.

"I am inclined to believe you are right. But that is neither here nor there. I am awaiting answers to my questions."

"And you shall wait," she took him up superbly. "I shall not answer!"

He shrugged his shoulders wearily.

"That is your affair. I must confess that I am curious to know, however, why you did not shoot me. You have a pistol."

"Your men took that pistol."

"But not until late this morning. You had plenty of chance."

"I could not," she said, her voice taking on a curious intonation. "There was no need."

"You mean since I went blind there was no need," he interjected quickly.

She hesitated whether to reply. Then:

"Yes, that is it," she assented.

Kingozi leaned forward, gripping the arms of his chair.

"I must tell you that my blindness is not going to help you in the way you believe," he said.

"What do I believe?" The animation of curiosity crept into her voice.

"For one thing, you believe I am no ivory hunter; and you know perfectly why I am in this country."

"Do I?"

"Do you not?"

"Well—yes."

"Why is it? Tell me."

She pondered this, then made up her mind.

"I do not know why not. The time for fencing is over. I know perfectly that you are sent by your government to make treaty with M'tela. And I know," she added with the graciousness of one who has got back to sure ground, "that no one could do it better, and no one as well."

"Except Winkleman," said Kingozi simply.

"Except Winkleman—perhaps."

"As you say, the time for fencing is over," pursued Kingozi. "That is true. And it is true, also, that you are not merely traveling for pleasure. You are yourself on a mission. You are Hungarian, but you are in the employ of the German Government."

She laughed musically.

"Bravo!" she cried. "That is true. But go on—how do you make the guess?"

"Your maps, your—pardon me—equivocations; and a few other matters of the sort. Now it is perfectly evident that you are trying to forestall me in some manner."

"Point number two," she mocked.

"I am free to confess I do not know why; and at present I do not care. That's why I tell you. You are so anxious to forestall me that when smaller things fail ——"

"You are of an interest—what smaller things?"

"Various wiles—some of them feminine. Delays, for example. Do you suppose I believed for a moment those delays were not inspired? That is why my punishments were so severe. And other wiles," he concluded vaguely. She did not press the point.

"When smaller things failed," he repeated, "you would have resorted even to murder. Your necessity must have been great."

"Believe me, it was!" she answered.

He brought up short at the unexpected feeling that vibrated in her voice. His face expressed a faint surprise, and he returned to his subject with fresh interest:

"And when my eyes failed me, and you could have given me my sight by the mere reading of a label, you refused, you condemned me to the darkness. And, further,

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

"The Play's The Thing"

1600 Broadway, New York City

Shakespeare lived hundreds of years ago, but despite the advance of literature and art we have never found anyone to take his place. The world's greatest actors won their fame by studying the characters that Shakespeare created.

Today the average star does not study in that manner. He has reversed the whole order of things. He wants the play written for his benefit and if the leading character doesn't fit him, his face, his shape, his voice and his mustache, *the play doesn't go*—he won't have anything to do with it. And so there are *few great actors.*

A highly amusing scene from "Love's Lariat"—a BLUEBIRD Photo-Play

The same mistake has been made in the photo-play drama. Stars have been bought and plays written to fit them, with the result that there has been a striking *decline of the drama.* The play as a play has been lost sight of and flimsy entertainment has resulted. If there has been any decline in the popularity of moving pictures or stage plays the above is the reason.

The word BLUEBIRD applied to photo-plays means that we have gone back to the old order of things. We are buying the first class play and making that *the dominating thought.* We are giving the characters to people *best fitted to play them* and if necessary we scour the world to find them. We believe that "The play's the thing," so that when you see the sign of the BLUEBIRD, follow it—and you'll be guaranteed an evening of delightful entertainment. As proof of the foregoing we urge you to go and see "LOVE'S LARIAT," a BLUEBIRD Photo-Play. Other recent BLUEBIRD productions we ask you to see are these—

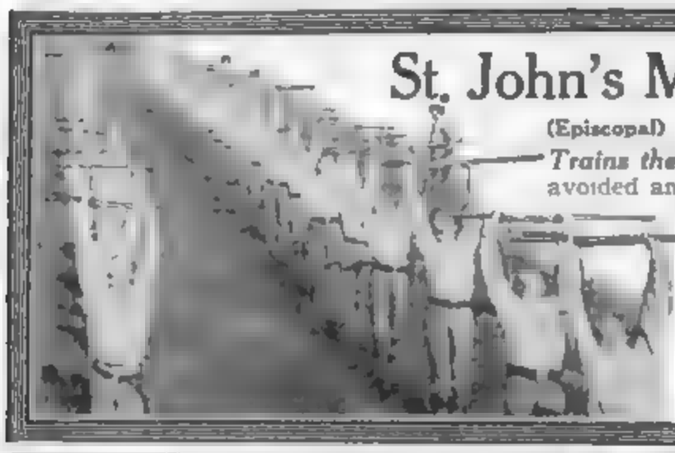
"The Love Girl"—"The Grasp of Greed"—"The Silent Battle"—"The Secret of the Swamp"—"Broken Fetters"—"Shoes"—"The Eye of God"—"Naked Hearts"—"Son of the Immortals"—"Bettina Loved a Soldier".

You can see these extraordinary BLUEBIRD Photo-Plays by simply asking the Manager of your favorite Theatre to show them. Ask today.

"If it's a BLUEBIRD—it's got to be good."

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

WESTERN STATES and DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



St. John's Military Academy

(Episcopal) (The American Rugby)

Trains the boy for life. Educational fads are avoided and stress is laid upon old-fashioned ideals. The result is an improved body, a trained mind, and strengthened moral fibre. The boy is prepared to take his proper place in the world—and "make good." The school is rated by the U. S. Gov't as an "Honor School."

Address St. John's Military Academy, Box 14 D Delafield, Waukesha Co., Wisconsin

DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW

Prepares for the Bar. Two distinct schools—Day and Evening. Three years' course leads to degree of LL. B. Students may witness 22 courts in daily session. Thorough instruction in theory and practice. Faculty comprises 28 members of Bench and Bar. 26th year Begins Sept. 25, 1916. Self-supporting students assisted in finding employment. For catalog and full particulars address

SECRETARY DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW, 34 Witherell St., Detroit, Mich.

Electrical men are always in demand. The Bliss Electrical School, with its well equipped shops and laboratories, is peculiarly qualified to give a condensed course in Electrical

Engineering

Every detail taught. Actual construction, installation, testing. Course, with diploma, complete

In One Year

23 years' reputation, with over 2000 young men trained. 24th year opens September 27th. Send for new catalog. 113 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

School of Domestic Arts and Science

Tower Bldg., 6 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Courses in cooking, serving, marketing, table service, catering, preparing and serving of lunches, Domestic Science and Domestic Art, Home Nursing, Care of Infants, Home Management, Institutional Management. Special and private lessons. Day or Evening classes in all branches at reasonable prices. Start any time. Write for catalog today.

Detroit Technical Institute

Practical One Year Course

Electrical, Mechanical, Chemical, Civil Engineering, Architecture, Mechanical Drawing, Shop Practice, Automobile Engineering, Salesmanship, Advertising, Business Law, Accounting, Secretarial Work, Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Mechanics, Metallurgy, Assaying, Pharmacy, Medicine, Dentistry, Normal Courses, Teachers' Courses, Agriculture, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Music, Oratory, Dramatic Art, Physical Culture, Athletics, Aviation, Preparatory Courses, Common School Branches, Illustrating, Cartooning, Engraving, Telegraphy, Telephony, Wireless, Civil Service, Commercial Courses, Stenography, Typewriting, Penmanship, Bookkeeping, Languages, Literature, Rhetoric, Composition

BRISCOE $625 FULLY EQUIPPED

THE CAR WITH THE HALF MILLION DOLLAR MOTOR

More than a million cars bore the mark of his genius. Then he built this, his life's masterpiece.

Benjamin Briscoe is one of the founders of the automobile industry. He has been identified with the construction of more than a million light cars. As the climax of his career, he undertook the construction of an automobile of the highest possible class at a price within reach of all.

Benjamin Briscoe went to Paris and for two years surrounded himself with fourteen of the most famous European engineers—German, French, Swiss—and there welded together his own genius and the world's best motor knowledge at a cost of a half million dollars.

So came into being the Half Million Dollar Motor—the longest long-stroke motor in America. Remarkable economy of travel was achieved. Gasoline then cost over fifty cents a gallon in France. The unique combination of water cooling and air cooling makes it possible for the Briscoe 4-24 to run 25 to 30 miles per gallon.

Light, sturdy, balanced, tested and proved, it represents the ideal automobile for family use. If you are six feet tall we invite you to sit at the wheel or repose in the tonneau. You will find ample leg room. Have your wife or daughter drive the Briscoe 4-24. The power thrills under her touch into joyous travel through the land of Everywhere. The woman driver has positive control at all times—she shifts gears with her finger tips, and the slightest foot pressure operates clutch and brake pedals.

The Briscoe 4-24 has every modern convenience. Think of other light cars and note that if you added to them the Briscoe built-in equipment, these cars would cost $200 and $300 more.

SEND NOW FOR BENJAMIN BRISCOE'S ABSORBING STORY OF THE HALF MILLION DOLLAR MOTOR, an inspiring illuminated little volume that is a new chapter of automobile history, studded with interesting touches of foreign flavor and romantic achievements. Benjamin Briscoe describes how the Half Million Dollar Motor was originated with the assistance of fourteen famous European engineers. You'll find it as interesting as a Dumas novel. Use the coupon.

SPECIFICATIONS—BRISCOE—"The Car with the Half Million Dollar Motor."

The Half Million Dollar Motor—Longest long-stroke motor in America; 3 1-8 inch bore by 5 inch stroke; bore and stroke ratio 1.64; four cylinders cast en bloc integral with crank case, having a detachable cylinder head plate; lower crank case forms oil reservoir; valves on the right side; 1 7-16 inch diameter in clear and completely enclosed.
Wheelbase—105 inches.
Lubrication—Oil pump and splash system.
Carburetor—Automatic.
Drive—Left; Control—center.
Bodies—Latest 1917 straight streamline design; comfortable room for five passengers; leg room in tonneau and front of car for a six foot man; extra high grade quality of upholstery; 46 inch rear seat; Roadster—Four Passenger.
Front Axle—I-beam section drop forged with special Briscoe fixed king bolts.
Rear Axle—Floating type.
Springs—Full elliptic front and rear.
Tires—30x3 1-2 inches all around; anti-skid tires in rear.
Equipment—Two electric head lights with dimmers; one-man top with envelope and adjustable storm curtains; tilted eye-saver windshield; speedometer; oil-gauge; gasoline gauge; demountable rims, one extra.
Prices—Five-passenger touring car $625. Four-passenger roadster $625; f. o. b. Jackson, Michigan. In Canada, $825; f. o. b. Brockville, Ont.

BRISCOE MOTOR CORPORATION, Dept. H, Jackson, Mich.
The Canadian Briscoe Motor Car Company, Ltd., Brockville, Ont.

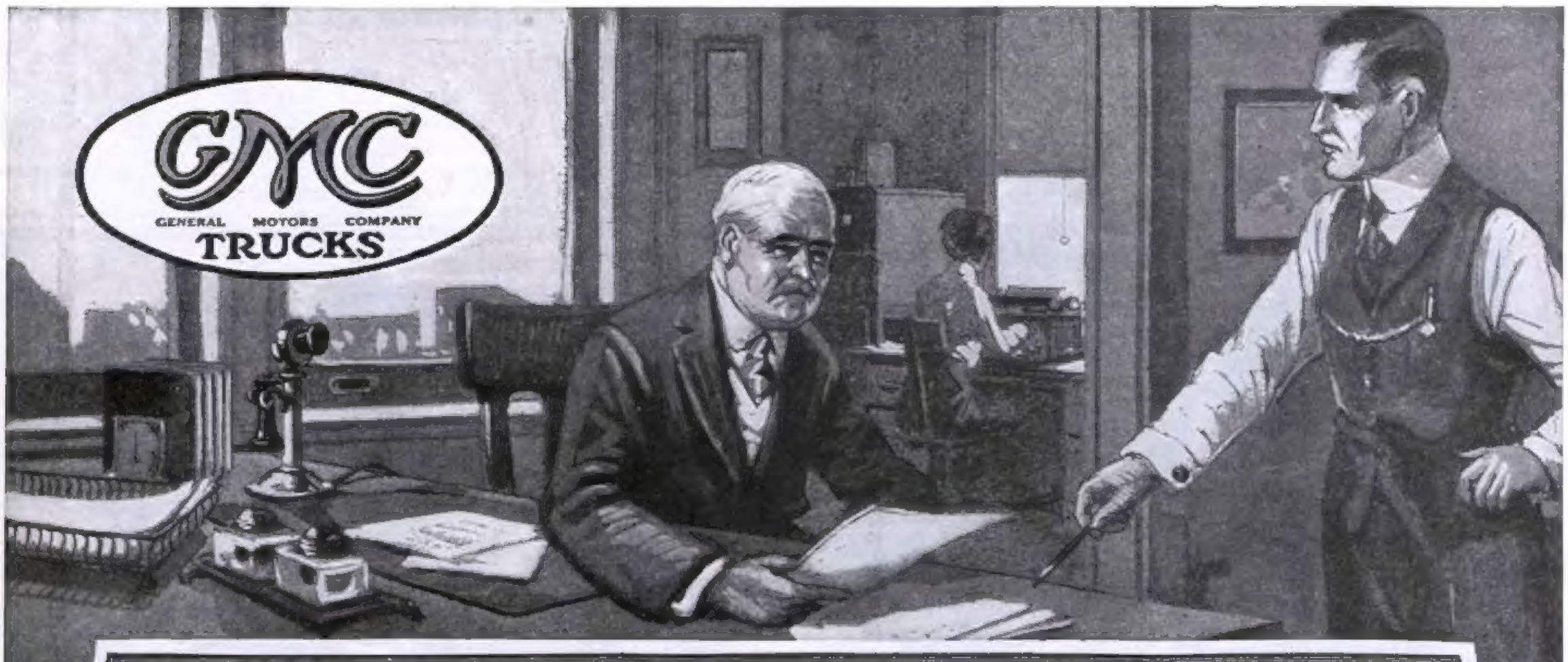
Briscoe Motor Corporation
Jackson, Michigan

Send to me, address below, copy of "The Half Million Dollar Motor," by Benjamin Briscoe.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*Town*_____
P.



"That's why we're buying more GMC trucks"

"There are the figures to prove that our deliveries with the GMC trucks have cost us less per ton mile covering a year's time than any other trucks we have ever used.

"The first cost has been less, the operating expense has been lower and the wear perceptibly less.

"There was a time when it was necessary to pay the highest price in order to get a good truck, but our experience certainly shows that today we can buy high grade trucks at a price that means a big saving over some of our former purchases.

"So it's my judgment that from now on we should standardize on GMC equipment. It is also my opinion that we should figure on completely motorizing our haulage without delay. By referring to last year's records on that second sheet you will see that our hauling expense was less last year than it was the previous year, although our sales had increased nearly 25%.

"Being able to reach the depots before closing time with orders received by the afternoon mail and late telegrams has greatly stimulated our country mail orders. And, too, in handling these rush shipments we have found that our GMC trucks are uniformly reliable. They have given us less trouble and we have fewer delays than ever before."

This is the typical experience of a Traffic Manager with a real haulage problem. Any business man with merchandise to move will find it decidedly advantageous to get in touch with the nearest GMC dealer or write to truck headquarters for complete information.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the Units of General Motors Company

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Direct Factory Branches: *New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis*

(90)

Willys SIX

Seven Passenger

$1325

Model 88-6 f.o.b. Toledo.

Brief Specifications

New double cowl body
45 horsepower six cylinder en bloc motor
125-inch wheelbase
7 passenger seating capacity
35 x 4½ inch tires, non-skid rear
Cantilever rear springs
Auto-Lite starting and lighting system
Electric switches on steering column
Vacuum tank fuel feed
Gas tank on rear with gauge
Moto-meter

—and the records *it* breaks are at speeds you can *use*

A king's ransom would not more handsomely reward persistence than does the new Willys Six.

Never before has any six of its size performed in ordinary driving to equal the new Willys Six.

High-speed motors may develop greater power **at racing speeds.**

But we sought to develop greater power **at driving speeds.**

And the Willys Six proves conclusively that it was still possible to further improve six cylinder performance in the usable speeds.

What we have attained in the new Willys Six compared with any other six of its size is

—higher power at speeds below 25 miles per hour

—faster pick-up at speeds below 25 miles per hour

—smoother climbing at speeds below 25 miles per hour

—slower speed on direct drive with absolute smoothness.

And we have attained all this and still have mile-a-minute speed and all the power at speeds above 25 miles per hour that you would ever need or use, and all this **without** sacrifice of sturdiness, **without** increasing fuel consumption.

These are motor qualities **which you can use** in every-day driving.

And these are the very qualities which the excessive speed motor sacrifices at low speeds in order to gain them at speeds no ordinary driver ever uses,—and with a loss in sturdiness and fuel economy.

And if you use the mile-a-minute speed of the Willys Six you will find that it hugs the road while cars of the excessive r. p. m. type at the same high speed become unsteady.

But epoch making as are these motor improvements there are other ways in which the Willys Six surpasses.

In riding comfort the new Willys Six sets a new pace for luxury.

It has low, deep-cushioned seats with improved seat springs.

It has long cantilever rear springs in exact accord with the weight of the car.

And the long wheelbase (125 inches) and large tires (35 x 4½ inches) also contribute to a new luxury of riding comfort.

In appearance, also, the Willys Six, with its smart, double cowl body design, reaches perfection of beauty.

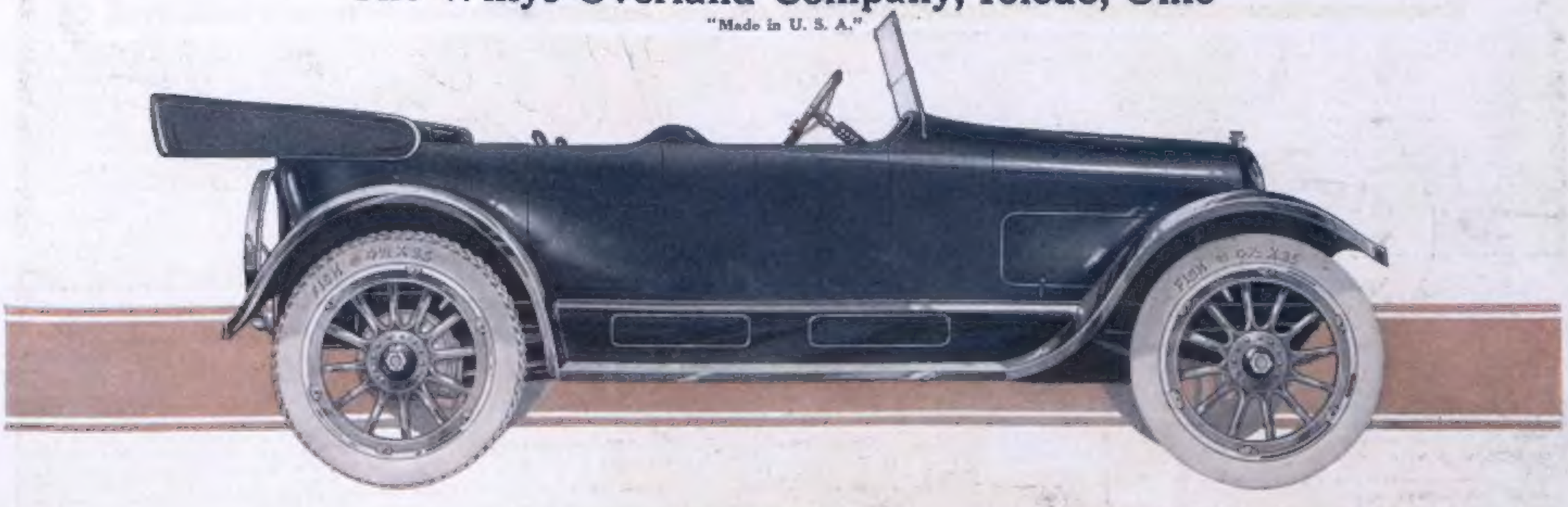
Only a past master of body design could reveal rugged power and speed in lines of such grace and beauty.

At the price, $1325, this big seven passenger Willys Six is a new smashing value in the luxurious class.

Don't waste a minute, but get right in touch with the Overland dealer and have him show you the new Willys Six at once.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."



WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
Eventually
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
Why Not Now?
Eventually
Why Not Now?
ALL GROCERS SELL GOLD MEDAL FLOUR